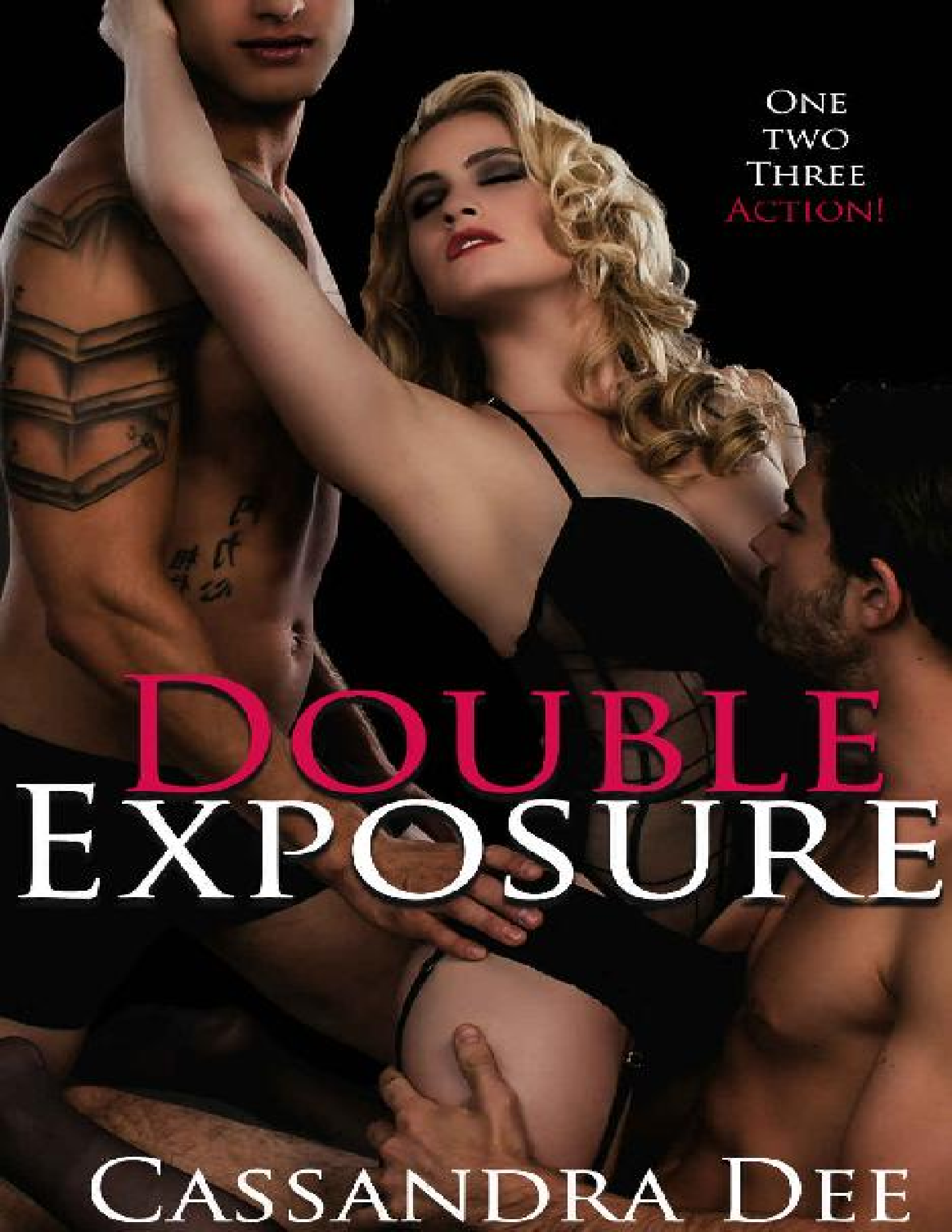
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Action!
DOUBLE
EXPOSURE
Cassandra Dee

Double Exposure

~A Dark MMF Bisexual Romance~

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By Cassandra Dee

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CHAPTER ONE

Brian

It was awful. Completely fucking fucked-up awful. I was at a family dinner with my wife's family, and I couldn't stop thinking of her little sister. Angie hadn't even made an appearance yet, it was just my wife, her mom, and me sitting around the kitchen table, making small talk before the meal started. But still, all I could think about was my wife's younger sister, sweet, delectable, and everything that I wanted.

So I was jolted from my daydream when my mother in law spoke.

"Brian," simpered Jane. "How's your job going?" she asked, handing me a beer.

Gratefully, I took the PBR. With the way my wife's been acting lately, it was gonna take more than one of these to make it through the night. But pasting a smile on my face, I replied politely.

"Business is good," I said smoothly. "We're busy, which is always good."

My mother in law smiled beatifically.

"We were so happy when you started working downtown with that handsome lawyer friend of yours. How's he doing? I imagine all the women must flock to your firm these days."

I shot my ancient mother in law an amused glance. My law partner Jed is a handsome bastard, for sure, and women swarm him like honeybees. But even worse, Jed isn't exactly a moral guy and these so-called clients were getting a lot more than legal advice most times.

But Jane didn't need to know that. My mother-in-law, despite having a viper for a daughter, is a great lady, kind, always with some home-baked cookies on hand. So I was courteous, leaving out the gory details.

"We get all sorts of business, good and bad," I rumbled vaguely. "We're always happy to be a resource."

Jane clucked.

“It’s just so perfect, we were so happy when you two got married,” she said, nodding at Hannah and me. “Every family needs a lawyer you know, there are just so many problems these days! What was it your cousin wanted to ask about?” she asked, turning towards my wife. “What was that legal question she had for Brian?”

But my wife couldn’t be bothered to answer, Hannah was gazing at herself in her compact, examining herself from a million angles. I have to admit, the blonde’s a beautiful woman and that’s a huge part of the reason why I married her. But that was a miscalculation on my part because unfortunately, looks don’t carry over to good conversation and seems like I was late figuring that out, distracted by her tight, hot twat and big boobies.

“Hannah,” said her mom a little sharply this time. “Please don’t be rude. What was it that your cousin wanted to know? The question she had for Brian?”

My wife let out a dramatic sigh and set down her compact with a thunk, the plates on the table rattling.

“What’s your problem Ma?” she whined, pursing those ruby red lips. “What’s your problem? How am I supposed to know what someone else wants?” Once upon a time those lips had felt fantastic around my dick, but it’d been ages since that had happened. Instead, we’re pretty much sleeping in different rooms these days. Or more accurately, my wife had taken over the master, doing it up in pink frills and lace, and I’d been relegated to the couch in my office. In some ways it was better since the drone of the TV in the background helped knock me out, putting me out of my misery.

But my mother in law was frowning at her daughter now.

“Hannah,” she said again. “Your cousin needed legal advice. She asked you specifically to ask Brian. Now what was it she needed help with?”

Hannah pursed her lips again.

“Oh I think it was her divorce,” she said casually, waving a hand in the air. “She wants to find some way to find her ex’s assets. You know

Gunther," added Hannah salaciously. "He's always had women on the side, who knows what else he's hiding."

In my practice, I see everything, but still, my wife's callous attitude towards her cousin's predicament was pretty shocking. And her mom agreed.

"Hannah," said her mom sharply once more. "Not everyone is as lucky as you, with a good husband like Brian, so watch your mouth. There's no need to gloat over someone else's problems."

I remained totally still. With the thoughts I've been having about my wife's younger sister lately, I couldn't exactly be called a "good husband." Shit, even now visions of Angie's delectable assets swam before my mind's eye, those big boobies swaying to and fro, that beautiful pink pout, kissable and lush. *Down boy!* I warned myself. *Down boy! Wrong place, wrong time! There can't be a worse place for acting like a horny dog, lusting after your little in-law.*

But they can't put you in jail for your brain, so I kept my expression bland and unreadable.

"I'm sure Hannah's stressed right now," I said smoothly. "We're trying to get pregnant," more to change the subject than anything else. Of course we weren't trying to get pregnant, there's been no sex for ages, but the words had their intended effect.

"Oh you are?" exclaimed Jane, hands flying up to her mouth. "You are, you are? Oh my goodness, that makes me so happy to have a third generation on the way! My, oh my!"

Hannah shot me a dirty look, there's no way my wife was interested in kids with the weight gain, the morning sickness, not to mention the responsibilities of caring for a tiny, fragile human being. But before she could cut her mom's dream short, a loud gasp interrupted our conversation from over by the hallway.

And sure enough, I turned to see Angie standing there, the stuff of dreams. The sweet girl was the opposite of her sister, a complete one eighty. Hannah was slim when we dated but in anticipation of the wedding, she went on some crazy diet and lost even more weight. I figured it was

new bride jitters to look nice for the photos, and the pounds would come right back on after the honeymoon. But no. My wife kept on with the program, spending *five hundred bucks per week* on this damn Medi-Spa program and got even thinner. The woman's a rail now, her limbs frail and bony, making me shudder. All the better to sleep in my office, so as not to feel spider's feet brushing against me.

But her sister's different. Eighteen and nubile, Angie's curvy and plump, ripe all over. I could hardly tear my eyes from the huge tits pushing at that soft sweater, the wide hips that curved into a giant bubble butt. *Fuck!* I raged at myself again. *Shit, you wanna go to jail? How fucked-up is this?*

But Jane interrupted, jerking me back to reality.

"Angie," gushed my mother-in-law. "Come in, Brian just told us that he and your sister are expecting! Isn't that wonderful?"

The brunette didn't reply, instead shooting me an agonized glance before turning on her heel and running up the stairs, brown curls flying, footsteps pattering on the stairs. If I wasn't mistaken, Angie was distressed at the thought that I was fucking her sister, that Hannah and I actually got naked and horny. Good thing it was all lies, but I couldn't exactly set her straight at the moment. Right now, it was just a mess, a twist of half-truths and deception to keep my mother-in-law happy.

"Hmm, that's weird," mused Jane. "Why did she run off like that? Angie's so good with kids, you think she'd be excited that her sister's expecting."

That's when I cut in.

"Jane, we're not expecting," I growled, fixing her with a look. "Not yet anyways. We're just trying."

Hannah interrupted then as well.

"We don't expect to get pregnant anytime soon, in fact," she said vaguely, waving a hand in the air. "You know Brian's sperm count is low, the doctor said he has to go in for tests."

I stared at my wife, flabbergasted and more than a little angry. No such thing had happened, and goddammit, my sperm count was not low, there was nothing the matter with my little swimmers. But I know how Hannah's mind works. She was setting us up for failure, with my alleged "infertility" as the culprit. That way, she had some excuse to stay thin and self-involved, nothing so troublesome as a baby in her life.

But Jane was already distracted.

"You have a low sperm count?" she asked, aghast. "Oh my god, we have to get you to the right doctors. I've only got two daughters you know, and if you're out then I don't know what we'll do. Hannah's our only hope right now, Angie's so young still."

I didn't add that Angie was eighteen and at peak female fertility. That ripe, curvy body was perfect for carrying a baby, much better suited than Hannah's twenty-five year old stick thin frame. Fuck, I'd burst in the curvy brunette's pussy if I got within five feet of the girl, my little swimmers would find their way to her sweet ovaries without any help at all.

But again, this wasn't the time or place for my putrid thoughts.

"Oh my goodness!" wailed Jane again. "I'm gonna ask Debbie next door for that fertility specialist's name, the sooner you get to see him the better Brian," she rushed in her panic. "Fertility issues! This has to be a modern-era problem, no one back in my day had fertility issues, people had their two kids no problem. Oh goodness!"

And I shook my head, tired already. Because I have no ailments to speak of, as far as I know I'm healthy as a horse. It was her daughter playing Jane, twisting the story so that once again, it'd be all my fault. Not only that, but it'd get her mom off her back for a while, Jane would be fixated on me and my alleged issues, distracting her from the truth.

So I cut in again.

"Jane, I'm fine," I said soothingly, shooting my wife a look. "I'm totally fine, but I'll see the doctor if that's what you want."

"Definitely!" my in-law hyperventilated. "Definitely, it's a necessity!"

I nodded calmly.

“Absolutely then, if that’s what makes you happy. But trust me,” I said, shooting my wife another hard look, “there’s nothing at all wrong with me. Nothing at all.”

Jane nodded, her chin trembling, aged hands twisted on the kitchen table.

“I hope so,” she murmured, eyes tearing. “Because I’ve wanted grandchildren for so long, and now to hear this!” she sighed. “Goodness!”

I took her frail hand in mine.

“Don’t worry, it’ll be okay. Everything will be okay,” I soothed.

Jane nodded once more.

“I hope so, I’m looking forward to the pitter-patter of more tiny feet. Lord, help me!” she wailed, face crumpling.

I could have hung around to soothe her fears more, to be a crutch for a tiny old lady, but enough was enough. I stood, rising to my full height inside the tiny kitchen.

“I’m so sorry, but I’ve just been called to my office,” I said, furrowing my forehead, looking down at my cell and scrolling like there was something urgent. “Important case.”

Jane immediately stood, her mind flitting to this new thing.

“Of course!” she said, bustling around the kitchen. “Let me put some food together for you, dinner’s already ready, I’ll just throw in some chicken and greens, it’ll be tasty and hot.”

Unlike her mom, Hannah sat at the table still, barely even looking up.

“When you come in don’t wake me up,” she said in a bored voice, examining her nails this time. “I’ll leave the front door unlocked.”

And that pretty much sums up my married life. Hannah would be in bed, snoozing away, getting her beauty sleep as I got home late from work again. I’d let myself into the house, have a couple beers and sit myself down on the couch in my office, flicking on some porn. And after a couple

minutes, the vids do their work. Oh yeah, I'll find a brunette who looks just like Angie, curvy, ripe, nubile, with a big, hot butt and jiggling tits. And stroking myself, I'll erupt, the white trailing all over the couch, making a mess on the rug while gasping her name.

Pretty nasty right? Dreaming of my sister-in-law, an eighteen year-old virgin while I'm supposed to be fucking her sister. But it's the only thing I've got, the only thing that keeps me going from day to day. So I do it. Yeah, I've stroked myself to visions of Angie so many times now, it's pretty much a nightly routine. And you know what? I fuckin' love it. The only thing that one of these days, I'm gonna come in that sweet, hot cunt for real … whether or not I'm married to her sister.

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CHAPTER TWO

Angie

My body went limp when I heard the words.

"Brian and Hannah are expecting!" shrieked my mom at the kitchen table. "I'm going to be a grandmammy!"

I'd stood in the doorway, shaking like a leaf, eyes fixated on the big man. Because that's what Brian is. He's huge, gorgeous, and everything that I've ever wanted in a male. But that's the problem. Brian's everything I've always wanted, except he already belongs to my sister.

I remember the first time Hannah brought him home. She's seven years older than me, so I was just a little girl, and the crush came fast and hard. Brian had come straight from work to our house, and he was so tall, imposing and devastatingly gorgeous that I trembled in my shoes, pussy going moist. I wasn't even sure what was happening at first, my body's reaction was so unexpected. I'd been sure Brian was gonna be another one of Hannah's dudes, dirty-looking with a backwards baseball cap and a grimy rock t-shirt.

But Brian was a real professional, wearing an immaculate suit with a confident, commanding air. And even more than that was the look of understanding in his eyes, how he really "saw" me, and didn't skate over my form like a fly on the wall.

"Brian, this is my little sister Angie," said Hannah sweetly, pointing at me. "She's going through an awkward phase," she added in a nasty stage whisper.

Bitch then, and bitch now. My sister's always been so beautiful, all guys like her, even teachers and animals like her. But she's got a lump of coal for a heart because she's never been nice to me, not even once. Even when I was a baby, Hannah would grab things away from me, hiding them under the couch, and pretending she had no idea what happened.

It's probably because when I was born, I was a needy newborn, and Hannah just couldn't take it. Little-girl Hannah was a spoiled, selfish

princess and instead of being excited that there was a new sibling, all she could see was that I was vacuum for attention, that her share would be diverted, our parents occupied. So she's hated me from birth, and that's not an overstatement.

And when she brought Brian home, I wasn't surprised. My older sister's always been a magnet for guys, and Brian seemed like the ultimate conquest, a real man, a professional, and not just another lame high school boy with acne and buckteeth.

"Right, this is Angie," smirked my sister again. "Like I said, awkward phase," she said straight out this time, not even bothering to hide it.

I flushed. True, at fourteen I wasn't exactly at the peak of my looks. My brown curls were wild and bouncy, springing out from my head in all directions, and whereas my sister had curves in all the right places, my curves seemed to be in all the wrong ones. I had shoulders as wide as a linebacker with a torso the approximate shape of square. No sassy hourglass shape, no boobs even really, I was just thick and squat during my growing phase, like Frodo from *The Hobbit*.

But Brian was kind, understanding flickering in his eyes.

"Nice to meet you," he growled. "Like the sweatshirt," he added.

My cheeks flamed then because the sweatshirt was kind of an inside joke. It looked like any other sweatshirt with a corporate logo, except the words read Dundler Mifflin Paper Company.

"What?" asked Hannah, squinting her eyes as she stared at my chest. "Looks lame. Why are you always wearing free shit from companies?" she whined. "Mom wants you to dress more feminine and yet you're wearing free stuff you could go to the gym in. What the hell?"

My cheeks flared.

"Well Dunder Mifflin's the workplace from *The Office*," I said in a small voice. "You know the show with Steve Carrell? The one that's won all those Emmys?"

“I don’t give a shit,” harrumphed my sister, looking haughtily down her nose. “Looks terrible. *You* look terrible, Angie,” she snorted.

But Brian was understanding, blue eyes calm.

“I love *The Office*,” he rumble. “Sometimes I look around at work and wonder if I’m actually on *The Office*’s set, things are so fucked-up and backwards.”

I shot him a grateful look.

“Yeah, isn’t it incredible? I mean, I’m sorry to hear your work is so hard, sort of,” I paused, stuttering. Oh god, in front of Brian I was losing it, my worst fears coming true. I was a fumbling, fat mess the first time meeting my sister’s gorgeous boyfriend. Why me? Why this humiliation, now?

But Brian came to the rescue again.

“Yeah, Mindy Kaling’s a pretty awesome comedy writer,” he said with a grin. “And look where she is now.”

I’m not sure exactly why, but those words flowed over me like a salve, making me so happy. I breathed deep, my heart blooming under his words. Because Brian was kind, he had every reason to brush me off, regarding me as a lowly ant, but instead he’d come to my rescue not once, but twice, treating with me with humor and understanding. And not only that, but he knew who Mindy Kaling was! It seemed incredible, Brian’s a tall, handsome attorney with peoples’ lives in his hands, while Mindy’s a funny, chubby, big-mouthed comedienne. But still, Mindy’s a personal hero of mine as a fat girl who’s made it big and it’s my secret hope in life that maybe one day I can be like her. I don’t have to get on stage, oh no, but it’d be nice to be charming and popular, with people laughing at my jokes.

So I nodded happily.

“Yeah, look where Mindy Kaling’s now,” I parroted, grinning from ear to ear.

Hannah shot me a nasty glare, opening her mouth to throw some venom on our exchange, but my mom called out at that very moment.

“Girls!” she sang from the kitchen. “Dinner’s ready!”

And we squeezed ourselves into our breakfast nook. Well, actually, it's the all-purpose nook, the place where I've eaten breakfast, lunch and dinner since I was a baby. It was a little awkward, for sure, Brian's so tall and commanding, with his legs scrunched up in front of the tiny table, but the alpha was game and charming, throwing out jokes, that low laughter running through my soul and making me shiver.

Dinner passed quickly with me hanging onto his every word, even if I couldn't muster the courage to say much more than a "yes" or "no, thank you." And when he left, the big man was the same, cool, confident and reassuring.

"Nice to meet you, Angie," he growled, shaking my hand, my small fist disappearing in his huge one. "Nice to meet a girl with a sense of humor."

I was just about to say something but my sister cut me off again.

"Yeah, her face is pretty funny, huh?" she scoffed, "You got some gravy on your chin, Ang."

My cheeks flushed immediately, hand going up self-consciously and sure enough, it came away smeared with some aromatic brown sauce. Oh god! The mess was cold already, I'd probably had it on my chin the entire dinner and no one had thought to tell me. I blushed furiously again, soul curdling, shifting my weight uncomfortably. Why, oh why, in front of the most handsome man in the world, did I have to have food on my face like some type of stupid clown? And not something sexy like whipped cream or strawberry sauce, but gravy from mom's meatloaf? FML.

But Brian just shot me another wink before being practically pushed out the door by my sister.

"I'm giving Bri a ride home, be back soon," she said loudly. "See ya!"

And like that, they were out the door, car rumbling in the driveway. My mom stood next to me, wiping her hands on a cloth after the door shut.

"What a nice man!" she sighed. "With such a great job, a real-live lawyer, and so good-looking too! Let's hope Hannah manages to hang onto him," she remarked. "Your sister sometimes has the oddest taste."

I nodded. My sister can be flighty and mean, dumping dudes for no other reason than “he’s boring” or “he doesn’t get it.” So I sighed. This was probably the closest that I’d ever come to interacting with a gorgeous alpha male, the kind from teen romance books, and my heart could only pitter-patter helplessly. But real life snuck in again.

“Honey, can you walk the dog?” asked my mom. “It’s not too late, it’s still light out and Buster looks like he needs to, you know,” she said, hinting.

Buster nosed over to me, our ancient poodle’s fur a dirty grey, limping a bit with that bad front paw. There was an unmistakable smell in the air, and I knew what it was. Buster needed to number two, and I was the person to escort him. Like I said, real life can be a shock and my place in the world was only too clear.

But I love my dog, Buster’s been around almost as long as me, so I grabbed the leash, clapping my hands.

“Come on Bussy,” I commanded. “Come on, we don’t want to make a mess inside, come on!” Buster limped gamely over, and I fastened the leash to his collar, opening the door.

“We’ll be back soon Mom!” I called over my shoulder. “Buster’s gonna do his business.”

“Okay,” she responded cheerily from the kitchen, water already running as the dishes got started. “Take your time honey, take a longer walk, exercise is good for everyone.”

I sighed because it was a not-so-subtle hint to lose weight. My mom is body-positive but at the same time, I could feel her frowns sometimes when I scarfed down a second dessert or added a milkshake to my order. And it must have been weird, having one daughter tall and skinny, like a fashion model, and for the other daughter to be me, a lumpy square. I sighed. Life’s not fair, and it was only too obvious who’d ended up with the short end of the stick. At this moment, Hannah was probably having a wonderful time with her sexy, older boyfriend whereas I was stuck here with Buster, our ancient poop-machine.

But someone's got to do the honors. So as Buster and I moseyed outside, I clucked a bit as the canine snuffled around some bushes, and sure enough, the poodle did his business almost immediately. How easy it would be to be a dog! I'd just need food, shelter, and a little bit of human love and sunshine. If only things could be that simple with no thoughts of boyfriends, sister's boyfriends, and confusing feelings that whirled inside.

But nothing ever turns out the way you expect. What I thought was a slow amble down a deserted side street turned into the shock of my innocent life. Because as we rounded a corner, there was a huge orange tree across the street and what did I see but my sister's car parked right under it. What the hell? What was Hannah doing here? She was supposed to be dropping off her man at his place, and then coming right back. So why was her car here, on this deserted side street, in the evening twilight?

I was just about to coax Buster over closer to look when the car started bumping up and down slightly. Hannah doesn't drive a fancy auto, just a no-name sedan, my mom won't buy her anything nicer. But still. It shouldn't be creaking on its wheels like some juiced-up Oldsmobile. And as I approached slowly, the bumping and shaking got more violent. What the hell?

But suddenly I realized what was happening, mouth dropping open and eyes goggling. Because my sister was fucking Brian right in the driver's seat of the car. I could see that the front seat was pushed back all the way so that the big man was almost horizontal as my sis bounced up and down in his lap, moaning and crying, panting and gasping loudly, screaming, "Brian, Brian!"

Because no, Hannah hadn't closed the windows. They were halfway open, and figuring that no one would come by this deserted cul-de-sac, she was letting loose like a banshee.

"Oh god!" the woman moaned again, eyes closed, cupping her boobies as she bounced up and down, head almost hitting the car ceiling. "Oh god, you feel so good! Fuck Brian, you're so *big*!"

I remained rooted to the spot, all sorts of emotions rushing over me. On the one hand, I was disappointed. Sure, I was fourteen but I had a huge crush on Brian already, hoping that he'd be my dream prince, the source of

stupid teenage fantasies. So to see him fucking my sister blew that all up, he was a hot-blooded male getting pussy like any other dude in his place.

And despite the fact that I should have run in the other direction, that I should have beat feet quick, scooping Buster up in my arms and making a dash for it, instead I was rooted in place. Because I was titillated. I've never seen a man naked before and my sister's cries of "you're so BIG, you're so HUGE" were making my pussy burn. It shouldn't have, I know. It's so wrong, watching your sister get fucked by a guy, and yet I had to see. I had to see what was happening, I desperately needed to see Brian's cock, the source of female ecstasy.

So silently dropping my dog's leash on the sidewalk, I shot the animal a threatening look, mutely commanding him to stay where he was. Buster knows me so well that he can read my mind, and silently, his head dropped on his paws, entire body settling onto the cement. Good. The poodle wasn't going anywhere, he knew how the cards lay.

And shooting him one more warning look, I began my approach. Tiptoeing and ducking down, I moved towards the car, careful not to step on crackling leaves, avoiding anything that would give me away. It was so wrong, it was so awful, what I was doing. I shouldn't have, and every step was hesitant, my brain screaming at me to turn around. But I couldn't. Brian was so virile, so handsome and commanding that I had to see. I desperately wanted to, no I *needed* to see his penis, I needed to see that big dong.

And finally, I was just five feet away from the Accord, crouched in front of the hood, peering over the dash. Oh my god, they were going at it like crazy, the car was really bouncing and jouncing now, the ferocity of their actions making the vehicle shake and rattle. Oh god, what would it feel like for me to be plowed like this? With Brian's dick in my sweet puss, making me scream, squeal, and beg, making me melt with ecstasy? I hoped that we when did it, the car would explode, bursting into flames, a supernova as my pussy overheated, craving his touch.

At that very moment, my sister pressed herself forwards, leaning onto Brian's chest, stretching over him like a cat in heat.

“Oooh big guy,” she moaned again, totally nude while smashing her breasts to his torso. “Ooh feels good,” she groaned, stirring her hips.

And that did it because as she bent over, Brian’s cock slipped from her pussy, a huge, hard shaft appearing from between her swollen lips, vaginal ring gripping him tight.

I gasped, eyes growing big because it hardly seemed possible. He was so big and long, like a python on the loose. I’ve seen some porn on my laptop, late at night, but nothing like this. Brian wasn’t even out all the way, I could see the crest of his cock still within the entrance of my sister’s hole, but oh god, the rest of him. He was as thick as my wrist with veins pulsing up and down that ramrod hard length, balls raised as he pushed back into my sister’s body.

And like a genuine vacuum, she sucked him inside, that monster length disappearing into her hot cavern.

“Oooh!” she squealed as that little pussy got pummeled. “Oooh!”

Suddenly, I had a lot more respect for Hannah because it couldn’t be easy fitting that monster inside. Brian had to be at least ten inches, rock solid and stiff, stretching out that vaginal channel, making her twist and squeal like a pig on a stick. But my sister did it, that pink twat spread until he was all the way back inside, balls deep in her wet snatch and all Hannah did again was scream and throw her hair back in ecstasy, swallowing that massive cock with her vag.

“Mmmph!” she cried out, throwing her head back. “Mmmph, mmph!”

And at that moment, all three of us exploded. Because I admit, I’d been touching myself as I watched the illicit encounter. It’d been so arousing, so incredible, my hand had crept down my pants, stroking my sensitive nub as I watched Hannah get fucked, as Brian shoved that ramrod up her tight pussy. I was pretending it was my twat he was fucking, my soft snatch he was owning. And just like that, I burst too, massive spasms shaking my puss, my internal walls beating with involuntary pulses as I fingered myself, dreaming it was me.

And oh fuck, but Brian came hard. But the alpha's smart, he hadn't been wearing a protection and Hannah's a dunce when it comes to the pill. I was sure my sister had missed a couple days, she's like that, can't be bothered when it comes to the important stuff. So right at the crucial moment, he shoved her roughly off him, entire dick popping out and spurted madly into the air. The cum was like a geyser, showering in the interior of the car, arcing wetly before splattering on the ceiling, some of the sticky white landing in globs on my sister's back.

"FUCK!" he roared, massive fuckshaft jerking as hot semen came flying out, unstoppable, his virility impossible to deny. "Fuck fuck fuck!"

And the white was such a blizzard that I cried out loud, pretending it was me he was blasting with that virile juice. I wanted it so bad, I was dying for it, my breath coming in heaving gasps, entire body trembling, shivering and shaking that I literally fell onto my ass right there in the road, landing with a big thwack on a crackly pile of leaves.

Hannah stopped mid-shriek and panted, "What was that?"

Despite the fact that she was completely nude with a man pulsing, his hot jism coating her body, she managed to stick her head out the half-open window and look around. "What was that?" she asked again, face suspicious.

I pressed myself to the cold, hard asphalt, praying my heaving body wouldn't give me away. Fuck no! Oh my god, if they found out that I'd been out here the entire time, spying on their hot session, I'd be toast for sure. I'd never see Brian again, never see that dominant, alpha form again, I'd be banished to exile, locked in my room. I'd never be in his vicinity again, never able to smell him as he passed me, feel that big palm swallow mine as we shook hands.

So I willed my heart to stop beating, for my lungs to stop inflating with air, I was so desperate to stay hidden. And after a couple more suspicious glances, my sister gave up, green eyes flashing.

"Guess it was nothing," she snarled. "Now fuck me again," she commanded Brian. "I wanna feel that hard dick up my ass this time."

I gaped, eyes going wide, still pressed flat to the ground outside their car. Oh my god? In her ass? Hannah could fit that ten-inch monster in her tiny back hole? Asses are for output, not input, so how would that work? My head spun and I was breathless. I wanted to stay, I wanted to see this happen, I wanted to see that massive fuckrod breach my sister's back end, making her anus stretch and whimper, fucked so hard.

But my sense of self-preservation took over. This was wrong, and I was pressing my good fortune already. I'd gotten away with spying so far, but my luck was bound to run out at some time, and it was best to make my getaway now. So slowly, I crawled on my hands and knees back to Buster, scooping him up in my arms this time and making a dash for it. My dog looked at me with bleary, surprised eyes, but the old poodle's been around for so long that anything goes. So without a peep, I whisked us off and ran like lightning until I was back in front of our house, panting like a mofo.

It was only then that the enormity of what had happened hit me. Oh god, I'd seen Brian Coleman's hard shaft live, I'd seen it gleaming and wet, stiff in its conquest, buried halfway in a woman's pussy before going deep. I should have banished all memories of it from my mind, I should have been satisfied with what I'd seen, treasuring the image and saving it like a precious dream. But all that it did was make me want more. Instead of savoring the memory again and again alone in bed, I started pretending it was me. I started longing for the alpha, pretending it was my pussy he was fucking, my tiny ass he breached each night. And even after he and Hannah got married, the fantasies didn't stop. I imagined my new brother-in-law fucking me in his wedding tux, his huge King-size bed bouncing up and down as I welcomed his rod deep, suctioning him in hungrily with my hungry pussy. Oh god, I wanted it … and I'm so fucked now because we're related.

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CHAPTER THREE

Brian

I pulled the car into m allotted parking space and turned off the engine. Like a dream, the Maserati stopped on a dime, that sexy rumble going into a complete silence. I sighed. Toys are good and all, but compared to the shit-show my life was at the moment, toys were nowhere near enough. I needed hot pussy, I needed to get away from my wife somehow and at this moment, there was no escape plan.

Well, no permanent escape plan. I always have my work, and even at nine p.m., I strode to the office building with purpose and vigor. I can lose myself in a case, I can bury myself in work until exhaustion takes over, and lately, that's been my MO. Sure, we were making money hand over fist now with the hours I was putting in, but it couldn't go on forever. I needed pussy bad, I needed some way to relieve myself, some way to make the burn in my balls explode that was more satisfying than a hand job in front of the TV.

So with a grunt, I unlocked the front door. There's always work to be done, some more files to review, and I strode to my corner office with purpose. But curiously, Jed's light was still on, a rectangle patch under his door. That was odd. The mofo works like a bitch, but the dude's a man about town too. Never married, Jed takes out a different woman every night, each one blonder, dumber, and with bigger tits than the last. So what the fuck was he doing here?

I strode over, slowing as I approached. Oh right, mofo was working while listening to the news. The bastard is amazing, a TV junkie always, and he was probably pounding out a brief while watching CNN, MSNBC and Fox all at once, absorbing everything like a sponge while putting out outstanding legal analysis. Incredible. I need dead silence to hit peak productivity, but with Jed, the more distractions, the better, he could be in a war zone and put together a persuasive legal argument.

So with a confident hand, I pushed his door open, big form still half-hidden in the shadows. I was about to step in and greet my partner with a

booming, “Hey what up,” when my mistake became evident. Because Jed was fucking our newest intern at the moment, his dick up the blonde’s backside as she bounced up and down his lap.

And judging from her mewling cries, Vicky was loving it. The teen squealed and screamed, pulling at her tits as Jed’s dick pounded that dirty anus.

“Mmm,” she moaned. “Oh god Mr. White! Oh god, yeah, back there, back there!”

The words were ridiculous seeing that that massive fuckshaft was buried up her butt all the way, only his balls visible. He clearly didn’t need any direction, the dude knew what he was doing, a woman’s body is no mystery to someone as dirty and rancid as Jed. So yeah, I should have left then, about now was the perfect time to make an exit.

But something bizarre and uncomfortable happened. Because I should have backed away, or at the very least, I should have grinned and smirked, happy to see my buddy getting some. But instead, an indescribable feeling blew over me then, a burn deep in the pit of my groin, making me sweat, making me hot. Because I had to see it. I had to see Jed’s big dick, I had to see if it was bigger than mine, in all its fucking glory.

And it wasn’t some type of competition, or some kind of misplaced one-upmanship. It wasn’t that I was jealous, or curious, or a dirty mofo. It was that I was hungry. I needed to see that cock for my own good, to put to rest the niggling doubts I’d been having at night, the hungry glances that I sometimes threw my partner’s way. It’s so fucking wrong, this is the dude that I’m financially linked to, we’re entwined in a way that goes even beyond husband and wife. And yet here I was, watching avidly as he assfucked our pretty new intern, ravenously dying to see that huge cock.

And sure enough, it wasn’t long in coming. Evidently Jed is so good at giving it to girls that within a minute, they explode, that ass ring gripping him tight, the blonde’s butt quivering and shaking as he pumped with a glorious roar.

“Fuck!” the big man shouted, huge body bucking and shaking as man milk spurted into the teen’s ass cavern. “Fuck fuck fuck!”

Oh shit, this was so good to see. I palmed my dick in my fist, blue eyes hot as I watched where their bodies joined, the hot flesh slapping together. Oh fuck, oh fuck, it was so good, creamy jizz was already beginning to drip from between their bodies, semen leaking out from the girl’s behind. And what would make this dirty scenario absolutely perfect is if we swapped in Angie for Vicky, the curvy brunette’s curls flying this way and that as she was fucked in the ass by my partner … and then by me.

But beggars can’t be choosers, and at this moment, the blonde vixen was having her way. Vicky moaned hard, gripping Jed’s neck tight and then jiggled her hips backwards and forwards a bit, like she was shaking the last drops from that hard fuckrod. And then with a mewl and a giggle, the female popped her butt off, letting it hang in the air a couple inches over his thick cock.

“Daddy,” the blonde murmured, “Daddy I’ve got a present for you.”

Letting go of his shoulders, she positioned herself just right so that her anal hole kissed the tip of his hard dick.

“Stay still Daddy,” she giggled. “It’s coming.”

And reaching in back, each hand gripping a different butt cheek, the blonde pulled herself apart. Fuck, I love that. I love when a woman opens herself to you, showing her tiny hole because she wants it so bad. But here, Vicky had more to show than a little ass gape because not only had Jed fucked her hard back there, but he’d deposited a huge load. And now that cum was dripping out. It swelled inside Vicky’s butt chamber, pearling a bit at her entrance before oozing out, glopping heavily onto his stiff fuck shaft.

“That’s right,” she giggled again. “Daddy I’m giving back to you, look, look.”

And fuck, it was amazing. Jed’s rod is huge, as big as my own, still pulsing even though he’d just let loose with a massive spurt of sperm. It was different-shaped than mine, his is more like a U that points upwards towards his chest, whereas mine juts out ninety degrees, aimed directly at my victim most times. And in this case, Jed was eating it up.

“Let ‘er drip,” he rumbled, stroking the little girl’s back, running big hands up and down that smooth, glowing skin. “Let ‘er drip, let’s see what she’s got.”

Vicky strained for a moment, pulling her ass cheeks even wider as her abs pulsed a bit, eyes squeezed shut as she concentrated. And then it was there. A huge glob of white, virile semen dropped out of her butt and landed squarely on Jed’s glans, sliding down that purple helmet and then down his thick rod, coating the iron with another sticky stream of white.

“Oh yeah,” our intern sighed, throwing her head back. “Oh yeah.”

And I must have let out a noise then, I was so fucking aroused. Because yeah, I had my dick out watching the nasty show, I was stroking Mr. Happy like there was no tomorrow, imagining what I would do as part of this trio. And swiftly, Jed’s blue eyes turned to catch mine, making me out in the darkness. My hand stopped, heart beating like a fucking drum. I was so fucked now, my law partner, my best friend, had just caught me spying on him as he did our little intern, as he gave it to her good. He was gonna think I was some kind of dirty pervert, because instead of my eyes roving over that heavenly female form, my gaze was glued to his dick, hot and urgent, desperate to taste the white cum, to lick it off the alpha myself. I needed it, I wanted his sperm in my mouth, I wanted our sperm to commingle in a frothy drink, a liquid that was the essence of both of us.

And instead of roaring with rage, attacking me and kicking me in the face, it was like Jed could read my mind. It was like he knew exactly what I wanted because as our eyes locked over Vicky’s back, slowly he reached down and caressed his own shaft, massaging his cream into the hardness.

“You like?” he asked softly. “You like?”

Vicky immediately squirmed and squealed more, boobs bobbling as she held her ass even wider, offering her all to him. But I knew the question wasn’t for the female. The question was for me. My partner was teasing me, he was playing me, making me want him even more. And I did what any red-blooded alpha would. I pulled my dick once more, a really hard jerk, and with that the cum came spraying out. Oh yeah, right there in the darkened hallway of our law offices, I spurted for my partner to see,

giving Jed his own special show. The cum went flying, arcing high under the glimmering lights before splashing against his office door and running down in rivulets. Oh shit, oh shit, we were gonna have to get that cleaned up, no sense in employees coming in at 8 a.m. tomorrow morning to see caked sperm on the furniture.

But Jed loved it all. As he stroked that massive dick covered with sperm, he watched my penis twitch and jerk furiously, blast after blast of white stuff arcing from my tip, purely for his eyes. I closed my own, giving myself over, images of Jed and Angie blending in my mind. Oh god, what would it be like, to pull my dick out of Angie's puss and put it into Jed? What would it be like, to have the two of them taking turns sucking my dick, both mouths going furiously, and then watching them kiss after I came, swapping sperm? Shit, it was my dirtiest fantasy, what I wanted in my heart of hearts and the orgasm barreled even harder then, making me moan and jerk. Semen shot like gunshots against the oak door, literally coating the surface in hot, virile superglue.

And after it was over, after my eyes re-opened, knees weak, I met Jed's eyes again. My partner merely looked at me, a gleam in that knowing gaze, his hand still stroking his hard rod.

"It was a good one, wasn't it?" he rumbled deep, never looking away.

Of course, Vicky still thought he was talking to her.

"Oh yes, Mr. White," she panted. "You know I'll be the best intern you've ever had, I'm available at all hours," she purred. "Whenever you want."

But I knew he was talking to me, and so with my own heated gaze, I nodded at him, tucking myself back into my pants. The big man merely looked at me, a smile playing about his lips, hard body still draped with that girl. And slowly retreating, I turned towards my office, softly padding down the long corridor to my private space.

Because what had happened, oh fuck, oh fuck, it was so wrong, so completely, absolutely fucked-up. I'd just watched Jed do another woman, pummel a female hard, and all I wanted was more. But I didn't want more

of him with Vicky, I wanted more of Jed with *me*. I wanted that hot cock to choke me, I wanted to feel that stiff shaft down my throat, blasting the good stuff into my stomach. And even more wrong, I wanted Angie to be there with us. I wanted to guide his cock into her tight pussy, watched as it owned her ass before owning mine. In short, I'm fucked-up in the head, absolutely screwed with no hope. I'm fantasizing about my nubile sister-in-law and my alpha, very male law partner, the two people in the world who should be off-limits. But instead … Angie and Jed are exactly what I want.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Brian

I wasn't exactly the bravest dude that night. After watching Jed fuck our intern, I didn't hang out long at the office. What I'd just done and my resulting emotions were a whirl of confusion, and I couldn't process them all, it was too fucking messed up. After all, I'm the alpha male, so what the fuck was I thinking? I've banged dozens of women, I've made them weep, get on their knees and beg me for more, offering their pussies, their asses, any holes available, and yet here I was dreaming about a *man*.

So yeah, after the little interlude, I beat feet, grabbing my keys and getting into the Maserati, heading home with a vroom. I swear, I could hear Jed laughing as I zoomed out of the parking lot, I could hear that low, knowing chuckle, making my skin tingle, my dick jerk reflexively.

And it pissed me off. Here I am, master of the universe, rich as fuck, and yet absolutely miserable. I have money in gobs, and it does nothing. I have a beautiful wife, but she's got a heart as black as coal. I've got a thriving law practice, and it gives me no real satisfaction. I love my work but shit, seventy hours a week, every week? And what the fuck was I gonna do now? Where was I gonna go? All I wanted to do was fuck my law partner, so suddenly work seemed dangerously off limits.

Growling, I let myself in the front door with a slam, uncaring that Hannah was probably sleeping upstairs. God knows that woman had probably knocked herself out with all sorts of meds, she wasn't gonna wake up even if Hurricane Sandy itself came calling. And stomping upstairs, I threw myself onto the couch, jerking my tie lose, big form sprawling carelessly across the upholstery. Fuck fuck fuck! I didn't want to think about it and switched on the TV, letting the white noise drown out my thoughts, putting me to sleep.

But a sudden bang woke me. What the fuck, was that a gunshot? Startled, my big form jerked upright on the couch, looking around. And sure enough, the sharp raps came again. Oh fuck, oh fuck, it was the front

door. What the hell? What was going on? I looked at my watch and saw that it was four a.m., never a great time for someone to be knocking.

Stumbling downstairs, I wrenched the heavy oak open, to reveal to cops in uniforms, expressions sober.

“Mr. Jones?” one asked. “Are you Brian Jones?”

I rubbed my face blearily, scrubbing my features.

“Yeah, so what,” I grunted. “What’s this about,” I growled, more of a statement than a question.

The cop whipped out his notebook.

“Are you the spouse of Hannah Evelyn Jones?”

“Yeah,” I said in a surly manner. “She’s upstairs sleeping. Why? What is this about?”

I must have looked like an angry bear, expression dark, my suit rumpled. But evidently the police have done this before because he launched right into it.

“Mr. Jones,” Cop One said, “We regret to inform you but your wife was found deceased earlier tonight. Your wife, Hannah Jones, was found deceased at 324 Lynwood Avenue.”

My brows lowered. What the fuck? Where was that? The cop read my mind because he said, “324 Lynwood Avenue is also the address of the Courtside Country Club. Do you belong to the club?”

I squinted, disbelieving, not hearing his words.

“I’m sorry,” I said slowly. “Did I hear you right? Hannah’s dead? What the fuck are you talking about? She’s upstairs right now, sleeping in her own bed. What the fuck?”

But evidently, the police have heard denials before, and both their heads shook slowly, pity in their eyes.

“Mr. Jones,” the second cop tried this time. “Your wife, Hannah Jones, was found deceased at the Courtside Club at 324 Lynwood, just a couple blocks away. Now are you and your family a member of the club? Does Courtside sound familiar to you?”

I shook my head, everything still in a blur.

“Well yeah, I guess,” I grunted, still squinting. “But what does that have to do with anything? We have a membership and I never used it, Hannah went to get massages sometimes, maybe take some tennis lessons and hang out by the pool.”

Both cops paused then, still standing on the stoop.

“Mr. Jones,” began Cop Two again. “Your wife was found deceased in the presence of Jorge Ramirez, Courtside’s resident tennis pro.”

Still, I didn’t get it.

“So, like I said, she goes there for tennis lessons. Who is this Jorge dude?”

Both cops looked at me, this time choosing their words carefully.

“Your wife was found nude in the men’s locker room with Mr. Ramirez at her side,” he said. “Mr. Ramirez is the one who made the call to 9-1-1.”

Now things were starting to penetrate the fog of my brain.

“Give me just one sec,” I said. “Hold on, give me just one sec.”

I shut the door in their faces and pounded up the stairs, sure that Hannah’s sleeping form would be there under the covers. But when I threw open the double doors to her suite, it was empty, the bed still made, satin coverlet untouched. What the hell? I stormed to her bathroom, flinging the door open, and even checked her walk-in closet. What the hell, where was she?

And pounding through the house, I barreled into every room, even checking the garage. Sure enough, Hannah’s car was missing, the cute little pink Mini wasn’t in its allotted space. What the fuck? I roared, rage flooding my brain. So there was truth to the officers’ words, my wife had been at the country club at all hours while I worked, seeing her tennis pro for some reason or other.

And slowly, I opened the front door again, my face a mask of livid anger.

“What the hell,” I rumbled ominously. “What the hell.”

Both officers jumped in then.

“Sir, we can’t presume anything,” they said. “But it’s my duty to let you know that Mr. Ramirez made the call to 9-1-1, and your wife was found nude on the floor of the men’s locker room.”

I paused for a moment, chest growing tight.

“Where in the locker room?” I grunted.

Both police officers didn’t answer for a second.

“In the men’s shower,” said Cop One, as business-like as possible. “She and Mr. Ramirez were in the shower.”

The full import of his words struck me then. Hannah had been banging her tennis instructor on the side like bored housewives do. It was stupid, so ludicrous, like straight out of some bad movie. As Mr. Husband works long hours, bringing home the bacon, spoiled suburban wife goes ape shit and begins banging the help. Sometimes it’s the FedEx guy, sometimes it’s the masseuse, but in this case, it was the Jorge Ramirez, her hot tennis instructor. They’d been fucking in the men’s locker room after hours, probably doing the nasty in the shower with the door locked, Hannah letting that oaf pummel her pussy and ass with his tennis racket. Yeah, my dirty whore of a wife had been getting it on with some poor hapless dude who was putty in her hands, absolutely powerless in the face of a determined, rich older woman.

But instead of feeling betrayed, I felt liberated. A wave of sheer relief coursed over my form, like I’d been freed from a cage, like I was a Jack-In-The-Box who’d sprung out suddenly, able to get some air. Because Hannah had been nothing but a millstone around my neck, and with her gone, a weight had lifted. It’s sad to say this and morbid too, but I was actually kinda happy that my wife had died. Pretty fucked up, right? Under suspicious circumstances sure, but still. The bitch was gone, and I’d had nothing to do with it, my sagging shoulders straightening suddenly, a bounce to my walk once more.

“I’m sorry officers,” I said, my voice low, giving nothing away. “But I’ll need to process this. Can I come to the station tomorrow

morning?”

Cop One flipped his notebook such.

“Of course Mr. Jones,” he said respectfully. “We’re sorry for this news, in the middle of the night especially. Please come by at your convenience tomorrow, the sergeant will have more details.”

And slowly, I closed the door after their departing forms. Holy shit, holy shit, this had been the night of nights. I’d lusted after my sister in law, dreaming of Angie’s barely legal teen twat. And then I’d stormed into work, spying on my law partner as he fucked our intern. But instead of being disgusted, I was actually lusting after Jared, wanting the alpha’s dick in me. And now Hannah was dead. Hannah was dead, dead, dead, dead as a doornail, and all I felt was a sense of freedom, that the bitch of a woman was gone. Sure, it sucked that she’d been cheating, but it was all so stupid, so lame and predictable. Of course she’d been cheating, Hannah’s no angel, she was getting cock elsewhere if it wasn’t from me. And wandering slowly up to my study, I let myself in, sitting woodenly on the overstuffed couch, staring at the TV that was still buzzing with tinny voices. Because my life had changed dramatically in one night … and all I could feel was excitement for the next chapter.

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CHAPTER FIVE

Jed

That dirty motherfucker. That fucking filthy mofo. I wanted to beat Brian's ass but granted, what happened between me and Vicky was wrong. The girl is all of eighteen and works for us, the naughty intern that all the dudes at the office want to fuck. Oh yeah, Vicky's the help at Jones and White, with alleged dreams of becoming a lawyer one day. My ass. That girl's got a bag of rocks for brains, her smartest move was offering her tits and twat to me after hours to keep her job, that's what Vicky's real purpose is.

But still, my dirty interlude with the blonde busted through the wall between Brian and I because he caught us at it. And instead of sucking on those sweet tits or lapping at that tiny snatch, his eyes were all over *me* and my hard pole. Oh yeah, I know when another dude is interested, and for the last couple months, there have been waves of tension from Brian's side of the office. I feel his eyes on me sometimes, only to shift away quickly, I can feel the tension in that hard frame, the way his fingers drum restlessly on the conference table, hard body stiff.

The sad part is that dude doesn't even know he's projecting like a nuclear explosion. My partner's fucking miserable with that wife of his, that disgusting viper, and he's lost sight of the world, thinking the problem is him. But who the fuck cares? You marry the wrong woman, so what? Life's not over. Shit doesn't stop. Your body keeps going, your brain keeps going, the sun rises every morning still. Hasn't he ever heard of divorce? It's not like it's a big deal these days, you can break it off as fast as you put a ring on it.

So yeah, Bri's been humming with energy, throwing looks my way, massive hard-on hidden behind that desk. And who can blame him? Alpha males have needs, we're well-honed machines that need to be tuned, finessed, and most of all, used. We have sex drives through the roof, banging pussy left and right, doing our best to get our dicks wet at all hours, and poor Brian's had his castrated, unable to get any satisfaction. So yeah, I'd been sensing repressed energy from the big guy for the last couple

months, the hungry looks, how he'd watch me for too long, gaze drifting over my broad chest to take in the bulge wrapped around my waist.

Because my dick's a big one, hard, thick and strong, the python can do a lot of damage, and I've used it well on both men and women. Unlike Brian, I'm totally comfortable with my sexuality, and although publicly I'm hetero, actually I'm totally down with the dudes too. I like a hard, assertive cock, one to wrap my tongue around, to suck deep into my throat. And I like tiny male anuses as well as dick in my butt, the bigger the better. Opportunist? Maybe, but I just call it liking sperm.

So yeah, after the nasty interlude with Brian watching, I fully intended to confront him about it. What better way to bring things out into the open? It's totally obvious he's into male-on-male, the semen stains on my office door proved it, the hot bubbly streaming down the varnished wood.

But by the time I got rid of Vicky, Brian was gone, like a fucking disappearing act. I sat back at my desk, contemplating. No worries, let the guy have some time to adjust, he's always thought of himself as straight and to realize he's a raging bi can be a shock. I'd give him time to think about it, tomorrow was another day.

But when 9 a.m. rolled around, the alpha still hadn't made an appearance. What the fuck, that was strange. Brian is a hard worker and lately, he's been going at it like a slave, at the office all hours to get away from that whore of a wife. So when 10 a.m., and then 11 a.m. rolled past, finally I decided to take action. Jumping into my Lambo, I raced to his mansion, pulling up in the circular driveway. Fuck, this place was nice with an ornate garden and bubbling fountain, the building itself at least three stories high. Too bad Brian was never here to enjoy it, leaving Hannah the spoils of his hard work.

But whatevs, it was his choice. Bounding up the front steps, I banged on the heavy door, calling out, "Yo bro. Yo, anyone home?"

There was no sound, but squinting my eyes, I could see the Maserati parked in the drive in back. So he was here, and raising a fist to pound again, I grunted loudly, "Yo!" Not exactly the most graceful way to make an entrance, but then I'm a straightforward guy, no need to beat around the

bush. I was just about to batter down the door when it swung open, Brian looking worse for the wear.

"Hey," he muttered, not looking me in the eye. "What up?"

It was a little awkward because yeah, he'd caught me having sex and practically admitted he wanted in, gulping my sperm, swallowing my dick whole. But it was hard to say all that in broad daylight and I squinted up at him.

"Yo," I said again. "What's up? What digs?"

The big man continued avoiding my eyes, instead running a hand through his ruffled hair. I have to admit, the alpha looked fucking fabulous, even tired and dressed in a rumpled suit. Some dudes just got it, and with Brian's six four frame and heavily muscled chest, the dude can make anything look good.

"Come in," was all he said, gesturing to the interior. "Come in."

I stepped into the gloomy interior. The foyer was massive, with a huge double staircase going to the second level, antiques scattered here and there.

"You wanna put on some lights?" I asked wryly. "Or you guys using candles around here?"

The chandelier overhead flickered on just as I spoke, and Brian came into better view then. Shit, the man is gorgeous, all dark hair and blue eyes, appealingly scruffy with a five o clock shadow. But exhaustion was in his eyes, and I hoped as all fuck that it had to do with me. I hoped he'd been up all night dreaming about my dick, re-living the images of me fucking Vicky, fantasizing about joining into the fray, taking a role in our trio. But no such luck because my law partner scrubbed his face again and came out with it flatly.

"Hannah's dead."

What the hell? I definitely didn't expect that one, that was a curve ball outta nowhere. Don't get me wrong, there's no love lost between me and that blonde bitch, but still … dead? That seemed a little extreme. So I took a cautious approach. Maybe he was kooky in the head after the hard

sex last night, maybe the image of me with Vicky had been burned into his eyeballs and he wasn't thinking straight.

"Yo bro, relax," I said. "Let's sit," I said smoothly, gesturing to some chair in the living room. "Drink?"

It was ironic that I was offering him a drink in his own home, but the liquor cabinet was right there, stocked with top shelf goods. So when he nodded, I poured us two shots of vodka each. No sense in holding back.

And Brian threw his back like he was dying of thirst.

"Take it easy, bro," I grunted, eyebrows raised. "This shit is like fire in your belly, it'll burn away your stomach lining if you're not careful."

He shrugged carelessly, reaching for the second one, and threw that one back like it was water as well. Shit, my partner was worse than I thought, maybe this "death" thing was real after all. So I decided to treat it seriously.

"You wanna tell me about it?" I asked, face impassive. "What happened?"

For the first time, Brian turned to me, fixing me with that blue gaze and looking into my eyes. There was torment there, sure, but also a mix of a dozen other emotions that couldn't be pinpointed. But the big man shrugged, broad shoulders lifting before dropping with exhaustion.

"Hannah was having an affair with the tennis pro over at the club," he said woodenly. "They found her nude with him last night."

I was silent for a moment.

"Cause of death?"

He shrugged.

"Who knows? Probably a heart attack from the hot sex she was having. We clearly weren't having any," he snorted.

I schooled my face into a mask because this was a surprise. Brian wasn't banging that pussy? Granted, I hated Hannah, she's always been a leech on my man, but still, free cunt's there to be used and he could always put a bag over her head or something, pretend it wasn't her. So to hear the

alpha hadn't been having sex with wife threw me for a loop. Had he been banging someone else? Or god forbid, had he been celibate all this time, stroking one out in the shower, morning after morning? Shit, that's hard, and my own body shuddered, imagining the pain. But this was no time to get into it.

"What are you gonna do?" I asked carefully.

The big man shrugged again.

"I dunno. What can I do?" he said in a monotone, staring at the drink in hand. "Go to the morgue, claim her body, I guess. Tell her parents, her sister, that Hannah's gone. Try to make sense of the circumstances."

I squinted for a moment.

"Was she banging Alexis at the club? That dude from Russia with the heavy accent?" I've got a membership at Courtside too, and I'm passing familiar with the staff there. The club pros are generally young and good-looking, muscled and athletic although dumb as rocks. They're not exactly the sharpest tools in the shed, if you get what I mean. No, let me rephrase. Some of their professions require written tests, and these guys can't pass that most times. Imagine. A golf pro being unable to pass a written test about golf. But trust me, it happens, and that about describes the level of intelligence among this crew.

Surprisingly though, it wasn't Alexis, our local Russian Casanova, nor was it Timmy, the lifeguard who'd just graduated high school with peach fuzz on his cheeks.

"It was Jorge," growled Brian. "The tennis pro. Hannah's been taking lessons with him for I dunno … three years? This has probably been going on since before we were married," he snarled. "Before I put that ring on her finger, before we even got serious."

I shook my head, appalled. Shit, that fucking sucked. To know that your wife had probably been fucking another man all along was pretty much the worst of the worst, even if she was no prize. So I did the only thing I could think of. I got up and poured him another drink.

"Here," I rumbled. "Take it."

But this time, as he reached for the glass, our hands brushed and Brian's eyes flickered up at me.

"Jed, about last night," he began.

"Naw buddy, forget it," I ground out. "There's been a death in your family, forget it."

Brian took a deep breath, gazing into the recesses of the hallway while collecting his thoughts.

"The thing is, I didn't care about Hannah," he said, quiet and restrained, voice barely above a whisper. "I don't give a fuck about that woman, she's just someone who lived here, a warm body spending my money. I usually didn't see her for days on end, we never crossed paths anymore."

My mouth opened but no words came out, and I merely closed it, giving him space and time.

"I didn't give a fuck about her," he said again slowly. "I didn't care about my wife. I've been thinking about other people. About her sister. And about *you*," he said, swinging his eyes to meet mine finally, that blue blazing hot, making my skin sizzle. My dick jumped at the opening, going from rubber to steel in two seconds, but there was no sense in giving it away all at once. So instead, I took the casual approach.

"Oh really?" I asked lazily, leaning back. "What's been on your mind?"

Brian's head dropped between his shoulders, big frame hunched, confused and defeated.

"Everything. Nothing," he repeated, staring at his drink again before looking at me again. "I dream about …" his voice trailed off.

My brows arched at him and I gestured for him to go on.

"I dream about fucking my sister in law," he muttered under his breath, eyes fixed to a point on the rug. "I dream about fucking Hannah's younger sister Angie, it's so damn wrong. I dream about hauling that woman back to the house and spreading her legs, drilling that pussy deep. And then," he took a deep breath, eyes swinging towards me, blazing hotly.

“I dream about you doing the same to her. You pounding into that wet, used cunt, our sperm mixing together. Is that fucked-up or what? I’m such a fucking bastard.”

Hell yeah, it was messed up to the nth degree, beyond the dirty, beyond what I’d ever hope for. Because I was on it, absolutely one hundred percent. If the opportunity came, I’d pay through the nose, I’d pay just to be a fly on the wall as Brian rammed some young, virginal nymph, taking her hymen. But there was more to it than that. Brian wanted me in on the picture, and his words made me horny as all get-out, craving more.

“Is that all?” I rumbled smoothly. “So we’d take turns drilling some sweet little nothing? Your dick in, and then my dick in, the little cunt filling with two types of sperm?”

The big man nodded his head slowly.

“Yeah, absolutely,” he said, breathing ragged. “I wanna fuck Hannah’s sister so hard that my dick comes out the roof of her mouth, sperm squelching from all her holes.”

I nodded again.

“And?”

He knew what I was getting at, what I was fishing for.

“And after we fuck her, I want you to …”

I held still, waiting, my body tense like a violin. Oh shit, was he gonna say it? Was he gonna give into his deepest fantasies, do some hot man on man?

And finally, Brian was ready. Maybe it was his wife’s death, maybe it was the tumultuous events of the night, but the alpha was done and he could no longer keep it bottled in. Pure and simple, he was done living a lie, and the truth came barreling like a freight train down the tracks.

“And after we finish with Angie, I want you to do me too,” he rasped harshly, dark streaks of color slashing his cheeks. “I want your dick in my ass, making me forget, making this fucking life feel more real,” he ground out, gesturing to the mansion furiously. “This is such a fucking lie, all this shit,” he practically roared this time.

Ah ha. So the man was operating in some kind of fantasy land, he was so messed up from the circumstances, from the lie he'd been living, that he needed some hard dick in his ass to shake him up, to provide the jolt he craved. Dude, haven't you heard of cocaine? It'll do the trick and only costs a couple hundred. But in this case, no need for narcotics because I was only too happy to oblige. Call me an opportunist, but I'm always up for sex and when a gorgeous male presents himself, practically begging me for it, who am I to say no? Like I said, I'm an ass through and through, and it's gotten me further than I ever thought possible. So I did what came naturally next.

"Brian," I began silkily. "I've known you a long time."

"I know," he growled, dropping his head into his hands again, a man in pain. "I know, man, I know."

"And I'd be happy to indulge, if that's what you want," I continued smoothly. "No problem at all. In fact, I think it'll be good for both of us."

The big man lifted his head sharply, that deep blue gaze confused and yet lusting for more.

"Both of us?" he parroted slowly. "What do you mean?"

My eyebrows raised, amused.

"I only date women," I said wryly. "But that doesn't mean I don't see men."

My partner's brow furrowed as he stared at me.

"I've never seen you with another man," his voice came, low, sexy, and aroused. "You're Jed Walker, dirty motherfucker."

I nodded carelessly, sipping my drink.

"Sure I am, never said I wasn't. But there are parts of me you don't know," I drawled lazily. "And that includes the parts of me that are bi. I've done men before, absolutely, and in some ways, it's even better."

Brian shook his head, confused.

"But you're Jed Walker, dirty fuck."

“Dude let’s not become some type of repeating cow, okay?” I said lightly. “Like I mentioned, I do dudes too, and in some ways, it’s better and easier. Guys are no drama, the pants are down, the dicks are out, and it’s a good time for all. There are no flowers, no wining and dining, no godawful tantrums. There’s just hard, hot cock and plenty of sperm.”

I waited to see the effects of my words, and sure enough, the streaks across Brian’s cheeks grew even more pronounced, his eyes lighting with internal fire, that frame tensing with repressed energy.

“How many guys?” he growled.

“I don’t keep count,” I said carelessly, “but probably even more guys than women.”

Brian sat back then, disbelief in his eyes.

“Shit, I never knew this about you,” he muttered, appraising me in a whole new way. “Never woulda guessed.”

I shrugged again.

“Everyone’s got secrets, and now that you know mine, all’s fair. So tell me … since when have you wanted men? Since when did this start?”

That threw Brian into a whirlpool again. His eyes grew far away, like he was searching desperately for answers and coming up with nothing.

“I dunno,” he rumbled, confused. “It happened when Hannah started being distant, when we started growing apart. I was horny as fuck with no outlets …”

I interrupted.

“You never thought to use a working girl? A fine piece of flesh for sale? Come on, there are so many postings all over the internet, it never crossed your mind?”

But the man shook his head slowly, fists gripped, eyes a stormy blue.

“Well, at least our local AMP then,” I continued persuasively. “You at least did that to relieve some of the stress.”

His face crinkled, perplexed.

“AMP? What’s that?”

I feigned shock.

“Holy shit bro, you’ve been living under a rock. Asian Massage Parlor? AMP? No one’s ever taken you? I lost my virginity at one when I was fourteen, China Whyte was the cutest thing with the biggest gazongas, not to mention that tiny snatch, perfect size for a man-boy. Shit dude, you’ve got a lot of catching up to do.”

The alpha’s hackles raised then, my law partner shooting an angry glare my way. But I was happy to see it, it proved he was alive with a fire within and not some hapless sack, pussy whipped and beaten down.

“Shut the fuck up,” he growled.

“No worries, just saying,” I said lightly, both hands raised. “There’s a lotta life you’ve been missing out on, Hannah had you on lockdown while playing you for the fool. I’m sorry to say, but there are a thousand ways to get out there, and now that you’re not technically married anymore, you can get out there and sample some,” I said, leaning back casually.

A pause.

“I might still be married,” he ground out, staring at the floor. “Shit, can you be married to a dead person?”

“Beats me,” I shrugged. “But give it a try. Live a little. What do you have to lose now? Especially knowing what you know.”

Brian stared at the floor again.

“It’s just that …,” he began in a tight whisper.

I waited, nerves singing, body ready. Although on the outside I looked relaxed, it was like I was standing at the edge of a three-story diving board, about to take the plunge into raging waters below. Raging waters that would consume me, that would completely transform my existence, filling my lungs while giving me a new life.

“It’s just that,” he said again, taking a deep breath. “I need you Jed. I fucking need you, when I saw you with Vicky last night,” he shook his head, frustrated and confused. “I needed it so bad. I needed your dick in me, not in that hot puss. I needed it deep in my ass, making me feel real.”

I leaned back again.

“Well, I’m here now,” I drawled. “You wanna give it a go? Better now than never.”

Brian’s head jerked up at me.

“Now?” he ground out disbelievingly. “But my wife just died.”

“Who the fuck cares? You know Hannah was getting someone else’s dick up her backside, so why don’t you do the same? Tit for that, all that shit.”

But Brian is a principled mofo and he shook his head helplessly.

“I don’t think I can,” he ground out, torn with hungry eyes. “It just doesn’t seem right, it’s too fucking soon.”

I cut him off with my hand.

“Let’s go another way then,” I said. “How about your dick up my ass?” Yeah, I’m a man of hard talk and this conversation was no exception. I was giving him the options straight, no bull, no subtle hints and sly manipulations.

My partner’s eyes flared at the crass words, although his body tensed with anticipation.

“You’re shitting me,” he ground out.

I merely smiled back, flashing those movie star whites.

“Shit does come out there, but that’s no way to start. Naw, I like some cock once in a while too, feels good. Feels fucking amazing in fact, you know squeezing my small hole and all.”

Brian shook his head.

“Fuck my life,” was all he could manage. “Fuck my life.”

But I could see the bulge in his pants as he leaned back, the massive member making an appearance. Oh yeah, my eyes had been all over that hot rod last night, the way Brian had stroked it furiously, milking himself until he splattered on my office door. And Mr. Happy was absolutely in play now, the hard, hot ridge in his pants begging to be released.

“Take it out,” I coaxed, voice silky. “Take it out and let’s see.” I had to initiate him slow. Last night had broken through unheard barriers, but Brian was a newbie to the M/M world, dying to get laid but moving in fits and starts. He needed a little prodding, a little guidance.

And like in a trance, that big hand unsnapped the button on his suit pants before unzipping, reaching inside. I was big as a house now, ready to cross swords with him anytime, but he paused, making me tense with unbearable anticipation.

“Jed?” he asked, deep voice confused.

“Do it,” I said soothingly. “Do it, look here’s mine,” I rasped, and with one swift movement, my cock was out, ten inches, the tip already glistening with pre-cum, heavy and stiff. Brian’s eyes flared, hungry and needy, and in a flash, his was out as well, just as horny, just as ready to fuck.

“That’s it,” I said in a soothing voice. “That’s it. Now pull it out and start stroking, show me what you like big boy.”

Never taking his eyes away from me, that flat palm began moving up and down his fuckrod, caressing the hard length, even tracing the bulging vein on the bottom lightly, teasing himself.

“Fuck,” he breathed. “Fuck fuck fuck.”

I smirked.

“Oh we’ll be fucking soon, don’t you worry big boy,” I said, voice silky. “I got you covered. But for now, just stroke yourself and enjoy. Let Daddy see you play, let me see you palm that hard shaft, get yourself going.”

And Brian’s head tilted back then, eyes closing as he played with himself. Fuck, that hard shaft was so huge, pointing straight at me from his hips, like a gun ready to do battle. Liquid wetness rolled off the tip, his penis hole streaming wetly and I wanted nothing more but to get down and slurp it hard, to take it into my mouth and do some deep sucking.

But for the moment, Brian had to prepare himself, and acclimate his brain to the fact that he was doing this for another man. Opening your eyes

and seeing a dude's lips on your dick can be disorienting and I didn't want to scare him shitless, not when he was so new to the game.

So instead, I got up, shedding my clothes and standing nude in front of the man, like a towering god.

"Open your eyes," I commanded. "Keep fucking yourself and open your eyes."

Because I wanted to take him through it step by step. I wanted him to get used to the fact that we'd be fucking a lot, and he needed to see me in all my glory, accept me for the man I am, dominant, alpha and horny as fuck. So as Brian's eyes fluttered open again, I stood before him like Zeus descended from Olympus, huge, hard, my own fuck shaft dripping hungrily with the essence of man.

And as he registered my form, that huge dick jerked again, appreciation and lust invading his eyes.

"Fuck," was all he breathed. "Fuck me."

I grinned like a mofo, never taking my eyes from his.

"Naw, not that," I said, shaking one finger at him although my cock quivered at the invitation. "Like I said, we're gonna do it the other way first. Your asshole has never been stretched while mine's been used more than a few times," I intoned with a nasty grin. "So yeah, I'm gonna get my butthole fucked first."

And with that, I turned so that I was facing away from him, backing up slowly towards the big man.

"Hold your dick up," I commanded. "Hold that stiffie steady."

Brian practically stopped breathing, unable to believe this was really gonna happen. That big body trembled and vibrated, shaking with lust, dicktip dripping wetly as I positioned myself above him, straddling his lap, lowering my anus.

Because yeah, I was gonna make things easy. For guys who are recently bi, sometimes they can't get the gumption to fuck into another man's ass, it's too much, too soon. So I was going to pave the way by fucking my own asshole down onto that monster dick, taking the choice out

of his hands. It was gonna be rough going, I've taken dick in my ass multiple times, but Brian's got one for the ages. His pole was massive, it was going to spread my ass cheeks wide, making my tunnel stretch in a way that I'd never envisioned.

But I wanted it, oh god, I wanted it. My best buddy, my partner, my law school pal, had finally arrived. Feelings had welled up inside that could no longer be repressed, and we were gonna go full on, rock hard and ready until we both passed out, our sperm flying all over.

So nudging closer, I backed up, squatting until my asshole hovered above his dick. And then bending forward slightly, I leaned over so that my cheeks parted on their own, showing my lover the hot spot.

"See it?" I rumbled deep, casting him a sly glance over my shoulder. "See what you're getting?"

I half expected the big man to draw away, to stand up in disgust and denial, screaming that he wanted no part of this. But instead, there is a God. Because like a dirty mofo, Brian leaned forward and licked my anus, letting his tongue trail over the brown pucker, my pleats contracting immediately at the slickly wet touch.

"Unnnh," I moaned, eyes closing at the heavenly sensation. "Awww fuck."

Brian grinned in back of me, tongue still doing its business.

"Aw fuck is right, thought I'd give you some lube back here."

And since the alpha was getting into it, I invited him to do more.

"Spit on my ass," I rasped harshly. "Spit on my ass and coat me with your saliva."

Brian smiled then and did as told, a hot loogie dropping into my butt crack before spreading into my dark star, lubing me up, getting that tight spot ready. But he didn't stop there. Brian spit in his hand too, getting it good and wet, and rubbed all over his shaft to make sure that it was sticky with a mix of saliva and his sperm. And once everything was well coated, he leaned forward and swiped at me one last time with that wicked tongue.

“Ready?” he murmured. “Ready? Because this hot fucker is ready to go.”

And bracing my hands on the sofa, I grunted softly before beginning. My butt began descending until my anus touched his dicktip, just a butterfly brush, a preview of what was to come. But Brian was so turned on that his dick burst a little, a small, hot wet jet of sperm going right up my hole, making me jerk unexpectedly.

“Unnh!” I cried out. Fuck, it felt so good, that viscous pre-cum in my anus. But I wanted more, I wanted an entire load in there, a thick deposit that would make my ass cry. So gripping the couch cushions, I started again. Slowly, I bumped my butthole until it was once again positioned on his penis head, just a quarter inch in, and began to press downwards with my hips.

“Mmm,” I moaned, eyes fluttering shut. God, Brian was so huge, so fucking massive that it felt like my anus was being split by a baseball bat. The stretching was almost unbearable, tight and dry, making my insides churn with anticipation and fear at once. But oh god, it was Brian, this is what I’d been dreaming of for years, so I slowly wormed my ass down further, working myself on that hot shaft.

“Oh yeah,” muttered the alpha in back of me. “Shit that asshole looks good spread.”

And I smirked to myself although Brian couldn’t see because the visual must have been amazing. My brown hole parting, so tiny and precious, and now stretched like all fuck around his vicious member, the tight ring gripping him, probably pulsing as he watched. And with a wiggle, I wormed myself down even further, a couple inches of dick in my backside now, making me feel impaled and oh so full.

“Yeah,” I grunted hoarsely. “Fuck yeah.”

But Brian is a dirty mofo. Even though he’s new, he wanted it and wasn’t shy about saying so.

“All the way, lover,” he ground out. “Fuck my dick all the way with that pretty ass.”

And I had to do as told. It wasn't clear who was the dom now, me or him, if I was the Daddy or if it was him. But it didn't matter because we were both having the time of our lives, dick has never felt so good in me before. And Brian was eating it up, his breathing rough behind me, that hot cock stiff and so dominant in my behind. So with a deep sigh, summoning my resolve, I relaxed my pelvic muscles as best as I could and sat down, hard. With a pop that was almost a loud bang, it happened. My sphincter muscles let go and suddenly that huge, ten inch shaft was buried all the way in, reaching almost to my throat.

"Aww fuck," I groaned, squirming a bit on his lap, impaled deep. "Aww fuck fuck fuck." It felt so good, split in two, that heavy iron rod solidly up my backside and my dick quivered on its own, leaking cum like a dripping faucet now. "Aw fuck," I began.

But Brian cut me off.

"Feels amazing," he panted. "Now fuck me, lover, fuck me."

And I could only do as told. My master had spoken and lifting my hips up, I leaned forward before going back down, caressing that cock with my asshole, letting him feel deep inside of me.

"Mmm," he moaned throatily, big hands squeezing my thighs. "Mmm."

But there was more to it than that. Brian is a generous man, has always been. And right now, he wasn't going to leave me out either, he wasn't gonna leave me high and dry. Because in the middle of his first man on man interaction, with his dick buried in my butt, he wanted me to feel pleasure as well. So one big hand slowly slipped up my leg until his fingers encircled my cock, squeezing tight, testing, caressing the pulsing length.

"That's it," he murmured in back of me, breath hot on my neck. "Ride me hard, loverboy, I want you to come too."

And that was it. I needed it, his fist gripping my shaft was too much and I began drawing my hips up and down, fucking that rod like it was the tastiest hotdog on earth. It absolutely owned me, it was the center of gravity for me, my heavy ass pounding down again and again. And I rode it like a bucking bronco then, all thoughts of pain and agony gone, ecstasy

splintering through my frame. So maybe walking would be difficult tomorrow, I might need crutches or a wheelchair. Who cares? It was worth it, it was worth being with the big man.

So like a heavy machine, I began doing the ass drill, heaving my hips up and down, giving Brian the visual of his life. My tiny anal ring gripped that big dick like none other, working itself up and down his pole, swallowing before letting up again. And in the meantime, he jerked me off, that huge hand like a vise around my shaft, pulling me to heaven, making me tremble and shiver, ass and dick both flaming with sensation.

And the dirtiness, the fucking illicitness of what we were doing, threw us both over the edge. Oh yeah, this is what I love about man on man. There's a heavy feel to it all, a deep, rutting sensuousness that can happen with a woman, but women are wet, swollen and slippery, made for fucking, while with a man, our anal holes are unbearably tight, the contrast made all the more apparent when you're a hulking six five. So with a roar, a shake, and a massive shout, Brian and I came together, his dick jerking in my ass, balls tight and raised as he spurted like a madman, hot, thick semen coating my insides.

And at the same time, I erupted like a volcano, shooting semen at least five feet out, an arc of the good stuff soaring into the air before splattering loudly on the tile. Holy shit, holy shit, I've never come so hard and the beating in my ass only stimulated my prostate more, making each pulse leap from my penis higher, faster harder. It was so fucking good that had it been in a woman, I would have seeded her immediately, that fertile female body would have sucked my sperm deep and gotten pregnant immediately.

I shook heavily, imagining a woman with me right then, legs spread, sucking that male liquid hungrily, and at that very moment, my eyes opened to see a trembling brunette standing at the front door, her curvy form backlit by the sunlight outside. Oh fuck, oh fuck, who the hell was this? And how had she gotten inside? Had we left the door open by accident? I couldn't move though, my body in the middle of ecstatic convulsions, penis still pumping like a firehose.

But there was no need to worry because although shock flitted across her face, it was just as quickly replaced by hunger. And this was no innocent nymph, no clueless teen. Sure, she was young but she knew what she was doing. Because in a flash, the brunette was inside, kneeling by us, mouth open, worshipping at the altar of two gods. And I knew what she wanted, what she craved.

"Angie?" came Brian's groan from behind me. "Angie? Stop!"

But it was too late. Because I lifted off his dick mid-spurt, a white lash of cum erupting onto my backside, his huge member appearing from my ass, and just as quickly, this Angie person bent her head to take his dick into her mouth.

"Angie no!" came Brian's rough grunt. "No, no!"

But it was too late. That honeysuckle mouth had already encased his hot shaft and now the veins pulsed even harder if possible, shooting the good stuff down her mouth as the female's cheeks hollowed, vacuuming like a mighty Hoover.

"Mmph," she moaned, lips dripping with gooey white, the liquid overflowing. "Mmm."

Brian threw his head back then and groaned out loud, the culmination of all the nastiness. Because this had to be his young sister-in-law, the one he'd mentioned. The one he wanted to fuck to be more accurate, and it seemed that feeling was returned. It seemed that our dirty girl hadn't even hesitated for a split second, and catching her man doing an M/M bang hadn't turned her off at all, she was into it. And now, she was gulping Brian's sperm like it was the fountain of youth, the more sperm down her gut, the longer she'd live.

So I grinned even as I pulled off, slowly swinging one leg around to leave Brian to his oral. Fuck, it looked good, the brunette was so curvy, ripe tits practically spilling out the vee of her t-shirt, jeans hugging wide hips and thick thighs. Damn, I even had visions of yanking those pants off and giving her a little dick from behind and she sucked my partner dry.

But even I underestimated the chickadee because once Angie finished Brian, she licked her lips lasciviously, and looked up with naughty

eyes. What next? Was she gonna scream insults, pretend this was the nastiest scene that she'd ever come upon, that she'd been forced somehow to give oral? But instead, Angie slowly wiped her lips, savoring the sperm, before turning to me and looking my frame up and down. But it wasn't a challenge, she wasn't competing with me for Brian. Instead, her eyes zeroed in on my hard, hot shaft, coated with semen and the look of hunger intensified in her eyes.

"Hey Jed," came that throaty voice, feminine and making my body rumble unexpectedly. "Hey Jed, you want some too? Because I'm only too happy to do two."

And with that, it was on again. Oh yeah, my dick jerked and Angie smiled secretively before moving towards me on her knees, bending her head and slurping my shaft into her mouth. Holy shit, this was beyond my wildest dreams. I've lived thirty-five years and seen a lot of nastiness, been down into the cesspool of humanity, sampled the worst of the working girls. But this teenage nymphet had topped them all. Because stumbling upon a man-on-man, she'd gotten right into it, slurping off Brian and now giving me, a virtual stranger, some hot mouth on dick. Fuck, this girl was right for us … and I absolutely had to have more.

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CHAPTER SIX

Angie

It was wrong, for sure. It was so, so wrong. Because we got a midnight visit from two patrolmen, informing us that Hannah had died.

"What?" gasped my mom, the color draining from her face, gripping the door frame to keep on her feet. "What?"

The cop was firm, if sympathetic.

"I'm so sorry Mrs. Moore," he said, eyes somber. "But Hannah Jones was discovered with no heartbeat at the Courtside Club around 2 a.m. a couple hours ago."

"The Courtside Club?" I parroted dumbly. "But why was she there? At two in the morning?"

The cops looked at one another for a moment, exchanging a glance before turning back to us.

"We can't come to any conclusions at this time, but a Jorge Ramirez dialed 9-1-1 and called the paramedics to the scene," said one evenly, gaze steady.

I gaped.

"Jorge? The tennis pro? That's her teacher," I said, brow furrowing. "What was he doing with her? They wouldn't be having a tennis lesson at night."

The cops merely nodded again, expressions smooth, giving nothing away.

"Again, we're still investigating Miss," said one. "We're just stating the facts, there are no conclusions yet."

But before I could reply, my mom let out an agonizing wail, ear-piercing and sharp.

"Hannah! My baby girl, my precious baby girl!" she cried out, tears pouring down her face. "My first-born darling, oh god, oh god!"

Both the policemen and I leapt to our feet immediately, helping my mom into her room and tucking her in bed, housecoat and slippers still on. Jane didn't even notice what was happening, tears flowed down her face as her eyes stared blankly ahead, whimpers of "Hannah, Hannah!" coming out in a broken tone. I wanted to stay with her, I did, but I had something else on my mind. I had to tell Brian before these cops got to him, to try and figure out what the hell had happened.

Because my sister had probably been having an affair. Although I've never met Jorge myself formally, there'd been a time or two when I'd picked up Hannah from the club, and she'd come prancing out, flouncing and all smiles, in an indecently short white tennis skirt. But that wasn't it. There'd been a dark, handsome man with her, some dude who couldn't have been more than twenty, with a doofus smile and a weird accent.

"Take care, see you next week," he winked at my sister, waving with a tanned hand.

Hannah laughed that girly laugh, getting into the car before slamming the door shut and wiggling her fingers at him.

"Bye now!" she cooed out the window. "Bye, see you next week."

And it wasn't the words or the actions, although those were definitely suspicious. It was her smell. Hannah should have smelled sweaty, or at least just-showered if she'd had a tennis lesson. But instead there was the musk of something intimate, like a man had been rubbing himself all over her, his personal scent penetrating deep into that peaches-and-cream skin. There was the tang of something sensual, like pussy juice mixed with an indefinable scent, and I had to ask her about it, it was too pungent and obvious.

"Hannah," I said slowly, switching gears to roll out of the parking lot. "Who was that?"

"My tennis instructor, who else?" she breezed carelessly, already scrolling on her phone.

"Well, he's very handsome," I said judiciously.

"Of course!" she exclaimed, looking up for a moment. "They often are, pros are often hired by the Club for their looks," she continued with a

wicked smile.

I didn't even know what to say next. Courtside hired their athletics department staff based on looks, and not skill? Holy shit, this was one fucked up country club. But Hannah was totally unconcerned.

"I get the best two-hour lesson of my life," she tossed out lightly, shifting a little in the front seat like the memory made her pussy burn. "I come out so relaxed, so happy, you should really try it sometime," she said with a smirk. "It'd help you loosen up Ang, get that baseball bat out of your ass."

Again, I didn't even know what to say. The insult was par for the course, it rolled off my back like water. But was my sister telling me, not so subtly, that Jorge was her man-whore? That instead of a two-hour tennis lesson with rackets and balls, they were doing the dirty instead? And was my brother-in-law paying for all this? Did Brian know? Did he even care? Because my sister sure wasn't exactly subtle.

But Hannah interrupted my thoughts.

"It's the way life is," she said, shrugging carelessly. "If you don't like Jorge, you can always take lessons with George, his manager," she added wickedly. "George is old but you know, old guys handle their rackets better than anyone else."

And I decided right then never to ask her about it again. Because it sounded like my sister was banging *all* the club pros, not just Jorge. Maybe the Latin lover was her flavor of the month, her current go-to guy. But it seems like Hannah had been doing them all, taking the team because it was her thing, her personal hobby. I gaped involuntarily but then closed my mouth with a snap.

"Um sure," I muttered, pretending I was too caught up in traffic to really listen. "Sure, maybe."

But as usual, my sister was already tapping furiously at the keys of her phone, engrossed in something or other and I was relieved to move on. I didn't want to know about her escapades, didn't want to know about her dirty side that she didn't even bother to hide. I just wanted one man, but unfortunately, that one man was her husband.

So after the police left, my thoughts immediately flew to Brian. Oh my god, I had to talk with him, I had to make sure he was okay, that everything was okay. And as soon as the sun dawned, my sneakers were on, and I rushed to my car, ready to zoom to his place.

But what could I say? Dumbfounded, I sat for a moment in the driver's seat, still and unblinking. *Oh by the way, Hannah was a ho, she was actually banging a raft of guys, don't grieve over her death? My sister was pulling a train because that's her thing? Oh, and since you're available now, can I have a turn on your dick? Just slip it in real quick, pretty please?*

So I literally sat in my car for a couple hours, a trembling mess. How to approach Brian? Did he even want to talk? Maybe all he wanted was for me to make funeral arrangements, I was family after all. Or maybe he just wanted to be alone, and this was all futile. I'm nothing more than a teen girl, a blip on his radar, a nobody.

But as the hours slipped by, my resolve deepened. On this catastrophic occasion, I had to see him, I had to be with him, even if he didn't want me around. Maybe I'd just pop my head in and express my condolences for five minutes. It'd give me an opportunity to see him, and if that's all the alpha male wanted, then it's what I would take.

So straightening my shoulders, I turned the ignition with determination, making my way to their gated community, my humble Accord puttering by dozens on manors before coming to a stop before the mansion. Oddly, there was a strange car parked out front, a blue sports car that I'd never seen before, but maybe it was a new acquisition. God knows, Brian had enough money, he was rich as Midas, working his fingers to the bone at that law practice.

But as I walked up the circular rotunda, something odd struck me because the front door was slightly open. What the fuck? That was weird, but maybe the UPS guy had just come by to deliver a package and Brian was inside at the moment, putting it away. Maybe he'd forgotten to shut the door afterwards, in his grief. The story was lame and didn't make sense, even to me, but there could be dozens of explanations.

I tiptoed closer hesitantly, senses alert. But suddenly something made me stop, because there were *sounds* coming from inside the mansion. Noises that didn't even sound human at first, raw and primal, making my body come alert, each plump curve shivering and trembling with arousal. I couldn't step away, my feet were magnetized, I had to see what it was, to put my eyes on the source.

And as I edged closer and closer to the door, the sounds got louder. Holy shit, there was banging and pounding even, the sound of heavy flesh slapping together, and the guttural noises became clear. They were moans, but not high-pitched whimpers and squeals of lust. They were the baritone, ravenous moans of two men, two lusty male animals going at it hard, penetrating deep, having the time of their lives.

Unexpectedly, my body flared. I'm a virgin and the thought of two guys going at it sparked something deep within, pussy pulsing, the juices already beginning to course. Because I wanted in. Without even seeing who it was or what was going on, I wanted in. After all, it had to be Brian, I could make out the bass strains of his voice even if there were no words, I could recognize the tones from his chest from a mile away. I wanted him, in every way, shape and form, my body wasn't going to say no to anything the alpha offered.

So when I glimpsed the couple on the couch, oh yeah, my curves rocketed to Jupiter, bursting with anticipation and yearning hunger. Because Brian and another man were fucking each other, and the sight was so hard, hot and heavy, the pounding so sensuous, that my mind went blank and I became a mere slave. Like a maiden shedding her cloak of innocence, the true whore came out and I was on my knees beside them in a flash, gulping Brian's sperm, drinking it deep, slurping like the slut I am. It tasted amazing, hot jets coursing down my throat, making me even thirstier, boobs heaving, cunt dripping non-stop.

And the second man read my mind. He'd lifted off Brian's dick to let me get a taste, and after I finished milking my lover dry, the blonde man turned hot blue eyes to me.

"Hey Angie," he said, that rumble a low, sexy caress, like there was nothing weird about me being there. "You wanna some of mine too?"

And just like that I was on him, slurping the cum off his fuckshaft, tasting the stranger's DNA and loving it. It was musky, different and yet just as good, imbued with the scent of this man mixed with Brian. Because this had to be Jed, my brother-in-law's law partner, his college buddy. I'd seen pictures of him, the golden hair and tanned skin, a six five Adonis, all rippling muscle and devil-may-care attitude. And now here he was nude, magnificent, leaning back with ecstasy as I cleaned him off, sucking his man parts, making them all my own. It was good, it was great, it was fantastic … and oh god, I only wanted more of them both.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Brian

Holy shit, we've corrupted the angel. My innocent sister-in-law Angie has taken a temp job at my firm that goes way beyond secretarial work, way beyond filing papers or punching in numbers. The sweet teen is servicing me and Jed, sucking our shafts after hours, rotating between his dick and mine, drinking the cream of two men.

"Mmm," she moaned, nude on the floor before us. We'd just finished fucking and my ass dripped with Jed's cum, trailing down my leg and onto the carpet. But Angie was on it. In a flash she was behind me, lapping at my anus, sipping the goodness. "Oh god yes," she moaned, tongue questing hungrily, digging into my hole before licking a hot trail up my thigh, trying to get as much of Jed's cum as she could. "I love man milk, it's the best dessert."

And that's a perfect example of what I mean by totally corrupted. Because she's drinking semen from our assholes a lot of the time, Angie likes it the back way. Sure, the female gets it from the source too, we erupt in her mouth time and time again, the hot nutrients slipping down her hungry throat. But sipping from our anuses is also her thing, and it's come as a total revelation.

Because I thought Angie was an innocent teen. I thought no way was this eighteen year-old nymph gonna be into man on man, woman in the middle, woman with two guys, every permutation you can think of. The girl is young, curvy and sweet, and I figured she was still dreaming of rainbows and unicorns, reading romances where princes sweep princesses off their feet, riding off into the sunset.

So it came as a surprise that I was totally wrong. Completely fucking off the reservation. Sure, Angie reads romance novels, but they're hardly G-rated *Babysitters Club* books. Instead, it was more the babysitter was doing the football team, or the sweet student doing half the teachers at school. And when I found out she was into that stuff, suddenly it all made sense. Two guys? Hell no, that was tame. Angie was reading stuff where

jailbait did all the prison guards just to get some extra rations, stuff that would make you jizz like a mofo, it's so raunchy and fucking dirty.

So it's been eye-opening to say the least. Our little pussycat is a sensual one, there's cream on her whiskers and a couple places else too. And yet there's still so much unsaid, so much up in the air, and it was hard to get the girl to open up.

"You sure, honey?" I asked, stroking her hair. At the moment, she was perched on my lap as Jed looked on, all of us nude in my office with the door locked. Shit, our interludes had given new meaning to "after hours overtime," seeing how the little girl drank our cum again and again. And the brunette squirmed a little in reply.

"I'm sure," she nodded, taking a deep breath. "It's because I've wanted you so long, Brian," she admitted with a shy smile. "Since before you even married Hannah."

I frowned for a moment. Any mention of her sister puts me in a bad mood, even now that Hannah's gone. That woman was a bitch, and I wouldn't be surprised if the medical examiner found some unexplained fluids in her body, Hannah played so fast and loose. But I didn't want to talk about it just now, not with Angie naked and willing in front of us.

"Don't start," I rasped hoarsely. "That bitch was nothing."

But Angie stilled.

"Please don't talk about my sister that way," she said in a small voice, looking down. "I know you guys weren't getting along by the end, but she's my sister."

I nodded, although my body was already becoming hard once more. Because the autopsy had found semen inside her holes, and clearly, it wasn't mine. I hadn't banged that bitch in ages, nor did I want to. But what was worse was that it hadn't been one man's jizz, there'd been a couple men doing her, which came as a shock to all.

But it seems Angie had suspected.

"You knew, didn't you?" I asked roughly, forcing her to look at me as she perched in my lap. "You knew," I said, more as a statement than a

question.

“Hold off, Brian,” drawled Jed from beside us. “Seriously, give the girl some space, you’re shaking her like a rag doll, let her breathe a little.”

Trembling a little myself, I let go of Angie’s slim shoulders despite the fact that I was still breathing hard, my voice ragged. But I couldn’t let go.

“Tell me,” I commanded.

And slowly, the little girl nodded.

“Yes, I suspected,” she confirmed in a small voice, glancing up at me. “There was nothing that I could say, nothing that really stood out, except that I know my sister,” she continued. “I know Hannah and something seemed off whenever I picked her up from the club.”

My body grew rigid again. Had everyone known except me? I felt like the biggest fool, a fucking dunce, a laughingstock cuck. But at the same time, I didn’t care. Hannah was trash to me, and clearly, I’ve already moved on – with my law partner and my sister-in-law, as fucked up as that may seem.

So yeah, we’ve been going at it non-stop ever since that fateful day. Angie drinks our cum like milk, the bubbly pouring in gallons down her throat, so thirsty and appreciative, moaning and sighing with breathy gasps. And meanwhile, Jed and I have some serious man-on-man action, my hole so pounded, his anus tight and dry, ready for a reaming at the drop of a hat. But the ultimate is still coming because after all this, Angie is still a virgin. Yeah, that pussy’s never been breached, and Jed and I can’t wait to get inside, possessing that sweet softness.

“So honey,” my law partner drawled, caressing Angie’s arm as she looked between us. “Forget all that stuff about Hannah, the investigation’s out of our hands,” he shrugged. “But tell me more about you. Tell me how a beautiful teen like you is still a virgin.”

The brunette colored prettily, curves going still, like a hovering butterfly.

“Oh it’s nothing,” she murmured, looking down. “I just, I mean, I just …”

Jed merely looked at her with a raised eyebrow, making her blush. Shit, that mofo can handle women, he can play women like puppets and Angie was lost to his charisma, adoring the blond giant.

“Well,” she began again, looking down. “You know, I’m bigger than most girls and guys aren’t really into that.”

Jed leaned back and shouted with laughter, pearly whites coming into view. Shit, mofo is a real golden boy with the penetrating blue eyes and bronzed skin. I grew hard looking at him, how he controls every situation, even though he wasn’t touching me or her at the moment.

“So?” he asked after calming down. “Lots of big girls get action, look at you,” he said with a wicked smile.

“I know,” Angie said almost in a whisper, still looking down. “But the boys at school don’t seem to like it, they like skinny minnies who wear size zeros and I’m a size …” Her voice trailed off.

“Size twenty?” I asked, running my hands up and down those lush curves, tracing that tiny waist before moving over her breasts. Shit, they’re huge Double Ds, spilling over my large palms, and I squeezed and massaged appreciatively, plucking at a nipple. “Size twenty-five?”

The girl moaned lustily, head tilting back before squealing and sitting up. “Oh you!” she cried, batting at my hands playfully. “There’s no size twenty-five, women’s sizes are even numbers only. But yeah,” she admitted in a small voice. “I’m definitely in the double digits, I’m in the plus department, if you know what I mean.”

Jed merely grinned wickedly again, his hand trailing up her thigh until it touched lightly at her puss. Angie was completely nude in my lap and I could feel the heat burning against my leg, that steaming, innocent flesh, so hot it was like a five-alarm fire.

“You know we think you’re beautiful,” he rasped, blue eyes intent on Angie’s warm brown. “You know Brian and I think you have the body of a goddess.” And at that moment, his hand trailed over her pussy again, testing the warmth for himself, lightly massaging the bottom of her clit.

“Ohhhhh!” she moaned sensuously, eyes drifting closed, leaning back onto my chest and giving herself over to the sensations. “I know, but most guys like a different body type,” she panted breathily. “So I’ve still got my virginity.”

I snorted then, unable to keep my disbelief in.

“Fuck baby girl,” I rasped. “I’ve been lusting after you since we met, could never keep my eyes off you.”

She nodded, eyes wide, twisting a bit in my arms.

“But that’s the thing,” the female added in a small voice. “Guys like you sleep with fat girls, but you always marry the skinny ones. Hannah was thin as a whip, and you made her your wife, not me.”

I didn’t even know what to say then. Because Angie had been so young when we’d met, underage jailbait, so how could I possibly have married her? It was already skeezy for us to be doing the girl now, an eighteen year-old nymphet, so how the fuck could I have done anything two years ago? It was so twisted, the past and the present, but I had to try.

“Baby girl,” I rumbled soothingly, stroking her breasts once more. “You were a baby when we met. Or more accurately,” I corrected, “you were underage and there’s no way an old dude like me should even have been looking at you.”

“But that’s the thing,” she countered, eyes flaring a bit. “Guys like you always look, and you’ll even touch, but when it comes to going legit and out into the open, dudes aren’t interested. They want someone skinny and tiny to show off, they don’t want to bring the big girl around.”

A funny sound came out of my throat then, raspy and dangerous. But I tried to keep calm.

“Fuck *you’re* gorgeous Angie. I would absolutely date you even if you were ten sizes bigger. In fact, you’d look better that way. Have you been eating enough?” I asked sharply. “Have you been getting three square meals a day, a minimum of three thousand calories?”

Jed growled from his side, eyes hot.

“Or even four or five meals,” he grunted appreciatively. “The more poundage honey, the better.”

But the brunette has been beaten down by a lifetime of body image issues, and she shook her head stubbornly.

“It doesn’t matter,” she said stubbornly. “Guys don’t want me because I’m big and you’re the same, Brian,” she accused. “You could have dumped Hannah and started dating me, but you didn’t.”

It made no sense whatsoever, but neither Jed nor I could break down Angie’s walls right now. She was beautiful, hands down, the most gorgeous girl either of us have ever had, and we’ve had a lot over the years. But the female wasn’t thinking straight at the moment, she’d built her defenses high, and one conversation now couldn’t tear down that negative thinking. But Jed and I would help her get over it slowly, by loving her again and again, because there’s no one like our sweet angel. There’s no one with the same lush curves, that heavenly fullness that makes our mouth water, and the utter sweetness of personality. It was only a matter of time before she believed in herself, before she truly thought of herself as a gift to men, something to be treasured and cherished.

So for the moment, we were only teasing her, playing with her, prepping her for the big event.

“Honey,” drawled Jed. “You’re a virgin but it’s because the guys you’ve been hanging out with are fucking idiots,” he stated baldly, not holding back. “Those dudes have clams for brains.”

The brunette giggled a little then, tension lessoning, breath hitching slightly.

“Clams?” she asked softly, shooting him a glance. “Really?”

Jed nodded, a gleam in his eye.

“Clams,” he confirmed. “Either that or they’ve got erectile dysfunction with tiny, micro-size penises.”

That made the brunette laugh out loud then, a sweet, tinkling sound making my heart rush. Because I love seeing Angie laugh, I love seeing the beautiful girl happy, and Jed has a way of bringing that out.

“They’re just boys,” she said dismissively. “It’s not even worth talking about.”

“Exactly,” I swooped in with a grin. “Exactly, not even worth a second of thought from your pretty little brain.”

And Angie turned to me then with renewed confidence.

“Well, since we’re talking about my virginity …” she hinted with a sweet smile, voice trailing off.

My dick hardened and I saw Jed jerk a bit, blue gaze sharpening, homing in on that curvy form.

“Yeah?”

“Well,” she said, biting her lip, looking between us. “How come we haven’t done it? How come? I’ve been offering myself to you all the time,” she said shyly, biting her lip again. It was ludicrous because the brunette was sitting in my lap, my big hand on her breast with Jed’s hand lightly resting on her puss, and yet we she was still shy.

But my law partner and I shared a knowing look. It was true, Angie’s tasted our come multiple times and we’ve played with her, niggling that sweet hole, caressing her breasts, even lapping lightly at her cunt. But dick in pussy? Naw, we haven’t gone that far yet. We’ve put cock in each other’s asses, done the man on man right in front of her, but Angie remains untouched. And she asked again, this time more firmly, determined to get an answer.

“Why?” she said, meeting our eyes. “Why have you guys been doing each other but not me? When do I get my chance?” she asked softly. “I want to be a full member of this trio.”

Jed and I were silent for another moment, exchanging another look.

“It’s not that we don’t want you,” I began smoothly.

“It’s that we want to save it for the right time,” growled Jed, finishing my sentence. “There’s a right time and a wrong time, and we haven’t quite gotten there yet.”

Angie looked at us, eyes confused, shaking her head.

“But what could be more right?” she asked slowly. “I mean, we’ve already done almost everything,” she said, gesturing to our slickly gleaming forms, the pussy juice and cum spilled all over the furniture, sticky and wet. “What is there to wait for? You know I want it,” she said, voice breaking a little. “I want it so bad. Both of you,” she clarified, eyes sweeping between us, begging and pleading. “Please.”

I kissed her deeply then, taking that soft pout with my lips.

“Trust me baby girl, there’s a right time,” I growled, my breath hot on her cheek. “There’s absolutely a right time, but it’s just not now. Do you want a kiss to make it feel better? Would a kiss from Daddy make it better?”

She mewled helplessly against me.

“It would, it would, but Daddy,” she protested again softly, pulling away for a moment to meet my eyes. “I want more than a kiss. I want that and that,” she said, pointing at our dicks. “Inside me here,” she finished, spreading her legs and showing us that sweet slit. “Please Daddies,” she panted, pulling her cunt lips open, that pink parentheses spreading to reveal gleaming insides, wet and puffy already. “Please,” she pleaded again, shifting her hips so that we could see right up her hole. “Put it in me.”

And Jed was on it in a sec, a ravenous animal.

“We will,” he grunted into that soft flesh, voice muffled as he buried his face in that sweet crevice, tasting every inch of her vaginal channel. “We absolutely will. But like Brian said, there’s a right time for everything and that time hasn’t come yet.”

Angie mewled again, eyes fluttering closed as my law partner sucked hard at her clit, quivering in my arms, breasts heaving.

“Unnnh!” she moaned out loud, legs spread as her cunt was worshipped. “Unnnh, but when?” she moaned again, panting. “When?”

I stepped in this time.

“You’ll give it to us when the time is right,” I soothed. “When the time is right, you’ll know. But for now, baby, just enjoy.” Because I’d

lifted her up and put her on the couch, both her legs spread as Jed licked at that sweet flesh. “Lift a little honey, raise your knees and pull ‘em back.”

The brunette’s brown eyes grew wide, but she did as commanded. Slowly, Angie rolled backwards for better balance while lifting her legs, holding them up, spreading her pins in a delectable vee, giving Jed and I better access as we knelt before her.

“Like this Daddies?” she whispered hoarsely. “Like this?”

And oh god, she was so fucking beautiful. That white, fleshy body was spread before us, pussy open and glistening, the pinkness available only to us.

“Like this?” she moaned again, reaching down and pulling that slit open once more with small hands, baring her all. “Like this?”

And Jed and I were like two fucking animals. Because we went at that cunt like it was the tastiest treat ever, slurping, licking, devouring her nether lips and nipping at her clit like a dog treat. I clamped onto her hard nub, seizing it in my teeth before shaking it playfully while Jed lapped her wet insides, pulling open her pussy lips further to sample the good stuff.

But there was more than that. We were after the holy grail, what only virgins have to give, and our quest wasn’t done. Because shifting positions, I pulled Angie’s vaginal lips apart now, holding her open as Jed prepped himself.

“That’s right, baby girl,” he muttered, eyes feasting on the pulsing pink wetness. “Let us taste baby girl, let us taste.”

Angie twisted on the couch in front of us, moaning and whimpering, unable to speak.

“Let us taste,” my law partner rasped again, and then he was on it. The big man formed his tongue into a spear and slowly, inserted it up her pussy hole. There was so much honey that the big man paused for a moment to let it run down his throat before resuming, sampling the inside of her vaginal cavity.

“Ohhh,” Angie moaned, big boobs heaving as she panted, pussy gushing non-stop. “Oooh.”

And suddenly Jed stopped, eyes going wide, meeting mine as he tongue-fucked our little girl.

“Fuck,” he rasped, going back in once more before pulling back, meeting my eyes hotly. “Fuck, it’s there, it’s absolutely there.”

I knew what he was talking about. Because we’d seen it on the multiple times Angie had shown her pussy to us, all the times that she pulled herself open for display, begging us to take, to taste, to touch. But we hadn’t gone deep yet, we’ve merely been playing with the virgin, each sex session ramping up a bit, getting a little hotter. And this time, we were sampling her hymen. That’s right, that tiny piece of tissue was inside, unbroken and innocent, proving her virginity. And it belonged to us. Today we were tasting it, we were gonna lick that sacred part of our little girl until she shattered, our tongues buried in her snatch the whole time.

“Ohh,” Angie moaned, eyes opening as Jed flicked his tongue against that delicate tissue. “Oh I can feel it! You licked my hymen, oh god!” she moaned again, almost delirious. “Unnnh!”

But I didn’t want to be left out, so in a flash, I was kneeling next to Jed as we crowded around that beautiful twat, worshipping our personal goddess.

“Spread your legs wider,” I growled, caressing the inside of Angie’s thighs. “More baby, there’s two of us.”

And the girl tilted her head back again, eyes closed as she practically did the splits to accommodate both our broad frames between her thighs. But it was totally worth it because Jed and I were gonna do a one-two until the little girl passed out, giving her the ride of her life.

Slowly, I dipped my head until I was breathing on her folds, letting the hot, wet heat hit my face.

“Fuck,” I moaned, inhaling her essence, the unmistakable cunt aroma that was Angie’s alone. “Fuck fuck fuck.”

And with that, I too buried my mouth into her snatch. My tongue quested up her slippery slick channel until it hit that soft tissue, the rubbery barrier that unmistakably signaled her virginity.

“Unnnnh!” she cried aloud again, back almost arching off the couch as I tongue-fucked that little snatch. “Unnnh!”

And Jed and I were fucking animals then. I’d fuck her pussy with my mouth as he tweaked her clit with his fingers, and then we’d rotate, him getting another lick of her hymen as I rimmed her butt, tracing that sweet anal hole.

“Unnnh! Unnh!” Angie cried again and again, hands on her breasts as we played with both her orifices, pussy gushing like a waterfall now. Brian and I drank that juice until we choked, welcoming the sweet gush into our mouths. And Angie twisted, her channel pulsing slickly on our tongues, legs spread wider and wider as she gave it all to her men.

“Ohhh Daddies!” she squealed, butt naked in my office, servicing her two bosses. “Ohhhh!”

And with that, the little girl let go. With my tongue buried deep in that snatch, she jerked once, hard, back almost coming off the couch. But then the girl collapsed, heaving backwards, boobies bouncing as her pussy dissolved in a series of hard tremors.

“Unnh, unnnh,” the brunette moaned, eyes closed, twisting sinuously as her pussy was ravaged. “Unnnh.”

And the unbelievable sight of all that white flesh shaking, the pink almost slamming onto my face, made the crest in my groin rage like a tidal wave. My balls went high and tight, everything focused on this little girl and I swiped my tongue one last time over her hymen before rising up over that trembling, quaking female body.

“FUCK!” I roared, gripping my shaft as white semen erupted from my dick, splattering her nubile body with thick, viscous streams of cum. “Fuck fuck fuck!”

Jed joined in the symphony too. Except mofo is a dirty one, he wasn’t just gonna give her a cum shower. That asshole knelt between Angie’s thighs gripping his cock with one hand, and pointed himself straight at her honey hole before ejaculating. That’s right, jet after jet of his hot fuck coated Angie’s sweet pussy, painting her labia and clit in a thick coat of man goo, dripping and delicious.

“FUCK!” came his roar as well, blue eyes blazing, never leaving the sinuous female form before us. “Fuck!”

And whaddya know, but Angie’s pussy ate it up. The pink folds quaked deliciously and oh god, but Jed’s hot white looked like it was disappearing into her sweet cavern. That’s right, semen was going up that pussy and I needed to stop it because Angie’s not on anything, or not as far as I know. So I did it in the fastest, most efficient way possible. Dropping to my knees, I put myself in the line of fire and began slurping Jed’s come from her hole. That’s right, I drank my lover’s seed, and it tasted even better because it was mixed with the unmistakable tang of our best girl’s cunt, and oh shit, but the cocktail was incredible. Hungrily, I lapped and gulped, supposedly to prevent the semen from getting in, but really just so that I could sample their juices commingled together.

“Unnh,” I moaned gutturally, the heavenly delight melting on my tongue. “Fuck this is good.”

Jed merely chuckled, pushing me out of the way.

“Leave some for me, asshole,” he said. “Don’t be such a fucking prick.”

And we were both like dogs then, lapping at Angie’s wet cunt, trailing our tongues over her sweet flesh as she quivered and trembled, the last aftershocks of orgasm making her pussy jump.

“Oooh,” the girl moaned, half-delirious, head lolling back and forth on the sofa cushion. “Oooh.”

And sharing a knowing gaze, Jed and I kissed each other hard before sinking back on our knees to worship our little female. Because this was beyond my wildest dreams. I was having brutal, pounding sex with my male law partner, the type that makes your anus sore afterwards, limping around the office. And yet we were also had a nubile, teen female as part of our trio, and Angie’s sweet presence gave a completely different dimension to the love-making. With the brunette, we were generous, offering her our all, taking her through her paces without making her uncomfortable. Because Jed and I are animals yeah, but there’s a time and place for

everything, and Angie hasn't been introduced to the deepest, darkest sides of us yet.

But it's just a matter of time. Our little girl has the body of a succubus, that tasty twat and heaving breasts perfect to satisfy two dominant alpha males, perfect to host two men, two hard, hot and hungry cocks. So we'll take her there when the time is right … and Angie will love it, giving us her all.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Jed

Am I a master of corruption? Yeah, probably. Because I fuck women and men both, what can I say? People who didn't even know they liked dick before like it after they've had a taste of mine. Guilty, you ask? Naw, I never feel guilty. I consider it bringing out the best in my partners, helping them explore a part of them they didn't even know existed.

But something's different about the current situation. One, because Brian's my law partner and best buddy from school. It's not like he's some random stranger I picked up at a bar, hot as fuck, a bareback cowboy. This is my business partner for crying out loud, our lives are intertwined financially, and if he goes down, then shit, I'm headed down the pipes as well. So yeah, this ain't no male gigolo, some one night fuck for money. He's the real thing.

And it's doubly odd because I've avoided commitments my entire life. I've dated, I've gone out, I've hooked up, I've even "seen" women for a couple months at a time, but I'm not a relationship dude. It just never seemed necessary, there's too much hot pussy and hard dick out there to sample. Why would you have only one dessert when you can have the entire feast? Why would you tie yourself down to one dick or one steaming cunt, when you can have a different one every night?

So it's already incredible that I'm "married" to Brian via our law practice. We've been open a couple years, and like they say, dissolving a business partnership can be harder than a divorce sometimes. It's that ugly, that time-consuming, and that fucking expensive.

But Brian is the right guy to have a practice with. I know him, and he's honorable, fair-minded, and a good boss and a stellar lawyer. Too bad he's also naïve sometimes, that bitch Hannah played him like violin, getting it on with all sorts of guys around town right under his nose. And I know, because of course, I was her first target.

"Hi," she'd murmured flirtatiously, sashaying towards my desk. "Hi, how are you Jed?"

My dick jerked just as a biological response. Hannah's not my type, she's blonde and skinny but at the same time, cunt is cunt and I could smell it from a mile away.

"Hannah," I said coldly. "What gives?"

"Oh nothing," she said airily, sitting herself down in a chair. "Nothing, why?"

I snorted.

"Why the fuck are you here then?" I glared. "What the hell, you know your husband isn't at the office right now." Jed had a trial, he was downtown arguing his brains out, convincing the judge that his client wasn't guilty. "He'll be back at five," I grunted.

But Hannah merely looked at me coyly, flipping a blonde curl over her shoulder.

"No it's fine," she breathed. "I came here to see you, Jed. Or more accurately, I wanted you to see something."

I snorted again, shaking my head, she was so full of shit. But sometimes it's easier to play along, just to let her do her thing and get it over with. That way I could get back to my work faster.

"What," I grunted. "Make it quick."

And never taking her eyes from mine, Hannah spread her knees. She was wearing a *Basic Instinct*-type skirt suit, paired with skinny stiletto heels, and internally I groaned. Because that movie was good yeah, but it's turned every single woman into a Sharon Stone wannabe. You can't imagine how many females have come into my office dying to reenact that famous scene, and how many times I've slipped my dick in with no problem. But right now, I didn't want it. I sure as hell didn't want to see that dry, wrinkly cunt, I didn't want to see Hannah doing her impersonation of a viperous blonde, because it wouldn't be an impersonation. It was her, through and through.

But there was nothing I could do to stop it. Never dropping my eyes, Hannah licked her finger lasciviously, winking and batting her eyelashes, and spread her knees more so that her skirt slipped up.

“How about it big guy?” she purred throatily. “How about it?”

But no answer was necessary because the cloth crept upwards, slowly, tantalizingly, until her pussy peeked out. Oh yeah, Hannah wasn’t wearing any underwear and those cunt lips made their appearance, glistening and moist.

But I’m a seasoned dude. I know the difference between truly hungry twat, and twat that’s just for show. And here, the shine was off. That’s right, Hannah had coated her pussy in Crisco before coming, she’d lubed herself up with some of the tough stuff to make it look like she was a dripping whore, but in real life, that pussy was dry and shriveled. I could see through the grease that coated her, I could tell that her labia were actually small and limp, that the woman was trying to create an optical illusion by slathering herself with cooking oil.

But Hannah didn’t stop there. Reaching between her nether lips, she pulled them apart to show me her insides, that folds spreading to reveal her hole.

“Oh yeah big boy,” she panted. “Like what you see?”

But if I was merely disgusted before, then I was completely repulsed now. Because instead of a beautiful hole, a honey pot dripping with sweet, female cream, the Crisco had coagulated in her vaginal opening. That’s right, instead of a thick, goopy mix, the cooking oil had become solid so it was like a plug in her pussy.

“Um, you’ve got a problem,” I grunted, lifting an eyebrow at the woman. “Soemthing’s stuck up there.”

Hannah ignored me, continuing to moan dramatically while holding herself open.

“That’s right, I want you stuck up there,” she panted, “I want you, Jed.”

But I shook my head in disgust, averting my eyes then.

“No, I mean whatever shit you have up there is a solid now. There’s some waxy substance inside, your pussy’s not hot enough,” I continued. “That shit probably melts if you’re aroused, but honey, I know you’re cold-

blooded. That sweet cunt of yours is like ice and dry like sawdust, so it can't melt whatever goop you put in yourself."

Hannah snapped to then, looking down, eyes dawning with realization.

"Shit!" she cursed. "Shit, shit, shit, they told me this stuff only needed a low cooking temperature."

"Yeah, but low as in stove-top low, not pussy heat low," I ground out dryly. "You want a napkin or something?" I asked, holding out a box of tissues.

But the blonde ignored me. Instead, she poked her index finger between her legs, scooping the gunk out and then unceremoniously wiped it on the chair cushion, leaving a nasty stain. Shit, it was so gross, there was a huge lump of wax soiling my office furniture now and I groaned inside. This was gonna be an expensive dry cleaning bill. Or more likely, I was gonna have to toss this whole chair, it was too dirty and not even the most powerful cleaning chemicals could lift that stain.

But Hannah wasn't even embarrassed at the fact that she'd been caught red-handed sticking Crisco up her puss, spreading her legs for her husband's business partner. Nor was she embarrassed by the lump of goo inches away from her twat, what had been in her just moments before. Instead, she snapped her knees shut and turned to me, smiling that viperous smile once again.

"So what do you say, Jed?" she purred once more, this time unbuttoning her top. "What do you say?"

But before she could go further, I put a stop to it. Slamming my finger on the intercom button, I grunted, "Mrs. Cohen."

Immediately, the elderly lady poked her head into my office.

"Yes, Mr. White?" she asked. "How can I help?" her voice was crisp and professional.

"Mrs. Jones just needed some help leaving," I said, voice mild. "Could you come in and escort her?"

Immediately, my secretary let herself in, her matronly form a reassuring bulk.

“Mrs. Jones, so good to see you again,” she said. “If I could just show you the way? Did you bring a jacket?”

Hannah stood up abruptly then, shooting me an evil look.

“No, I’m good,” she tossed off, nose in the air as she picked up her thousand dollar purse. “I’m good.”

And like a queen, Hannah breezed outside like nothing was wrong except for the huge clump of Crisco still stuck to my chair, disgusting proof of her dry cunt.

“Thanks Mrs. Cohen,” I grunted. “If you could shut the door, I’d appreciate it.”

And with a knowing look, my secretary quietly closed the heavy oak slab, leaving me in the peace of my office. I looked around, still disbelieving. Holy shit, had that really happened? It wasn’t even that my law partner’s wife had come onto me, it was that her methods were beyond the pale, using cooking oil on her private parts and then baldly leaving the residue for me to clean up.

But shaking my head again, I just flicked on my computer. Hannah was Hannah, and I didn’t care what happened to her. I just wanted Brian to come out of this alive, he’d married badly and the poor sucker was being choked alive by the relationship, the energy being sucked out of his frame with each passing day.

So yeah, when Hannah died, I wasn’t exactly “sad.” There were parts of her that I’d seen, and they were rotted to the core. She was a human cesspool, and frankly, Brian’s better off without her. Because after her death, I told him about our fateful encounter and he was silent, staring down, expression unreadable.

“Yo, I’m sorry bro, but I’m not making this shit up. Your wife came into my office, and see that stain there?” I pointed to the striped chair. “That’s where it happened.”

I'd thought about chucking the furniture, but what the hell. It was evidence of his wife's wily ways, and may as well keep it around, stashing the offensive couch in the corner so no one had to actually sit there.

The big man turned, staring at the chair before taking a deep breath.

"Okay, she was a ho, I get that," he said tightly. "Many times over, trust me, I get it. But still, she was my wife. We need to pay our respects to the dead, there's no sense in ditching her funeral."

I shrugged.

"I feel fine as a no-show," I said carelessly. "You should too."

But Brian shook his head, face determined.

"Naw, the three of us need to be there. Me, you and Angie all, we need to be there so things don't look off. I was her husband," he said tightly. "You're my law partner, and Angie's her sister. Even if what we're doing now is completely fucked up," he said, referring to our trio. "We still need to pay our respects and make it look right. Even if it's not right at all."

I shrugged carelessly.

"Fine, I'll show up," I said. "To tie up loose ends if nothing else."

Brian nodded tightly.

"Good," he grunted. "The three of us are gonna be there, even if that woman disrespected me again and again, making me the laughingstock of town. Because you know what? I'm not gonna let her take me down. In death, I'm not gonna let that bitch take me down."

And that's what I love about Brian. He was under no obligation to do anything for Hannah. At this point, everyone knew that she'd been discovered at the club, nude, with the semen of a couple guys in her different orifices. Everyone knew that she'd been banging the tennis pro, and even worse, Hannah had probably been banging every single guy in town, anyone who had a penis, young, old, rich, poor, any dude with a stiffie. So no one would blame Brian for skipping out, his wife had been the village whore.

But Brian wasn't gonna sink to such a low level. He was going to stand by her grave with his chin up, that big frame defying the whispers and

gossip, and I admired him for it. No, I loved him for it. I loved that he was going to keep a good name, that he would show the appropriate respect for a dead woman, even if she was better off dead than alive.

So yeah, my feelings towards my law partner aren't just about the physical, although I have to admit that he's ungodly handsome in that black funeral suit. My feelings towards Brian are something else, something deep and moving that stirs my heart, and it shocks even me. It's clear that I'm interested in his welfare, that I care about him, and that his well-being is fast becoming the most important thing in my life. Me, Jed White, no-good bastard caring about someone else? Yeah, it's true.

And to make it even more complicated, I'm developing feelings for Abby too. Can you believe it? My law partner's sister-in-law is making me catch "feelings." I figured it was impossible at first, given that she's all of eighteen years. Hell, what could an innocent naïf tempt me with? I've seen it all, done it all with hundreds, if not thousands of women.

But it's partly the way she treats Brian, how she's obviously hopelessly in love with her brother-in-law. I'm not sure how long that's been going on, but from the way she tells it, years it seems like. And because I love anyone who adores my man, the brunette has endeared herself to me.

But even more, it's also the way how Angie's determined to show respect to her dead sister, putting on a black dress and bowing her head by Hannah's grave while supporting her mom as Jane wailed. I guess I'm just so used to being a bastard, that my lovers' show of humility and respect has awakened something deep inside that I didn't even know existed. Angie and Brian have made me realize that there's so much more to life than fucking women and having a good time while treating other people like shit. They've shown me there's dignity in love, that you can be the better person, rising above any situation. Yeah, their determination to do the right thing by a dead woman has made me realize just how low I've sunk, how out of touch I am with true feeling and emotion. And by god, but I want to change. I want to be the better person as well because there is life and truth after death, with my lovers leading the way.

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CHAPTER NINE

Angie

I'm not sure where this is all headed. On the one hand, I love being with Brian and Jed because they've opened new worlds to me. Not just the physical, although that's amazing. But they've shown me real caring and respect because they haven't taken my virginity despite being given every opportunity.

"Please," I'd panted even that morning, this time in Jed's office, nude as they took turns licking my pussy. "Please, put it in."

I had my funeral skirt hitched over my hips, bent over Jed's desk, and the men crouched in back of me, lapping hungrily at my steaming folds.

"Naw baby girl," growled Brian as he bit lightly at my clit, making me moan. "We're saving it for the right time."

"Yeah," grunted Jed, pushing his tongue up my hole, tasting my hymen once again. "You're gonna fucking fall apart when it does happen."

I moaned lustily then, pussy contracting wildly as the men took me to heaven and back. Oh god, it felt so good to have their mouths and fingers there, sipping my nectar, touching every part of me deep inside. But I craved hard dick. I was absolutely ravenous for man parts and watching them do each other only made me hungrier. Besides, what was this "right time"? I didn't get it, not at all.

So after the screaming orgasm passed, I turned to face them, cheeks flushed, panting still as I straightened my funeral skirt, pulling it down decorously.

"But when?" I whispered, breasts still heaving. "When?"

The men looked at each other knowingly while sharing a smile.

"Soon baby girl, soon," grunted Jed.

"Absolutely honey," said Brian, voice as smooth as silk. "It's coming, just you wait."

And I'd mewled again, helpless, unable to vocalize any words. Because I was desperate now. I've been drinking their cum, letting them touch every part of me, even guiding their dicks into each other's holes, but somehow, those cocks never go into my sweet puss. They never actually penetrate between my legs, and the agony has me on edge, dying for more.

But this was no time to think of that. Because at this very moment, we stood by the grave, faces somber, Brian and Jed handsome as sin in black suits as Hannah's casket descended into the earth.

"Blessed Father," intoned the priest solemnly, hands making the motion of a cross. "Blessed Father, may I quote from one of my favorite passages, 'Death Never Has the Last Word,'" the service continued.

And of course, Jane wept on my arm. My mother leaned her head on my shoulder, tears coursing down her face, staining the fabric of my jacket. I felt bad, I really did, but what would Jane say if she knew what was happening between Brian, Jed, and I? What would anybody say, for that matter? Bereaved husband and bereaved sister, not only doing each other but also the bereaved law partner? The three of us, who should be mourning, instead engaged together in a hot trio, exploring the different ways to sin?

So I made myself stare at my sister's casket, the rich mahogany gleaming in the sunlight. Brian hadn't spared any expense, these things are expensive and the one Hannah was buried in was at least ten grand, top of the line and custom. But that's why I love him. Because he could have just thrown her into some cheap pine, or even bought something mid-tier. No one would blame him given the gossip about Hannah around town, and besides, there was an ugly type of reality to it all. It was going to be put in the earth, covered with dirt, so what was the point of forking out a fistful of dollars?

But Brian's not like that. My brother-in-law is generous, an alpha male with real heart, and his last gesture only underlined what a good man he is. I loved him all the more for it, my soul reaching out to his on this gloomy day, even if I couldn't say anything at the moment, even if we were both stuck here as the minister droned on and on.

But eventually, the service ended and everything was done. The crowd broke up and began milling about before heading to Brian's house.

"Are you okay Ma?" I asked, turning to look at Jane. Her tear-stained face was pitiful, bare of make-up and looking decades older since we'd been informed of Hannah's death. "You okay Ma?" I repeated again. "Let's go to the wake, I'll make you some hot tea," I said gently.

But Jane wasn't having it, shaking her head vehemently.

"I ca- can't go," she stammered. "I can't go and see all those people, not now."

"Mom, you have to," I said gently, handing her another tissue. "Hannah would want you to, if only to celebrate her life."

My mom didn't reply, too caught up in crying, and I felt bad. Because as the older woman bent over, I swear there were more streaks of white in her hair, the rich brown fading fast into a dour salt-and-pepper, and my heart broke for the stress she was under.

Brian swept to the rescue at that moment.

"It'll be alright," he growled, patting my mom's hand. "It'll be alright, let yourself grieve."

I looked up at him with grateful eyes, for being such a good son-in-law, even if behind closed doors we were doing the unthinkable. And what to do you know, but Jed came over at that moment as well, another huge, looming form blocking out the light, so handsome that my breath caught. God, what's wrong with me? My heart was fluttering from seeing these men at my own sister's funeral. It was unthinkable and I felt ashamed.

But Jed made like nothing was wrong.

"Mrs. Moore," he ground out, voice somber. "My condolences."

My mom merely leaned on Brian's arm then, drawing strength from the big man.

"Thank you both," she stammered through her tears. "Thank you Brian and Jed, I appreciate it. But nothing will bring my dear girl back."

“I know,” Jed growled, eyes somber. “But Hannah’s in a better place now, she’s with the Heavenly Father himself, where nothing will trouble her now.”

Jane looked like she was about to say something, but nothing came out, her lips parting with no words. And somberly, Brian shot me a look before leading my mother away, the elderly woman leaning heavily on his arm.

Jed turned to look at me, those blue eyes calm.

“You okay honey?” he rumbled, eyes caressing my form. “Everything okay?”

I exhaled then, growing warm under his gaze, trembling a little inside. God, this was so wrong. We were at my sister’s funeral for crying out loud, and from the outside, we probably looked like two people clustered together in grief, sharing our sorrows. But in fact, I was trembling because Jed’s presence made me shake, my body on high whenever I was around this golden god of a man.

I tried to get myself together, to make my heart stop fluttering like a butterfly.

“Yeah, I’m okay,” I said with a slight smile, quivering from his nearness. “I’m okay.”

He shot me a knowing look.

“Then let’s go, let’s get to the house for the wake. No sense in being late,” he ground out, taking my elbow to guide me to the car. Thank god, I needed to get away from the grave, I needed to collect myself in some privacy, make sure I didn’t look like a harlot while mourning my own sister. Maybe I could stop by the bathroom and take a few deep breaths, summoning a Zen koan to make sure there was no sparkle in my eye, no wicked gleam.

But things weren’t better at the manor. Brian’s house was gloomy, but there were people everywhere, and I couldn’t get away immediately. People milled about snacking on finger foods, approaching to offer their condolences non-stop, and I had to plaster a smile on my face just to look normal despite awareness of Brian and Jed elsewhere in the room.

Plus, it didn't help that there were whispers, gossipmongers spreading hate even at Hannah's funeral, disrespecting the dead. I could hardly believe it. Did they think I didn't have eyes and ears? Did they think my mom was so out of it that we couldn't sense what they were talking about? Because the whispers were vicious, along the lines of:

"Oh my god, the tennis pro right?" smirked one hushed voice. "The one with the oily hair and greasy bangs?"

"Yeah, it was crazy," replied another. "At two a.m., in the nude too!"

And finally:

"Wasn't there was more than one man's fluids in her? Fluids, wink, wink. You know what I'm saying."

In fact I did know, and I couldn't take it. I couldn't bear to hear the vicious gossip from Hannah's so-called "friends" who spoke ill of her at her own funeral service. Who does that? These people were terrible, spreading rumors without caring where they were or who they hurt. So I fled upstairs and into a guest room, hurling myself inside to lean against the bed, panting. Oh god, oh god, how could they? How could these people be so cruel to a dead woman, how could they talk like that?

But as I turned to look in the mirror, I had to call out the hypocrisy of it all. Because looking at my flushed face, taking in the parted, swollen lips and slightly mussed hair, I knew I was the biggest hypocrite of all. I was in a relationship my brother-in-law and his law partner before Hannah had even been lowered into the earth, engaged in a dirty trio, doing whatever the men told me. Spread my legs? Oh yes. Hold myself open? Yes sir. Swallow our sperm? Please, please, please.

And even worse, I'd wanted Brian since god knows when, for ages, my teen body lusting after my sister's husband, aching with need. So who was I to say anything? There was no leg to stand on, I was every bit as bad as the people downstairs, worse even, because I was the deceased's sister. Not some no-name hanger-on, not some passing acquaintance. I was Hannah's sister, someone related by blood, who should have been guarding

her memory. But instead, I was soiling it beyond what was humanly possible, trampling it into the ground like a despicable ant.

So when the door creaked open, I turned, ready to scream at the intruder. And when I saw it was Brian and Jed, even better, the targets of my rage were here.

"We can't!" I said furiously. "We can't keep going like this."

Jed's face remained impassive, but my brother-in-law was empathetic. Of course, they knew exactly what I was talking about without any explanation.

"Shhh, honey, it's okay," Brian soothed. "You're just worked up because of the events of the day."

That only jacked me up further, turning me into a spitting hellcat.

"Right, it's my sister's funeral and look at us," I said, gesturing furiously. "We're engaged in an affair before her body's even cold. How wrong is that? How fucked-up is that?" I don't usually swear, but the emotion pouring from me was so intense, so loaded with feeling, that cuss words came spilling from my lips like water. "We're so fucked!"

That drove Jed into action.

"Naw honey, you're overreacting," he said smoothly, shutting the door behind him. "You're overreacting."

"I'm overreacting!" I squealed. "How do we explain this?" I repeated furiously, gesturing to the three of us. "How do we explain what we're doing?"

Jed shrugged.

"I have no fucking clue, but then again, I don't care," he ground out. "Why, does it matter to you?"

"Does it matter?" I sputtered. "Of course it matters! We can't have the whole town knowing that the three of us are doing what we're doing."

"Why not?" the big man asked with an eyebrow raised. "What's wrong with people knowing?"

“Because … because …” I gasped. This was so crazy. How could Jed not see the problems? Our complicated relationship, our ties to Hannah, our ties to one another, the fact that he and Brian were business partners, hell, the fact that they were two men who were into one another. *Mostly* that they were two men into one another. Because who would believe that two dominant, handsome alphas would be doing the dirty together? That they could actually fall in love, and feel something beyond normal “guy” interactions, beyond fantasy football and getting drunk?

But neither Jed nor Brian seemed very concerned at the moment.

“Actually honey, we haven’t gotten quite there yet,” said Brian smoothly, coming closer. “We haven’t gotten there.”

I looked at him stupefied.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” I said tightly. “I don’t see how what we’re doing could be more wrong. Have you lost your mind? This is Hannah’s funeral for crying out loud.”

The men shared a knowing glance before turning back towards me, those massive bodies hard, tense, the broad shoulders like twin towers on either side of my frame.

“Well baby,” said Jed. “Like Brian said, we’re not quite there. Meaning we’ve touched and licked you, but sweetheart, you haven’t taken us, not really. You’re still a virgin, don’t you remember?”

My eyes widened with shock, body suddenly going weak with realization and need. Because the men were dirtier than I thought. I’d begged for it so many times, begged them to put their stiff shafts into my wet cunt, but they’d always resisted, saying that the “time wasn’t right.” But *this* was our moment? Now? At Hannah’s wake, upstairs while mourners milled about below? No, it couldn’t be, it was too dirty, beyond my wildest dreams.

“No,” I breathed, my eyes going between the two men. “You can’t mean it. My mom’s just down the hall, crying her eyes out, and there are guests downstairs. Guests at Hannah’s funeral,” I said more forcefully this time. “We’re mourning my sister.”

The men looked at each other again.

“Now’s a good a time as any,” drawled Jed. “There’s a big bed, we have privacy, and I locked the door,” he said with a gleam in his eyes, body hard with need.

I sputtered again, but Brian interrupted me.

“What we’re saying honey, is that there’s no point in talking about Hannah anymore,” he said smoothly. “We’ve done our utmost to honor her, whether or not she deserved it, and now is the time for love. To take our minds off the tragedy, you’ve got to get right back into the saddle and focus on what you want. And we want you,” he said emphatically, those piercing blue eyes seizing my heart. “Jed and I have decided that we want you, thoroughly and completely. Seize the day, baby girl. It’s here, and there’s no point in saying no.”

Internally, I melted. Because it was wrong, it was so, so wrong given the circumstances. Taking my virginity at my sister’s wake? Giving up my innocence to the deceased’s husband, losing it to his law partner, hell, letting the waves of lust overwhelm us on this sacred day? But the thing is, I could see their point of view. What’s done was done, and there was a sense of celebration ahead for the unknown, for what could be. And truth be told, I wanted it too. I wanted to explore, I’d been waiting for it these past couple weeks as I dallied with the men, as I let them touch me everywhere, kiss me everywhere, lick and lap at my most sacred spaces. This was the culmination of our love, and I craved it, every bit as much as the two men.

So I gave into my deepest heart, and threw myself off the cliff into the wide unknown.

“Yes,” I breathed. “Yes, take me, Brian and Jed. I want it, please Daddies.”

The gleam in their eyes was all I needed because it made me run hot inside, pussy going soft and wet at once. The big day was here, and even though it’d come unexpectedly under the most illicit of circumstances, I wanted it. These two men owned me, and I was theirs one hundred percent.

So taking control of the situation, I looked from one to the other, licking my lips, desperate for a taste.

“Daddies, you want me?” I panted, reaching in back of myself. “You want me, really?”

And with that, I undid the zip of my funeral dress. It was a modest thing with a high neckline and long sleeves, reaching down to my knees, designed to show respect and remembrance of the dead. But putting it on after our interlude at the office, I’d given Hannah my own fuck you. Because I’d slipped it on without any undergarments. That’s right, the lacy lingerie I’d worn that morning was long since disappeared, and as the fabric slipped from my shoulders, my utter creaminess came into view, big boobs heaving, nipples poking out with arousal.

“You like Daddies?” I mewled, eyes hot on the men, cupping my tits. “You like?”

Both Jed and Brian growled then, sinking to their knees in front of me like two supplicants worshipping their goddess.

“We more than like,” rumbled Jed hotly, eyes never leaving one big tit. “We love.”

And with that, the men descended on my boobs, one on each nip, suckling hard like they were the best candy ever.

“Ooooh,” I moaned throatily, throwing my head back as my pussy seeped. “Oooh!” The sensations were incredible, hot jolts of lust running straight from my nipples to my cunt and I jerked involuntarily, hips quaking. God, if they could do this to me just by massaging my white flesh, what would it feel like to have cock in my pussy? Deep, hard, owning me? What would it feel like to have two cocks in my pussy? Oh god, the thought made me juice even more, a veritable river running between my legs.

And like they could read my mind, the men pulled the rest of my dress off, not even lifting their heads as the fabric disappeared.

“Mm, went without, huh baby?” growled Brian, shooting a glance at my naked pussy, the folds gleaming. “Only dirty girls go without panties.”

I mewled, about to protest and explain myself, but Jed interrupted.

“Fuck yeah, during the funeral that little twat was wet. I could smell it from where I stood, it practically knocked me out, it was so sweet and creamy.”

I purred then because could it be true? Jed and Brian had been on the other side of the grave, those big forms looming and massive as we stared at the casket. Had my cunt aroma been so powerful, so alluring to the men that they’d sniffed it across the open air, my musk drifting on the winds to them? Were they so attuned to the deep longing in my pussy that even a whiff was enough to drive them to delirium?

But I caught myself then because holy shit, these thoughts were so wrong. Everything was so wrong. We were talking about sniffing my pussy while my sister’s casket was being lowered in the ground, the thoughts in our head X-rated and so nasty while the minister’s voice droned. How could this be happening? Since when did I go from good girl to bad? Or not just bad but in the gutter, rolling around and loving it?

But the time for questions had passed because I was juicing wildly now, rivulets running from my thighs, I needed these men so badly. I needed cock deep, making me scream, owning my core, and if it was going to be here, at my sister’s wake, then so be it. So parting my thighs slightly, I reached a hand between my legs and slowly pulled my labia apart, like a curtain lifting to show the treasure beneath.

“See?” I murmured throatily. “See big guys? That’s how much I want you.”

Because my clit was at full attention. I have a normal-sized nub, just a small thing buried deep in the folds of my twat. But when I get aroused, my clit goes wild. It’s gets stiff as a board, growing to about two inches and at this moment, it waved at the men, huge and throbbing, pulsing with need.

“Please,” I whispered again, lifting my labia even more to show off my wet pussy. “Please Daddies.”

And like ravenous men, they were on it. Brian and Jed sank to their knees in front of me, taking turns licking my steaming twat.

“Unnnh,” groaned Jed as he tongued my clit. “Oh fuck you taste good.”

Brian didn’t even answer because he was poised between my legs, tonguing my sweet hole, pushing that slick muscle in.

“Oh yeah,” he grunted. “This is ours baby, absolutely ours.”

And I shivered then because he’d just licked my hymen once more, the delicious reminder that I was innocent and pure. But I didn’t want it anymore, I wanted that thing gone, I wanted it completely destroyed, ripped apart and burst by the only two cocks that could make me happy. I wanted Brian and Jed deep, both of them, breaking through the innocence, taking what rightfully belonged to them.

So I pulled my labia even wider, this time tilting my hips up to give them a full view of my insides.

“Look at it Daddies,” I panted, spreading my pussy wetly so that there was direct sight line into my sweet snatch. “Look at it because this is the last time it’s gonna be there.”

And both men sat back on their haunches then, faces hungry, dark slashes across their cheekbones. Shit, they’d both popped their flies and two hard, hot hungry cocks were on display, huge with vigorous, pulsing veins. But instead of being afraid, I wanted it, my pussy gushing all the more. I needed it, it was time and there was no more waiting. I needed hot, stiff shaft and my men were ready to do the honors.

But Jed and Brian are experienced at this kind of thing. They’ve taken dozens of girls, probably even hundreds between them, and they know a virgin pussy can’t handle hot cock unless it’s prepped and lubed properly. So with gleaming smiles, both men looked up at me.

“Baby you’re beautiful,” rasped Jed. “Absolutely fucking amazing.”

Brian nodded his agreement.

“This sweet twat is exactly what we need,” he ground out. “Exactly. But sweetheart, it’s gonna be hard. You’ve got two hot dicks to handle, that pussy’s gonna be sore and aching unless we get you ready.”

I melted slightly, breasts heaving as my cunt juiced even more.

“But I’m ready,” I protested breathily. “Look how ready I am.” And at that moment, a sweet, slick rivulet escaped my hole, glossing up my pink parts, getting ready for showdown. The men watched, mesmerized, licking their lips slightly, dicks jerking. But they looked me up and down, shaking their heads.

“That’s it exactly baby,” rumbled Brian. “Your mind and body are ready, but with two, you’ve gotta be more than ready, you’ve gotta be rarin’ to go, ready to get stuffed.”

I mewled then.

“But I do want to be stuffed,” I protested, pulling my labia even wider, showing them more acreage, the pink pulsing and dying to be caressed by dick. “I am ready!”

Both men looked couldn’t breathe for a moment, transfixed by the sight of my hungry hole, winking and blinking at them. But with a groan, Jed got up, his eyes never leaving my nude, nubile form.

“Naw baby girl,” he drawled. “What Brian means is that you’ve gotta be so turned out, that pussy’s gotta be so wet that when it is taken by dick, you don’t feel pain. And the best way to do that is to give you something to suck on, to distract you as the dirty goes in.”

I huffed, looking at him with wide eyes.

“I don’t want to be distracted,” I murmured, rubbing a nipple with my fingers while caressing between my legs. “I want to feel everything, every single inch of you.”

Jed grunted harshly then, stripping off his clothes, making my mouth go dry. God, he was so beautiful with all that golden skin, the tanned, toned abs with a sprinkling of hair. But what I loved most was the glistening arrow of blonde, the light marker down his belly that pointed straight to his shaft. Because at the moment, that stiff fuckrod was directed right at me, tip dripping, and my mouth literally filled with saliva, I was so hungry.

Reading my mind, the big man gestured.

“That’s right baby girl,” he growled. “Up on the bed,” he indicated, patting the coverlet with a massive hand. “Daddy has a treat for you.”

And like a hungry slut, I was at it. I scrambled onto the huge mattress, curves flying, boobs jiggling this way and that as I shook my hips.

“What?” I panted. “Where, how?”

Jed threw his head back and laughed.

“Hungry little cocksucker aren’t you? But don’t worry baby, Daddy’s got enough. Come on, put your mouth on this,” he indicated his thick shaft. And even though I’m a virgin, I was on it in an instant. Because I’ve done this before. I’ve drunk their sperm so many times now that I know exactly how to give a sweet round of oral, and without even thinking, my jaw loosened. That’s right, both Jed and Brian are so big and stiff that it takes super-powers to suck them dry, and after a couple weeks practice, I’ve got it down.

So breathing in deeply, I let my mouth go loose and put my lips on the rubbery head.

“Mmm,” I moaned deeply, eyes drifting shut with ecstasy. A bit of pre-cum spurted into me then and I grunted with delight, the sweet, salty mixture spilling across my tongue. “Mmmph,” I moaned again, his sperm the ultimate aphrodisiac.

But guys don’t just want their glans in your mouth, they want the entire snake deep in your throat. And lucky me, but I’ve got little gag reflex, so I opened my jaws wide again and began to suck. Oh god, he was so big, so tasty and I pulled as strongly as I could, cheeks hollowing, willing the monster to go down.

“Mmmph!” I mumbled again, choking a little, breathing deeply through my nose. “Mmmph, mmph!”

Jed groaned deep in his chest, eyes fixated on my sweet pout as it sucked his shaft down.

“That’s right baby girl,” he ground out. “Remember, eyes up, give me those eyes as you suck.”

And obediently, I lifted my gaze so that our eyes locked, the contact electric. This is what I mean by Jed and Brian knowing exactly what they're doing. It's hot to see a girl, nude, kneeling below you, boobies bouncing as she sucks your fuckshaft. But it's even hotter if the girl looks up at you while doing it, like drinking your cum and gulping your dick are the best things on earth, what makes her happiest in life.

So I raised my eyes until our gazes locked, willing him to know exactly how I felt. I wanted him so bad, I wanted both of their dicks, and my gaze was filled with pleading, hunger, and deep, needy lust. I needed Jed and Brian, I needed both of them, hard, hot and stiff, and sucking cock was only the aperitif.

But my concentration was shaken because at that very moment, Brian licked my pussy from behind, making me squeal a bit, twitching on Jed's fuckshaft.

"Unnh!" I moaned, body going limp as jolts ran through my pussy. "Unnh, unnh!"

"That's right, sweetcakes," rumbled my brother-in-law from in back of me. "Let your hungry pussy do the talking."

Because my folds were so distended now, my clit so tight, that I could only suck harder on Jed's shaft, willing both men to go faster. I needed them, the sex play was beyond my wildest dreams, and I needed both men in me, taking my all. And with another deep, soulful lick of my pussy, Brian straightened behind me, lining his stiff rod up with my hole.

"You ready honey?" he ground out, the tip just brushing my honey spot. "You ready? You ready for your brother-in-law's dick in this slutty cunt?"

I squealed again, the words were so dirty, unable to reply because of the thick shaft in my mouth. But it came so naturally, these two men made me want them so much that I began moving, just a bit, instinctively seeking what would bring me pleasure. Oh yeah, I lifted my hips a little and began squirming backwards, pulling that fuckshaft in me the same way I was pulling Jed's hot pole into my mouth. I've got a vacuum both ways, and I was showing just what a hungry virgin can do.

“Shit,” grunted Brian in back of me, eyes fixated on my sloppy pussy. “She’s pulling me in, it’s like some crazy tractor beam.”

Jed moaned in front.

“Let me see,” he ground out, eyes hot. “Let me see.”

And with one swift movement, Jed reached over my back and put both hands on my butt cheeks. He’s so big that it wasn’t even a stretch, his massive frame throwing me in shadow. But the alpha wasn’t done yet. Slowly, he pulled my ass cheeks apart so that he could see as Brian’s hot pole inched into my sweetly pulsing box, taking it all in.

“Awww fuck,” he growled, eyes transfixed. “Aww fuck, let her pull it into herself, let’s see what this chickadee can do.”

Because I was literally shivering from lust now, pussy dripping wetly, gripping Brian’s cock as I sucked him inside. My cunt was so tight that my labia hugged him as he went deep, as that stiff shaft made its way up my vaginal canal and I hummed, boobies trembling, feeling myself split apart.

“Mmmh!” I moaned, eyes drifting shut. “Mmmph!”

Jed merely grunted above me, his hands still holding my ass open as Brian pushed his dick inside.

“Fuck, looks good,” he growled. “Fuck that slutty puss, her mouth feels tighter the deeper you go.”

Brian threw his head back then, eyes closed, abs and chest tight.

“She’s so good,” he rasped. “So fucking good but shit, I’m there, I’m there.”

And I knew exactly what he was talking about, I could feel it in myself as well. His penis had just bumped up against my hymen, the tissue soft and spongy, begging to be penetrated, and yet he’d stopped. This was a momentous occasion, I’d done everything with the alphas but this, and the time had come. I was gonna go through the tollbooth and come out a woman on the other side, thoroughly educated in the ways of men and women and loving it all.

But why had Brian stopped? Why, why, why, on this big moment? And suddenly I realized the pause. The two men were kissing above me, masculine grunts and groans sounding out, both their dicks stuck in me, forming a dirty triangle. And I was so overcome with lust and feeling that I lost it then. Because what could be better than this? All three of us were joined at the moment, the two men in a liplock, Brian's dick in my pussy and Jed's dick in my mouth. It was absolutely perfect, and I went for it.

With a slight muffled yelp, I shoved my hips backwards, pussy spreading completely so that Brian's dick ran right through my hymen, tearing it once and for all.

"Ummph!" I shrieked into Jed's cock. "Ummph!"

God, it hurt, it absolutely stung deep inside, but it was so satisfying as well. Because finally, I was a woman. I'd given it up to the two men I loved most, the two men whom I absolutely adored, and we formed a supportive trio, taking and giving generously, unselfconscious about our love. So even though it hurt as all fuck, I obeyed my womanly instinct and ground my hips down even more, absorbing Brian, loving the hard, thick shaft that owned my sweetness.

"Mmm," I moaned then, lusty and hungry, boobs swaying below my torso. "Mmmm."

And the men broke their liplock for a moment, panting with need.

"Shit she's a dirty one," grunted Jed, softly stroking my hair. "Suck baby girl, suck."

Brian was even worse. My mild-mannered brother in law slowly teased a finger around my back hole as his shaft sank even deeper into my private space.

"That's it," he ground out hoarsely. "Fuck Daddy like you mean it."

And suddenly, we were a symphony of sound, a machine with all parts going sixty miles an hour. It was so dirty and wrong, and yet I wanted it so much. I loved what Brian was doing to me, his hot rod pounding my pussy as his finger teased my anal chamber, rubbing lightly against each other.

“Shit I can feel my dick moving in her, it’s fucking hot,” he ground out, stuffing his digit in even more. “Shit she’s so tight and dry back here.”

But even more arousing was the two men working together. Because one guy, I might have been able to handle. But Brian and Jed together? No way, I was overwhelmed, shot out to Jupiter with no hope of return. And as Brian commented on his finger in my ass, Jed grunted, looking up hotly as he fucked my mouth.

“Fuck,” he ground out, hips moving in a smooth-piston like motion. “Move over brother, give me a sample of that asshole.”

And with that, Brian popped his finger out of my butt, and Jed reached forward. In one smooth slide, Jed’s finger pushed his finger into my anus even as he fucked my mouth, feeling Brian’s penis slide against him through my thin vaginal wall. Like I said, these are big men and their huge frames positively dwarfed mine, making all sorts of sin not just possible, but enjoyable and illicit. I moaned lustily then, entire body quaking, dangling on the precipice. Because never in my wildest dreams had I ever imagined this. Two alphas, fucking me on both ends, taking turns fingering my asshole as their dicks sawed in and out, owning my everything.

And with a moan, a squeal, and a desperate gasp, it happened. I came like a hurricane, the tidal wave overwhelming me, all my holes clenching and spasming at once.

“Unnnh!” I squealed, choked on Jed’s dick as my vagina and anus pulsed. “Unnnh!”

The wild pumping, the hard clamps of my orifices, drove the men over the edge as well. As if on cue, both penises burst in my body, spraying my throat with hot cum, drenching my pussy with virile sperm.

“Awww fuck!” roared Jed, blasting his baby batter into my throat. “Aww, swallow it all, you dirty ho.”

Brian was just as nasty. Because his dick jerked in me, once, twice, practically making my cunt jump with the snake twisting inside before erupting in a geyser, splashing virile seed all over.

“FUCK!” he grunted, trying to hold my hips down, trying to keep me steady as I bucked and twisted, flooded with sperm. “Fuck this shit, fuck this shit.”

I moaned again, lost to sensation, unable to do anything but feel. Because I was so fucked, my pussy taken all the way by Brian, my mouth absolutely owned by Jed. And even dirtier was Jed’s finger in my ass, stroking against Brian’s cock as it jerked and spurted in my sweet chamber.

“Hell yeah,” Jed managed as his shaft twisted in my mouth. “Hell yeah, fill ‘er up.”

And with that, the three of us collapsed, a tangle of sweaty limbs, still embedded on each other. My mind spun as I floated in a dream world where the hottest, craziest things happened. But did I pull off? Did I let go of those hot cocks, giving myself a break, letting my holes get some air? No because it was too good, this was everything I’d been craving for the past weeks. This is what I’d desperately wanted, and now that it’d come true, it was beyond my wildest imagination. Having two men who adored me, who worshipped my body, but who also worshipped each other was the fulfillment of every fantasy I’d ever had, the answer to every need. Because we loved each other so much that there could only be satisfaction through the connection, through the wild excitement that I shared with these two men.

But that’s me getting away from it all. Because I am an innocent, naïve girl, and I was overpowered by these two males, alphas both who’ve done the nasty multiple times. I was dreaming, floating on air, even though at the moment I was stuck like a pig on a spit, rolling between their two dicks. And as the calm descended, Jed moved like lighting. In a flash, he pulled his dick from my mouth, making me cough a little, startled.

Simultaneously without any hesitation, Brian pulled out, my sweet pussy gaping, dripping with his seed.

“Ready brother?” he asked. “Ready to sample the good stuff?”

And as I looked over my shoulder, eyes wide and startled, I gasped. Because there was a faint ring of red on Brian’s dick, the proof of my virginity. Oh yeah, taking my hymen had caused me to bleed a little, and

Brian's dick was smeared slightly with blood, nothing bad, just a drop or two.

But Jed didn't even pause. He wanted that ring on himself, he too wanted to wear the mark of my innocence on his dick. So with one deep thrust, suddenly I found myself impaled on a second man's hard cock, Jed's deep pole snaking its way inside.

"Unnnh!" I cried out more from shock than anything. How many virgins does this happen to? How many girls lose their v-card in a storm, only to be fucked again by another man? Oh god, oh god, it was so wrong, and yet I loved it. Because Jed's dick felt so good up there, owning my sweetness, making me stretch and pulse like none other. He was longer than Brian but not as thick, reaching so far into me I thought he might pop out of my throat.

And Jed took a couple deep strokes, eyes closed, letting himself enjoy my puffy, willing twat.

"Unnh, she feels good," he grunted, big hands caressing my ass cheeks. "Unnh, yeah this slutty pussy feels good."

And sure enough, when he pulled out, there was red ring at the base of his dick too, the mark of my innocence. But the two men didn't stop there. Instead, taking my breath away, making me scream with pleasure, they began to take turns fucking my pussy. That's right, Jed would do a couple strokes and then pull out, letting Brian get his dick wet. And then Brian would stop, letting Jed take his place, sampling my hungry pussy. And it was so wrong, so absolutely dirty that I could do nothing but take it. I pressed my face into the pillow, narrow shoulders braced on the bed and just let myself feel.

"Mmmm, Jed, Brian," I moaned incoherently, eyes squeezed shut, my pussy harboring two men. "Yes, give it to me."

And just like that, I exploded. It was insane, I'd just come just a few minutes before, my hymen burst, feeling a dick in me for the first time. But this blew me away, I was living something straight out of my dirtiest fantasies. No, scratch that. I'd never even imagined that something this amazing would happen to me, that I'd fall in love with two men who

worshipped me, sharing my body with one another. And like a perfectly choreographed symphony, both alphas came simultaneously then, this time Jed spurting in my pussy as Brian shot his virile cum all over my lower back, blasts going up my vaginal canal as hot white splattered my giant rump.

"Unnnh!" the men grunted, dicks going wild, eruption after eruption making me squeal and scream for more. "Aw, FUCK!"

And with one last hot burst, they finished, my pussy milking them for every last drop, my holes so fucked, so wet and wild. I thought for sure this was the end. For sure, there couldn't be anymore, we'd reached new heights, scaled Mount Everest and gone soaring off into the heavens. But as usual, Jed and Brian had one last trick up their sleeve, taking me for one more ride.

With a sly grin, Jed slid his dick out of me, spreading my labia wide while nudging my knees apart.

"Let us see baby girl, let your Daddies see."

And I knew what they wanted. I moaned deep in my throat before concentrating. Squeezing my eyes shut, I pushed, bearing down with my interior muscles, and sure enough a blended cream pie came rising out of my hole, the semen of both men boiling to the top. A sweet drop emerged at my vaginal entrance before becoming a waterfall, streaming out of my hot box and running wetly down my thigh.

"Unnnh," I panted again. "Is that good Daddies, is that what you wanted?"

Sharing a dirty grin, the men exchanged looks.

"It's better than good," rumbled Jed, leaning down to lick at the viscous mixture, savoring the white hot mess.

"It's fuckin' amazing," finished Brian, kissing Jed then and tasting the blended cum, sucking a mouthful of the good stuff for his own enjoyment. "This is fuckin' amazing."

And I sighed then, insides quivering, pussy so fucked and virginity gone forever. Because this was beyond my wildest dreams, and yet I was

living a reality. Not my own reality, but a shared one with two alpha males, two powerful men who were only too happy to induct me into their world, to introduce me to vistas I'd never experienced before. But even more than that, they cared about me. Brian and Jed were looking out for me, they knew exactly what I wanted and needed, and by letting me work at their firm, by making sure my mom was comfortable, heck, by waiting to take my virginity at the right moment, I knew I was in the safe hands. I knew I was with the loves of my life, and there's no looking back now.

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CHAPTER TEN

Angie

I thought we had a connection but clearly I was wrong. Because real life has been like a thump back to earth, a splash of cold water on my face. No, actually it's more like the Ice Bucket Challenge, getting a huge cooler of cold water dumped onto your body when you least expect it because Brian and Jed are ignoring me now. After our illicit session at the wake, I'm now persona non grata, the invisible girl.

Well, not exactly invisible because I still work at their office. It would be too weird if I suddenly got fired for no reason after the funeral. But my best efforts to engage them are totally fruitless, I'm just another secretary now.

"Hi," I murmured, stepping into the office where Jed and Brian were meeting. It was after hours, and I shut the door quietly, locking it with a snick. Just two week ago, this would have been an invitation to get down, to push their mouths into my wet snatch, for us to get naked and watch some cock go into ass.

But things have turned on a dime because both men looked up at me, curious but not overly so. Instead, they stayed seated in their chairs, ungodly handsome but the expressions on their faces impassive.

"Can we help you with something?" asked Brian smoothly, gorgeous in a dark suit, that frame relaxed behind his desk. "Something going on?"

Jed said nothing, those blue eyes looking me up and down, appraising. I thought for sure I had them, for sure Jed at least would get up and begin worshipping my puss. But I was wrong because he swung that gaze up, bland and professional, and met my eye.

"Got some filing to do?" he asked, voice smooth. "Surely you can do that outside Angie?"

I bit my lip, forcing the anger back down. What the hell? I was so much more than an average secretary, I did so much more than mindless

paperwork and stupid dead-end tasks. But this wasn't the time to get angry because I wanted to resume where we'd left off, and the way to overcome their curious standoffishness was to give them what they wanted.

"Hey Daddies," I breathed again. "Um, no, not some filing, I have an injury and I wanted to show it to you. Maybe it qualifies for worker's comp?"

And without hesitating, slowly I turned around, bending over a filing cabinet and flipping my skirt over my waist, baring my bum. It was all there, big, white, delicious, my rump quivering with their delicious nearness. And shooting the men another sly gaze over my shoulder, my hands crept up the back of my thighs, stroking the smooth flesh.

"Like I said Daddies, I have an injury," I panted again, heat coursing through my pussy, sweet lips shielded only by the thinnest of wet cotton, outlining my need. "I wanted to get your opinions on whether I'd qualify for worker's comp, after all, you're lawyers, you'd know."

And with that, I reached for my G-string and pulled it to the side, baring my sweet twat. As usual, I was absolutely drenched, even being in the same room with the men makes the lust run hotly between my legs. I mewled again, parting my thighs slightly to give them a better look. The flesh pulsed hotly, pink and glistening under the lights, but it wasn't just the drip of juice down my thigh that made them lean forward. It wasn't just the sight of the swollen female flesh, begging them for more. Because to emphasize just how much I wanted them, I'd pushed a pencil in myself so that just the eraser stuck out of my vaginal hole, tempting and teasing them.

"See Daddies?" I whispered, meeting their eyes over my shoulder. "I was sharpening a pencil and it got stuck in the wrong hole. I have an injury now, do you think I should report it?"

Tantalizingly, I shook my rump, baiting them, the pink eraser bobbing up and down in the air, so dirty and nasty. But this is the new me. I'm willing to do anything for my lovers, and sticking a pencil in my pussy hole was the least of it. I wanted hot, hard dick, ten times bigger with stiff, throbbing veins to push in me. I wanted them to yank this pencil out and push in with their shafts, giving me a deep drill that would rattle my teeth.

Jed looked about ready to pounce, in fact, one big hand was already reaching out, ready to yank that dirty pencil from my cunt and do some real damage. Hell, he'd probably push it in actually, push it in deeper to make my pussy take it, and my cunt gushed at the thought, running like a raging river.

But Brian shot his partner a warning look, and Jed's hand fell back into his lap, although the blonde man let out a choked growl, blue eyes bright with need. Brian shook his head imperceptibly again and Jed literally roared this time before excusing himself.

"Fuck you," he ground out. "Fuck you."

I gasped. Was that epithet for me or Brian? It was impossible to tell because the Viking was already gone, that big frame disappeared with a flash as the door banged shut behind him. But what about me? I gasped, still bent over the filing cabinet, pussy in full view with the writing implement protruding from my twat. What about me? Why hadn't he gone for it, why hadn't Jed come over and pulled out that pencil with his teeth before ramming his dick in, making me scream with need?

But the answers evidently lay with Brian because once the door closed, my brother in law looked at me smoothly. To my consternation, not one hair was out of place. The alpha was perfectly composed, cool as a cucumber, relaxed at his desk despite the fact that there was a fresh, nubile girl bent over showing him her streaming privates, begging for him to lick, touch, and own.

"Brian?" I mewled helplessly, shaking my rump at him, making the pencil wiggle up and down from my secret spot. "Brian?"

The big man closed his eyes with a big sigh, and pinched the crown of his nose like a headache was coming on.

"Angie," he began. "It's so hard to tell you this."

I stood still for a minute, stupefied.

"Tell me what?" I asked. "What? What is it? Is it something I did? Is it this pencil thing?" I gestured, wagging my ass again. "I thought you'd like it. I thought both of you would like it."

Without opening his eyes, Brian leaned his head back against the chair before opening those blue eyes. God, he was so magnetic, that gaze so charismatic that my pussy shivered involuntarily, juicing again. But he wasn't looking at my private parts, at my sweet honey hole. Instead, with the discipline of Gandhi, Brian looked only at my face, taking in my warm brown eyes and quivering pout.

But my pleading had no effect.

"Naw baby girl," he ground out. "This is hard to explain but you're not our type."

I snorted, disbelieving, flipping my skirt back over my butt cheeks.

"Not your type? I don't think so," I said, this time putting my hands on my hips. "What happened at the funeral wasn't a fluke, or don't you remember? If I'm correct, you and Jed were all over me, fucking my virgin pussy until you came. Over and over again, if memory serves me right."

Brian nodded, as though tired.

"That's right, baby girl, but that's the problem. Fucking a virgin pussy, and you're not a virgin anymore."

I choked, almost throwing up a little in my mouth.

"Are you fucking kidding me? I'm not a virgin anymore because you took my virginity. Both of you did, taking turns drilling my pussy, or don't you remember?"

Rage built in my small form, making me quiver angrily, but even more than that was the sense of dread in my soul. Because I could feel where this was going and it was like watching a car crash in slow mo, helpless with your hands tied as the vehicles spun towards one another. And with squealing tires and then a resounding smash, impact came.

"You're not a virgin anymore, Angie, and Jed and I are done," Brian said simply, steeping his hands. "Of course, you're welcome to continue working at the firm, but this pencil thing, this worker's comp thing, it's gotta stop. We're done," he said with finality.

At that I lost it and started screeching.

“You fucking asshole!” I shrieked. “You fucked me for weeks, you did everything for weeks, and now that my virginity’s gone, you’re not interested? What the hell, are you living in the Dark Ages or something? Is that how you operate? Is that what you do, seducing teens until they give it up and them dropping them in the gutter?”

Brian shrugged tiredly.

“No, it’s not. In fact, I don’t know what’s up really,” he said, shaking his head. “Everything’s been such a shitshow since the moment Hannah died. I’m in a relationship with my law partner, don’t you get it? With another *man*, Angie, and it’s thrown me for a loop. Things are happening at light speed, and right now, having you around is too much.”

“So what if you’re with another man?” I asked stupefied. “I don’t care about that, I want to be with you both!”

Brian let out another exasperated growl.

“You don’t get it,” he said shortly. “You just don’t get it. You’re eighteen years old. Things have changed around here, I’ve changed, and there’s no room for you. You’re out, Ange, I’m sorry,” he said with finality, face shuttered and cold.

I stood there, stock still and shocked, the pencil clenched tight in my vagina. But it was no longer a hot, tantalizing act, because instead, the air between my thighs was frigidly chill. Now, you couldn’t get the pencil out with a plier, my vaginal muscles clenched so tight with pain and disbelief.

Because Brian was right, in a way. I didn’t get it, I absolutely didn’t understand what was happening. Why after a hot afternoon together, both men worshipping my body, was I suddenly out? Why was I being shoved to the sidelines despite my desperation to stay in the game, to live it up with the two alphas?

And pleading, I put all my cards on the table.

“Please Brian, don’t do this,” I begged, bracing myself against his desk, knees weak. “Please, don’t say that.”

But the big man merely got up, unfolding that huge frame before striding to the door and holding it open politely.

“I’m sorry Ange,” he said, tone neutral. “There’s just too much going on, and right now, we need to focus on work,” he said, pitching his voice louder than normal so that people outside could hear. “It’s time to work.”

And what could I do but obey his unspoken command? I got up and walked with silent steps out of his office. Like a zombie, I turned right and moved with frozen movements down the hall into the women’s bathroom, pausing only when I reached the sinks. With an open mouth, I looked at myself, the pale cheeks, the stunned expression in my eyes. To the outside, I was still me. I was still Angela Moore, part-time student and part-time paralegal, an eighteen year-old girl with nothing special about her to speak of. I was still me, plump and homely, working on my degree as I lived at home, comforting an aging, grieving mother.

But on the inside was only pure devastation. I was a wasteland, a blackened, charred terrain of smoking garbage, scavengers descending to eat the remnants of my soul. But there was nothing for the vultures because Brian and Jed had taken it all. The two men had pumped me up for weeks, teasing me, making me want them, making me fall in love. I’d lost my heart to their charismatic personalities, to the calm, cool and controlled way they ran their business, all-knowing, confident and sure. I’d lost my heart to the way they’d protected my sister’s memory even if she’d been a ho, to the way they’d been so kind to my mother, a widow with a broken heart.

But now it didn’t matter. I was in the trash pile. They’d decided that for their business and for their personal lives, I was just an extra, nothing essential, getting in the way of what they really wanted. So with my virginity gone, the new shine rubbed off, they were done. I was a distraction, a fun one to be sure, but with their new relationship and their law practice to run, there was no sense in making things more complicated. So I was out, tossed away like last night’s garbage.

But the problem was me. I couldn’t be ignored altogether, I was Brian’s sister in law for crying out loud, ghosting didn’t make sense. So instead, they’d done it in public. They’d waited for me to approach them at their office and then made it clear in front of others that we were all work, nothing else. So despite our illicit encounters in the past, despite the fact

that they'd taken my virginity, my most precious asset, the lines were drawn now. I was to stay on my side and they'd stay on theirs.

And with slow, meandering trails, the tears began to fall. I stood in the bathroom as one large droplet after another rolled down my cheeks and off my chin, splattering on the counter. Was this really happening? Was I really going to have to keep working here, seeing Brian and Jed day after day, knowing that I wasn't enough? They'd taken my best part, I'd reveled in giving them my virginity, only to have it all come down to nothing?

I cursed myself, fists gripping wildly at air, clenching and unclenching in paroxysms of agony. Because it was already coming true. I was in *their* bathroom, with *their* pencil in my vagina, having offered *them* my all. But they didn't want it. I'd been rejected … and I was nothing but yesterday's trash now.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

Angie

"Mom, I'm home," I called out, dropping my bag by the door limply. "I'm home."

"In here," Jane called. "In the kitchen honey."

I wandered listlessly into the tiled room and dropped down in a chair. Jane was looking over a newspaper and looked up with a warm smile, faded blue eyes gentle.

"Hi sweetheart, how was your day?"

"Okay," I said in a monotone, fingering a placemat, not meeting her gaze. "Nothing to talk about."

Because what could I say? Ever since my devastating conversation with Brian, I'd been a robot going through the motions of life. I went to school, talking when spoken to, obediently listening to lectures but nothing sank in. I was on the five-year track at my local community college, but at the rate I was going, it was gonna take ten years to graduate. I hadn't bothered to turn in my last paper, instead emailing the TA at the last minute to ask for an extension.

And at work, it was even worse. To avoid seeing Jed and Brian, I offered to take the most boring task, looking through a roomful of documents. That's right, I volunteered to tackle this huge chore on my own, putting the papers in chronological order, dutifully labeling each file before entering them into the system. But locked in the windowless conference room by myself most of the time, I just sat staring blankly at the wall. Yeah, just like school, this project is dragging out way beyond its deadline, and I'd probably be fired soon. Maybe it was for the better. Maybe it was better just to leave the firm, to get as far away as possible from my old lovers and the memories that went with it.

So Jane's voice was like a splash of cold water on my face.

"Oh honey, did you see?" she asked brightly. "Courtside's having their annual tennis round robin, did you want to join?"

I snorted. I have two left feet, and hitting a ball with a tennis racket is way beyond my coordination level.

"No Mom," I said stiffly. "No."

But my mom is so clueless sometimes.

"It's going to be in Hannah's honor," my mom wheedled. "Please go for the luncheon if nothing else. You know all our friends are going to be there, and they're going to do a toast to Hannah."

I sat woodenly in my chair, almost unable to breathe. Even in death, my sister had come out on top. Despite the swirling rumors of her affairs, the shameful way she'd died, it didn't matter. Everyone had forgotten the details, and now Courtside, the very place that was tainted with her memory, was going to put on an event in her honor, toasting my sister's achievements.

And with that I lost it.

"I don't know if you've noticed, but I haven't been very happy lately," I bit out. "I know you're still hung up on Hannah's death, but you have one daughter alive still. And I'm not doing great."

To my surprise, Jane didn't act offended or even shocked. Instead, she put down her paper, folding it neatly on the kitchen counter.

"I know baby, I've noticed," she said quietly, turning those faded blue eyes to me. "I wasn't sure if you wanted to talk about it."

I choked for a moment. So Jane had noticed? I always thought my sister was first in every way, even in death, so to hear that my mom had noticed something about me was shocking. I choked again, words stuck in my throat.

"I know something happened," said my mom simply. "Because I have the sense of a mother, even if you don't believe it."

If I'd been stammering before, now I was a mess. Jane knew? How? I've always been a fly on the wall. Compared to my sister, I've always been a second thought, plump and squat next to the willowy, gorgeous Hannah. So what in the world had happened?

My mom sighed, eyes faraway for a moment.

“I know sometimes you feel overlooked, Angela,” she said slowly. “But it’s not true.”

That made me jolt to life, staring in my chair.

“Overlooked?” I managed with a hoarse gasp. “You think? Just a little?”

Jane nodded slowly.

“But it’s not true honey,” she reiterated slowly. “Every child is different and while yes, Hannah was often in the limelight, it doesn’t mean that you went unnoticed. I always knew you were there. *We* always knew you were there.”

I shook my head furiously.

“No, no one has ever known I existed,” I said vehemently. “Not when Hannah was alive, and not now either.”

Jane folded her hands, giving me a long look.

“I think you feel that way for understandable reasons,” she said slowly, nodding with empathy. “And that’s fair, especially given recent events.”

Here’s where I jumped in.

“But that’s the thing!” I screeched. “Everyone’s so devastated about Hannah but does anyone notice how devastated I’ve been? Everything’s going wrong, Mom, I’m gonna flunk out of school, I’m gonna be fired soon, everything’s gone wrong and it doesn’t even matter!”

I was bordering on hysteria now, my voice going up about two octaves, hands clutching and unclutching at the kitchen counter like a madman. But Jane nodded calmly, taking one of my fists in her own and giving it a comforting squeeze.

“No honey, it’s gonna be okay. You’re my daughter and I know you better than you think,” she said with a gentle smile. “I know you, Angela, and you’re going to come out on top. It always works out for good girls like you, there’s no way the world will let you slip through the cracks.”

And this is when I broke down.

“I-I’m not good,” I stammered, eyes filling with tears. “Everyone thinks I am, I go to school, I make money, I do whatever people tell me to,” I said bitterly. “But I’m hardly good. Far from it.”

My mom shook her head, still stroking my hand.

“Of course you are,” she said comfortingly, like a mother hen. “You’re Angela Moore, you’re a decent, honorable girl.”

And those words pushed me over the cliff because it was so untrue, I was the opposite of what everyone thought. So I looked up at Jane then, eyes blazing.

“If I’m so good, then why was I fucking my brother-in-law?” I asked nastily. “Why was I fucking Brian? Yes Mother, your dear departed daughter’s husband. This good girl was fucking him, and not just him, but his business partner too. I was doing Brian and Jed mom, I was servicing two men.”

I was sure that the nasty words and even nastier revelations would cause Jane to faint, my mom passing out from the baldly stated truth. And Jane’s hand grew still for a moment on mine, tensing slightly, but then she gripped my hand, strong and reassuring.

“And?” she asked, eyes never leaving my face. “And?”

“And what?” I screeched. “Doesn’t that make you want to kill me? Kill yourself? Knowing that I was screwing your dear departed daughter’s husband, that I, Angela Moore, spread my legs for a man who was supposed to be grieving? That he was getting his rocks off by drilling his sister in law? What the hell, what the hell?”

Jane summoned her internal strength before turning back to me and taking a deep breath.

“I know honey,” she said soothingly. “I knew all that was going on. And with Jed too.”

I gawped at her.

“You knew?” I whispered, barely able to breathe, the words coming out in a hiss. “How? Who told you?” I stammered.

Jane nodded again, looking out the window before steeling herself.

“Honey, I know you better than anyone else. You’re my daughter,” she said slowly. “And you’ve wanted Brian for so long.”

“But doesn’t that make you hate me?” I implored again, snatching my hand out of her grasp. “I was lusting after my sister’s husband?”

Jane sat quietly at the table, hands clasped.

“It’s not right, but you didn’t act on it until Hannah was gone,” she said with finality. “No one can put you in jail for thoughts that go through your brain and you and Brian didn’t do anything until after Hannah died.”

I thought back, mind whirling furiously. Was that true? All the events of the past few weeks were muddled in my brain, flowing together like watercolors. Was it true that Brian and I hadn’t touched each other until after Hannah’s death? We’d exchanged some looks, some heated glances, but maybe Jane was right. Maybe I’d forgotten that important fact. But who cares? We couldn’t have waited for more than a day, maybe even a few hours.

“So what?” I asked slowly. “So what if it happened afterwards? Why does that make a difference?”

My mom paused for a moment.

“Because it means you’re a woman of principle,” Jane said simply. “If Hannah had been in your shoes, she wouldn’t have waited, she would have stolen her own sister’s husband. But you’re not Hannah, honey, you’re an upstanding, honest woman, and that’s why you deserve happiness now.”

I was so confused that my brows scrunched.

“But Mom, do you hear what you’re saying? Not just about me, but about Hannah. Do you hear what you’re saying?”

Jane took a deep breath then, clasping her hands together before swinging those eyes to mine, looking at me straight.

“Honey, I know my daughters better than anyone else. I know all the rumors about your sister, I know what people were saying. And I know a lot of it was true,” she said simply. “Hannah’s been that way for a long time, and I’m her mother, not a fool.”

I gasped, stunned.

“But I thought … I thought …”

The elderly lady smiled faintly at me, eyes knowing and wise.

“You thought I had my head in the clouds? That my daughter was perfect and could do no wrong?”

I nodded wordlessly. This conversation was beyond my wildest dreams. It seemed that Jane knew exactly how the land lay, knew about my sister and her proclivities, and maybe knew a little bit about me too. Maybe I wasn’t second fiddle, maybe I was actually first in line, Jane just hadn’t shone the spotlight on me.

“But Mom, if you knew,” I said slowly. “Why didn’t you say anything? Why make it seem like everything about her was so perfect? Why didn’t you *do* something?”

Jane was silent for a moment.

“That’s a good question,” she said slowly before looking me in the eye again. “But what could I do? I’m fifty-five, baby girl, and your sister had a mind of her own, she’s been headstrong since she was twelve. And what could I do about you? You were always a different case, you were and are so different from your sister.”

“But why didn’t you say something to me?” I whispered, agonized. “I thought you barely even knew I was alive.”

My mom paused for a moment.

“Because you didn’t need it honey,” she said, squeezing my limp fist. “You grew and thrived on your own. Maybe you weren’t a tropical bloom like your sister, but you’re just as amazing.”

I shook my head.

“What are you talking about?” I said, confused. “What tropical bloom?”

Jane chuckled a little.

“Hannah’s the kind of flower that needs a lot of attention. You don’t talk to her, you don’t sing, and she wilts away, she needs constant watering

and attention. And yet, that wasn't enough," said Jane sadly. "That wasn't enough to stop her from veering off to the wrong side."

I nodded. All the effort my mom put into my sister had turned out pointless, she did whatever she wanted.

"But what about me?" I asked plaintively. I hated to sound so needy and desperate, but I wanted the conversation to be about me for once.

Jane looked at me then, her eyes filled with love and compassion.

"Angie, you're good to the core. No matter what I did or didn't do, no matter how much attention or how little I gave you, I knew you'd be okay because you're you," she said. "You've got a sense of right and wrong that's unerring, you're able to make good decisions again and again and again, with no input from me whatsoever. You make me proud, honey, you've *always* made me proud."

That made me interrupt.

"No Mom, that's not true," I said slowly. "I was sleeping with Brian, didn't you hear? And Jed too," I said flatly, sure that they would earn me a tongue lashing. No sense in beating around the bush now.

But Jane shook her head again.

"I can't say what's right and what's wrong in this case," she said slowly. "Brian is your sister's husband, that's true, but at the same time, she didn't do right by her husband. Everyone in town knew," continued my mom slowly, "Everyone knew what your sister was up to, it wasn't a secret. And again, the two of you waited until your sister was gone. So is that wrong? Is that so wrong?"

I had to give it one last try.

"Hannah wasn't even cold in her grave before Brian and I … umm, started," I stammered. "Not even cold in her grave."

Jane nodded solemnly.

"But she was gone. And that's what counts, honey," she said firmly. "You didn't disrespect her, she was no longer around," she said with finality, determination in her eyes. "She was gone already."

“But what about Brian?” I whispered. “I’m in love with him, and …” my voice trailed off. I couldn’t out Brian, I couldn’t let out his secret without his permission first.

But my mom is much more intuitive than I give her credit for.

“And Jed is too?” she added archly. “Jed loves Brian as well?”

I nodded miserably.

“You can see why this is so impossible,” I continued flatly. “Plus, there’s no hope anyways. They’ve already given me the boot, we were in a relationship for a while,” I said with a sad twist of my mouth, “but it’s over now.”

My mom shot me a curious glance.

“What makes you say that?”

“Well, first of all, Jed and Brian told me straight out,” I said, voice wooden. “They made it clear in no uncertain terms that I was a third wheel, that they want to explore each other first. And second, it’s bad for business. If two men in love is hard for this small town to swallow, then imagine it being two men plus a woman. I don’t think the Courtside Club is going to toast us, this would knock their socks off.”

My mom laughed then, her voice ringing out like a bell.

“What’s so funny?” I asked suspiciously. “What’s so funny?”

My mom tried to swallow some of her laughs, but it came out more a “mwmwm.”

“What?” I asked, brows lowering. This wasn’t exactly funny to me. What is it?”

“Well, I just never thought you were the type of person who cared what the Courtside Club thought,” she said off-handedly. “I thought you hated that place.”

That was true, I always thought everyone there had pokers up their asses, stiff and snobby, rich and bitchy. But still, we’d be the laughingstock of town if people found out, Brian and Jed would lose their standing in society, and I’d be branded a whore who serviced two men. Not good.

“But Mom,” I said slowly. “I don’t care about what they think, but don’t you? Don’t you care if people start talking, if all your friends treat you like a pariah?”

Jane shot me a wry look.

“You mean, on top of everything Hannah’s already done? You couldn’t possibly add too much more to that, I think there’s already plenty out there.”

And I stopped suddenly because she was right. If my sister had already caused such a ruckus, then what was one more thing? Sure, the news of a relationship between me, Brian and Jed would be fodder for all the gossip rags, there’d be so many whispers and smirking side eye. But still, our family had already been tagged with so many rumors, so much shit, all of it topped off with my sister’s latest escapade culminating in her death. So what was one more thing? What was one more dose of salacious news? It seemed my mom was telling me she could handle it, that she was already used to the rumor mill, and that I should go for what I wanted.

“Are you sure Mom?” I asked taking a deep breath. “Are you sure? Because once people find out about the three of us, I think their heads are going to blow off, there’s going to be brains on the floor. It’s not like before,” I said slowly, shaking my head. “It’s not like before. And I’m not even sure that Brian and Jed want this. They told me already,” and here I choked, “that they only want virgins, and since I’m not a virgin anymore, they’re not even interested.”

That made my mom laugh even harder.

“Really?” she asked. “They were so unkind? That doesn’t seem like Brian.”

“I know, right? It doesn’t,” I said, confused suddenly. “It doesn’t seem like him at all.”

My mom shot me a knowing glance.

“I think you’ll find honey, that Brian was grasping at anything to keep you out of it. He was trying to find some reason, any reason, to protect you from the rumor mill, and some of it doesn’t sound right to us. It doesn’t sound like the man we know and love.”

“Yeah, right?” I asked slowly, still shaking my head, confusion clouding my brain. “It doesn’t sound like him.”

“No, it doesn’t,” confirmed my mom for the third time, seizing my hand this time. “So forget the past. Forget what’s been done, forget everything about your sister, and don’t worry about me either. Go with your gut, baby, go with your gut and chase your future. Make yourself happy, do what *you* need, because that’s what’s going to bring you love.”

And with dawning realization, I sat back in my chair. Jane was right, Brian’s words didn’t sound right to me. He’d said that he and Jed wanted to explore their relationship together first, and that was fine. But we could do that together, I’d been a part of them for as long as they’d had each other. And the whole virginity thing? That’s what smacked of falsehood. That didn’t sound right at all, Brian and Jed weren’t thoughtless monsters who used and abused sweet things. Sure, they appreciated a virgin, it was right up their alley, but it didn’t mean that they were done, tossing a girl out once her hymen was busted. It just wasn’t them, they loved and adored women, and there’s more to the female sex than a thin piece of tissue.

So slowly, I looked at my mom again.

“I think you’re right,” I said slowly. “Maybe there’s something to it.”

Jane merely gazed at me gently, blue eyes soft.

“It’s not about being right or wrong, Angie,” she said gently. “It’s about going for what you want. And you, my dear girl, deserve that. You deserve happiness and that’s all I can hope for you. That’s all I want for the daughter I love most.”

And suddenly, my heart broke open. Because hearing those words was like the dam bursting at Niagara Falls. My mother, Jane, has always loved me, and sometimes even more than my sister. I’d never known it, never realized it because she treated her children differently, according to what each daughter needed, their particular personalities demanding different accommodations. But now, hearing my mother’s supportive words made me burst with joy. Because Jane wanted me to be happy, and even if

it was with Brian and Jed, that was okay. It was okay, and no matter what happened, Jane would support me.

The problem was that now I just had to go and find my future, to find the loves of my life and make them see why and how we belonged together. Because two men and a woman is untraditional for sure, but it's not impossible. And I was no longer afraid of what anyone would say, what anyone would think or how it might damage my family. All I wanted was peace and happiness with the loves of my lives, Brian and Jed at my side.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Brian

She came into my office dressed in a pencil skirt and high heels.

“How’s that filing coming along?” I asked smoothly, expression impassive. “I hear it’s a mountain of documents.”

Jed said nothing, my partner sitting silent in his chair, although those blue eyes roamed all over Angie’s figure, that sweet curviness so tempting and delicious. His male body went hard instantly, the big man’s energy radiating tensely from his form.

The brunette started, immediately aware of the hot vibe, the way we both wanted her. But she was like an unsuspecting lamb in a lion’s den, letting herself quietly into the room.

“It’s good,” said the girl softly, shutting the door behind her with a snick. “It’s good.”

I cocked an eyebrow.

“Really? It’s fine?” I asked skeptically. “That’s a shit ton of work, and I hear you’re doing it all on your own.”

The girl sat down across from me, next to Jed.

“It’s fine,” she said taking a deep breath. “Actaully I’m here to talk about something else.”

Both Jed and I braced ourselves. Oh god, the last two weeks have been fucking awful. We’d thrown Angie out of our trio, reluctantly, but it had to be done. Jed had protested at first like a mad dog.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” he growled. “She’s the best part of this.”

I was seated in his lap at the moment, legs spread and dick pointing straight up. I wanted his cock in me, desperately wanted it to invade my tight asshole, but Jed had important things to say first.

“Like I said,” he ground out. “Fuck what people say. Let her have what she wants.”

I whined slightly, running my asshole over his dicktip. Jed always feels so good when he's in my butt, but at the moment, the alpha was holding back. He knew that I'd do anything he wanted at the moment, and was using it to his advantage. Again, his glans skated over my anus, teasing and tantalizing, making the pleats clench with anticipation.

"God, fuck man, just do it," I ground out, panting, leaning forwards. "Just do it, fuck me with that hard dick, leave the talk for later."

Jed grunted harshly behind me, grabbing his pole and teasing it against my anus again. But he ignored my command.

"Like I said, just let her have what she wants," he ground out. "Let her get two dicks, what's wrong with that?"

And this time, I turned, arching my back, looking into those penetrating blue eyes despite the fact that I was two seconds from completion.

"Angie doesn't know what she wants, asshole," I ground out myself this time. "She's eighteen. You think she knows what she's talking about? Hell no, that little girl would lie down on the highway if we told her to, she wouldn't care if there were two semis and four trucks coming her way. She'd tear her own heart out if we told her to."

That made Jed pause for a moment, but I guess the description persuaded him because with a grunt and a pop, he eased his penis into my hole.

"Unnh!" we both growled, our voices a rising cacophony. "Unnh!"

But even as we buttfucked, Jed wasn't done with the issue yet.

"She's old enough," he heaved, drilling me deep. "Angie's old enough to know what she wants."

I merely gripped him hard with my anus, making the big man shudder, his dick twitching in my hot inner chamber.

"Naw, she doesn't know," I panted back. "She has no idea what she's asking for."

And with that, both of us burst, sperm flying everywhere, mine whizzing in an arc to spatter on the floor as Jed coated my GI tract with his

good stuff. Shit, the sex was fucking amazing, it hadn't lasted even two minutes, but that's the thing. Wouldn't it be better if Angie were here to catch my semen her mouth? Or if I was able to spray in that pretty little pussy? Wouldn't it be better not to waste, to have that sweet female body with us, the ultimate cum receptacle?

And it seems that Angie wanted to take up the issue now. Because as she let herself into my office, the brunette was even more beautiful than we remembered, that figure so curvy underneath her office blouse, the skirt hugging her hips tightly, emphasizing that huge butt.

"So what did you want to say?" I asked smoothly, looking at her idly. Jed, that fucker, wasn't even bothering to hide his hunger. Dude was like a ravenous lion, staring at her with lust. I shot him a warning look because Angie is worth more than both of us put together, and mofo better not mess it up.

The little girl looked between us meaningfully before biting her lip.

"Well," she began hesitantly, taking a deep breath. "I wanted to talk to you about us."

"There is no 'us,'" I interrupted smoothly. "There's a me and him," I said, nodding at Jed, "but there's no 'us,' girlie."

Angie looked stricken but she summoned her courage, straightening those narrow shoulders before looking both Jed and I in the eye again.

"There is an us," she said slowly, her voice low but firm. "There's absolutely an us, and I'm not sure why I got boxed out. I didn't want it, and I know Jed didn't either, so it's you, Brian. Why me? Why did you force me out?"

At that, Jed swung blazing blue eyes to look at me as well, the heat so hot that I could feel my eyebrows singe. But I stayed calm, cool and collected, instead turning back to my lovers.

"Angie baby, you have no idea what you're talking about," I said idly, leaning back in my chair like a relaxed lion. "You have no idea what the fuck you're talking about."

But Jed shot me a dirty glance then.

“What he’s saying,” the big man interrupted, “is that we want what’s best for you baby. And getting mixed up with the likes of us is no good,” he said, that rumble deep and convincing. “It’s fucked up, it’ll fuck up your life for good.”

She threw us a searching glance.

“Says who? How, fucked up? Why do you say that?”

Now, Jed and I both goggled. Wasn’t it obvious? Holy shit, weren’t the repercussions obvious?

“Baby, we’re two alpha males,” ground out Jed, those blue eyes like fire all over her curvy tits, making the girl quiver. “We’ll fuck up your body like you’ve never been fucked-up before.”

I groaned. Shit, what he was saying was right, but at the same time, it had the opposite effect. Because Angie immediately sat up in her chair and nodded, breasts heaving.

“But that’s what I want,” she moaned slightly. “That’s what I want. See? Look, this is how much I want you.”

And those little fingers were fast because in an instant, one huge tit was out and beckoning to us, her creamy flesh on display, that pink nipple hard and stiff in the cold office air.

But I made myself sit still, I made myself stay behind my desk although I wanted nothing more than to jump up and devour the sweet, succulent meat.

“Put it back in,” I commanded, rasping harshly. “Put it back in,” I ground out again.

Angie shook her head stubbornly.

“You’re not the boss of me,” she whispered, bright spots of color on her cheeks. “You’re not the boss, and I’m not leaving until I get an answer.”

We could hardly focus because at that moment, the girl began stroking her nipple, pulling and tugging, making my dick jump. But Jed is a better man than me. I keep making like he’s an asshole, which he is, but in our moment of weakness he rose to the occasion. Because in one swift

movement, his jacket was off and he draped it over the girl so that only her face poked out.

“Like Brian said, baby, if you’re here to get answers, then this isn’t the way to go about it,” he rasped. “Put that tit back in and talk. We’ll listen this time. I promise.”

And slowly, Angie nodded, flushing. Something moved under the jacket, and when she slid it off, everything was back in its place.

“I didn’t want to do it like that,” she whispered, “But I didn’t feel like there was a choice.”

“Choice for what?” I asked, voice menacing. “What the hell are you talking about?”

The brunette took a big breath.

“I know you want me for my body,” she said, voice low. “Don’t pretend you don’t.”

I was just about to say something nasty when Jed stepped in again.

“Of course we want that delectable pussy, never said we didn’t,” he said smoothly, eyes hot. “But what do you mean? Where is this all going?”

And the brunette turned wide brown eyes to us then.

“I want to be with you,” she said, shaking her head. “Can’t you tell? Can’t you tell?” she repeatedly bitterly. “I’ve been locked up in that stupid conference room looking at documents, barely even going to class, barely even living because I want to be with you. So why are you locking me out? Why did you decide to put me on ice?”

I took a deep breath. This conversation was so tangled already, the air hot, tension sizzling, and I decided to be straight with her.

“Baby,” I said in a deep voice. “You think you want to be with us, but do you know what that means? You’d be with your brother in law, do you know how fucked up that is?”

She shook her head.

“Maybe Hannah got to you first, but she’s gone now, so it’s fine.”

I let out a choked growl.

“Sure she’s gone now, but that doesn’t make it better. This is a small town, baby, people talk. People will think you’re a horny slut, getting it on with your sister’s husband.”

“Ex-sister’s husband,” said Angie pointedly. “Ex.”

I groaned, sitting back.

“Only ex as in she’s in the grave,” I grunted morbidly. “Not ex as in she’s not your sister anymore.”

Angie looked about to say something, but Jed interrupted then.

“What Brian’s trying to say is that you’re young,” he said smoothly. “You think you know what you’re getting into, but trust me, you don’t. An affair with your brother in law? And his law partner? And the fact that Brian and I are into each other too? It’s a triple threat, way too much for a young girl to handle.”

Angie was quiet for a moment. I thought that maybe Jed had gotten across to her, that despite all the distractions, the boob show, the talk about her pussy, the electricity sizzling in the air, that maybe Angie had gotten into her head just exactly what we were concerned about.

And when she lifted her eyes, I saw it was true but in a completely different way.

“I know what you’re saying,” she acknowledged softly. “I know why you’d say that. I wasn’t exactly professional just now, whipping out my assets,” she said flushing a little. “But you can’t make that choice for me. The choice is mine, and if I decide that I’m okay with it, who are you to say otherwise?” she asked, shooting us a searching look.

Now this, I didn’t know how to reply. Because I’d never heard her say straight out she wanted it. I’d always thought that Angie was caught on the current, caught on a wave of lust and excitement with us, and because she’d been dragged along, I’d made all the decisions for her.

“So let me get this straight,” I said, voice low. “You want all this? You want people to know that you’re in a threesome with two men? Two men who drill each other, one of which used to be married to your sister?”

Slowly, the brunette nodded, eyes wide.

“Don’t make any choices for me Brian,” she replied softly. “Let me make my own please.”

But I couldn’t accept it. I couldn’t accept that I’d been so wrong.

“No,” I said flatly. “No fucking way. You have no idea what you’re talking about.”

But that’s when Jed leapt into action.

“I dunno about you mofo, but I just heard the girl say yes. I just heard Angie say she wants us, in no uncertain terms. And if you don’t want it, then maybe I do.”

I shot my lover a shocked glare. What the hell? Where the hell was Jed going with this? But the blonde man merely grunted again.

“Who says this has to be a threesome? Maybe Angie and I wanna go it by ourselves. Maybe you’re the one making this way more complicated than it has to be, and you know what? I’m not a complicated dude. So whaddya say Ange? Me and you, home on the range, just the two of us?”

The brunette looked just as shocked as me, that pink pout opening with no words, eyes astonished. But Jed merely nodded again.

“Like I said, baby girl, I appreciate those assets,” he rumbled, running a big finger down her cleavage, lightly dipping between those Double Ds. “If I can get ‘em all to myself, why not?”

And at that, I had it. This fucker was so fucking twisted, such a fucking asshole. In a second, I was standing before them and literally grabbing Angie out of his grasp.

“Don’t you fucking touch her,” I snarled. “Don’t you fucking touch her, you piece of shit.”

Jed didn’t move from where he sat.

“All I said, mofo, is that you don’t have to be a part of it if you don’t want. I’ll gladly take the goods,” he drawled.

But Angela had had enough of both of us by now.

“Shut up,” she said harshly. “Shut up.”

We turned to look at her, never expecting to hear cuss words from such a shapely mouth. It was a turn-on, but completely out of the blue. I'd always thought Angie was shy, a nubile teen who was finding her way in the world, but shit, was I wrong. Because she launched into an attack that blistered, making our ears burn and dicks pop.

"Both of you, shut up," she snapped again. "I'm so sick of hearing you guys talk about me like I'm not here, making decisions for me. I want this to be a threesome, get it? I want all of us part of it, not me and you, or me and him, or the two of you together. All of us, get it?"

Dumbly, we nodded.

"Not just that," she raged a little more. "But I'm totally prepared to handle the consequences. Sister's husband? Check. Law partner? Check. Two male lovers? Check check. I got it. I understand. I can manage. So why are we still talking?"

Total silence for a moment.

"I'm with you baby girl," drawled Jed from his corner. "I'm with you all the way."

She whirled on me then.

"What's your excuse, Brian?" she demanded. "What's your reason?"

"There are no excuses," I began slowly.

"You're filled with excuses," she snapped, hands on her hips. "Now out with it."

And this time, I was totally sincere. Holding up my hands, I offered peace.

"Angela," I began. "I don't want to screw up your life. *We* don't want to screw up your life," I said, throwing a meaningful look at my law partner. "Jed and I are grown men, we've had all sorts of accusations and death threats hurled at us. You think the criminals we defend are nice people? Hell no, but we've made a decision, we can handle it. We can handle what people say, that's our business. But can you?" I asked

searchingly. “Can you manage, baby? Because I promise you, it’s not easy.”

The brunette nodded furiously.

“I’ve been telling you all along that I can,” she said in a firm voice. “I can absolutely handle it.”

I shot her another long look.

“But honey, this is going to be far worse than you ever imagined,” I stated mildly. “You think the Courtside Club is bad? Try the entire town talking about you. Imagine all your friends shutting you down, gossiping and whispering about your ‘male lovers’ plural. Plus, they still haven’t found out about me and Jed. It’s gonna be a big fuckin’ pyre, honey, a huge bonfire of ashes.”

The girl was still for a moment, lip trembling, but then she nodded resolutely.

“I can do it,” she breathed, brown eyes wide yet determined. “I can do it.”

And even though I still had some doubts, I caved. Everything that I felt for her came rushing to the fore. Every feeling that I’d kept under wraps, hoping to stifle them, to deprive them of oxygen, came crashing like a tidal wave, and I gave into my deepest desires. Because I wanted to be in a threesome with Jed and Angie. I wanted both my lovers to be happy, I wanted the three of us to share, to taste, to cherish, and Angie was telling me that she was ready. No, more than ready, she was ready to jump head first into the flames.

“One more time, baby girl,” I ground out. “Now or never.”

And without any hesitation, the brunette answered, rushing into my arms.

“Now,” she murmured, breath hot on my throat. “With you, Brian and Jed, I’ll always choose now. There is no never for us.”

And that was absolutely the right answer. Because Angie, Jed and I are a trio. We were birthed in the flame of pain, by the horrific actions of her sister, christened by Hannah’s death. But what’s done is done, and what

burst forth from the fire was so much more. Because we found each other, Jed and I finally expressed the feelings we had for one another, and the emotions we have towards Angie? They're absolutely real, one hundred percent sincere. So although I still have some reservations, they're of the past now. I have a beautiful, willing teen on my hands who's only affirmed again and again that she wants us both, that she's ready to take us both. And who am I to say no? Who am I to judge? I'm only one man, but with Jed and Angie by my side, I'll be able to do anything that we set our minds to.

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EPILOGUE

Angie

I giggled lightly, slowly raising my leg.

“So I guess that thing about only doing virgins wasn’t true, was it?” I teased. “Not true at all, hmmm?”

Because at this very moment, I was lying nude on the bed as both men went at my pussy, Brian in back tonguing my asshole as Jed lapped hungrily at my honey pot.

“Mmm,” I murmured. “Doesn’t seem like you guys are hung up on the virgin thing at all.”

Both men chuckled hungrily below me.

“Naw honey, you already gave us your V-card,” grunted Brian, pushing his tongue up my butt and making me squeal. “Both Jed and I got a piece of that.”

His partner just hummed between my legs, blowing air on my clit before nipping the hard nub with his lips.

“We got that red seal, oh yeah,” Jed rumbled. “I’ll never forget looking down at my dick and seeing it.”

And I sighed, throwing my head back, eyes drifting shut. Because I’ll never forget losing my virginity to my two lovers, it was absolutely unforgettable. And the road we’ve run since then, oh god. Has it been smooth? No. Has it been easy? Hell, no. But has it been worth it? Yes, absolutely.

Because Jed, Brian and I are out in the open now. We don’t hesitate to shout out our love, we’re absolutely a trio. So yeah, we have dinner together in restaurants, we go to the movies as a threesome. And people talk, they absolutely do, shooting us horrified looks behind their hands.

“Holy shit, isn’t that …?” came the shocked gasps. “What the hell?”

“What a slut!” came one squeal. “That’s her sister’s husband!”

“And the two guys are together too, right? Or am I reading this wrong?”

Because Jed and Brian are open about their love too. They’re alpha males and not shy about their physicality and masculinity. So yeah, when they’re around each other, the air heats up to a hundred degrees, it’s impossible for anyone not to feel. And when I’m with them, it’s at two hundred, that’s how steamy our trio is.

In the beginning, it was uncomfortable for sure. My cheeks would flame, nipples going hard with excitement and terror at all the gossip around us. But after a while, I got used to it.

“You ready, big guy?” I whispered as the lights dimmed in the theater. “You ready?”

Of course, there were patrons on either side of us, adults gathered to watch the latest hit from a major studio. But Jed, Brian and I like having our own fun at the movies, and my hands were already in their laps. That’s right under the cover of darkness, I was gonna do two thorough jobs, stroking those pulsing members until they erupted, until my sweet fists were covered with their hot, virile cum.

And both men looked at me with gleams in their eyes.

“You bet your bottom, we’re ready,” rumbled Jed with a dark promise in that look.

“You bet your bottom dollar, we’re ready,” echoed Brian, body already hard and on edge.

And now, after the movie, we were back at the house just getting to the hot part of our love sessions. Because our encounters are steamy, thorough, and crazy good, beyond what I’d ever imagined. Having two men who don’t hold back is astonishing, blowing my mind in every way, and at the moment, Brian and Jed were getting ready for the line-up. As I moaned and squealed, Jed penetrated me from the back. Oh yeah, that throbbing cock found my hot hole and pushed in ever so slightly, making me whine with desire.

“More Daddy,” I panted. “Deeper, deeper!”

Jed grunted in my ear.

"It'll go deeper as soon as I get some help," he rumbled, biting my neck slightly. "Soon, baby, soon, it'll go deeper."

I knew what he was waiting for because the big blonde shuddered then, a throaty growl escaping from his throat. "Unnh," he moaned.

"That's it," grunted Brian. "Take my dick, that's it."

Because Brian, Jed and I are lined up on our sides in a chain, with Brian's dick in Jed's ass as Jed fucks my pussy. It's like a daisy chain, a daisy chain of fucking, and it's dirty, it's hot, and it feels so good. Because when Jed pounds into my pussy, it's got added push behind it, it's got the momentum of Brian's hard dicking behind Jed's stiff cock. So I moaned again as we rocked, getting pummeled by my lovers' cocks. At the moment, I only had Jed in me, but I knew Brian would soon come to make me whole, he never forgoes an opportunity to be in my body.

And I love them both. Sure, things weren't so smooth with Brian at first. He couldn't get over the fact that I was more than his wife's little sister, that I was more than a teen naif, saying anything to be with them. He had a hard time accepting that I know myself, that I can think and act for myself, and that I'm old enough to understand what the consequences are.

But with Jed's help, we've made it. Our third lover, surprisingly, has turned out to be incredibly soothing, reassuring and even-keeled. Although the blonde Viking looks like a marauder, and can be given the right circumstances, in this case he was a steady presence, always on my side, always reassuring Brian that the three of us are in it together.

So yeah, here we are. The town talks, for sure. People gossip, for sure. Even a night out at the movies catches us a lot of flak, for good reason. But does it matter? In some ways, yes. My sister's death is still fresh in their minds, and the fact that Jed and Brian have come out as bisexual is such a stunning revelation that people are left reeling. But I'm not so sure that it'll make a difference in the long run because memories tend to run short, it's the human way. Plus, it helps that Jed and Brian are the best attorneys for miles around. Never makes sense to be on the wrong side of the big dogs, right?

So yeah, for now we're good. I'm in a threesome with my sister's husband and his law partner, and although it made eyebrows raise at first, I'm sure the salacious aspect will pass. Because we were meant to be together, and despite the fact that the relationship got its jumpstart from my sister's death, still, there is a silver lining to every bad event. And with life, as with all things, it's important to move on. So I've decided to count my blessings, and with Brian and Jed, I've got double the luck and then some.

THE END

LIKED WHAT YOU READ?

Watch Jed, Brian and Angie go at it again in *Fucking Her With a Dildo On Top of the Washing Machine* when you subscribe to my newsletter at http://eepurl.com/cgt2DD.

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NOTE FROM CASSIE

Hi! Thanks so much for reading *Double Exposure*. I hoped you enjoyed it, it was my first foray into bisexual MMF.

As a special treat, I've included three bonus books for your reading pleasure. Don't miss the Sterling Brothers, they're some hot bad boys that can't get enough of their women … and sometimes their men.

Love,

Cassie

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ALSO BY CASSANDRA DEE

Standalones

Beg Me: Sold To My Dad's Boss

Daddy's Pretty Baby

Loving the Babysitter

Temptation: Loving My Ward

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Scandal

A Sterling Brothers Romance

(Erotic Romance, PI, Twincest)

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Want to hear about my newest illicit romance? Addicted to virgins and alpha males? Join my mailing list at http://eepurl.com/cgt2DD and get a FREE BOOK unavailable elsewhere!

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A SNEAK PEEK

Taking advantage of my distraction, Caleb inserted a digit into my behind, my dark star resisting the foreign object. I could feel my stepbrothers' hands moving in and out, one in my cunt, the other in my ass and I moaned heavily, breathing hard, still bent over, the two men tending to me, priming me for the big time.

Because it was here. With Caden finger-fucking my vag, Caleb straightened behind me and lined his dick up with my anus.

"Oh god, no!" I gasped, turning to look at him with wide eyes. I've had sex, but not anal, and I couldn't, I just couldn't do that ten-inch dong.

But he must have encountered resistance from women before.

"No worries, baby girl," he growled, fingering my ass one last time before pushing that nasty finger into my mouth. ***"Dirty girls like you were made for this."***

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CHAPTER ONE

Karina

It was embarrassing. I was in Vegas for my best friend's bachelorette party and she'd told me we were going to a Celine Dion concert. In fact, my mom had given me three hundred dollars for the ticket and the money was burning a hole in my pocket.

But actually, Vera had planned something completely different. Instead of the talented Celine, we were going to a strip club.

"Vera, I don't know," I said hesitantly. "I mean, didn't some of the girls pre-pay already? They'll be out a ton of cash."

"Karina seriously," harrumphed Vera. "You can be such a stick in the mud sometimes. The whole Celine Dion thing was a cover-up. No one wanted to see her, she's for, like, couples on their silver anniversaries. We," she added with a lascivious smile, "are headed to Lucky Paradise Two."

What? What kind of strip club was called Lucky Paradise Two? Was there a Lucky Paradise One somewhere? But I just shook my head. I wasn't the bachelorette and it wasn't up to me to call the shots. Fine, I figured. One night wouldn't hurt and I'd get to see some amazing male bodies up close. With a couple of shots, everything would be okay.

"Drink up girlies!" shrieked Vera, prancing around the hotel suite. "It's time to have a good time y'all!"

And I downed the tequila, the alcohol burning my throat. Oh god, that was awful but liquid courage was needed. With another gasp, I reached for a second shot, thinking only of hard, male bodies, gyrating, pulsing, dancing under multi-colored strobe lights. After all, what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas, right?

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CHAPTER TWO

Karina

The cold night air seemed to knock sobriety back into me. Damnit! I wanted to be tipsy and relaxed, perfect for a night of ogling male bodies. Truth be told, this was exactly what I needed, Celine be damned.

It's not that I've never seen naked men, it's just that I don't have a whole lot of experience you know? There are other girls at school who've done busloads of dudes, but the ones that I meet are never compelling. They're more like skinny string beans interested in playing computer games, *Dungeons and Dragons*, or whatever it is they do.

I'd been at a coffee shop with my boyfriend Danny just last week. It was close to the NYU campus but there was no one around and if you've ever been in a New York coffee shop, you know no one is looking at you. People are too absorbed in whatever they're doing, writing their latest magnum opus, working on their thesis, or just chilling out.

So I'd wanted to experiment a little, maybe push the boundaries a tiny bit. Beneath the table I slipped off my shoe and ran my toes up and down Danny's ankle.

"Hey," I cooed. "What are you reading?"

He looked up from his textbook.

"Just something on insects," he mumbled, looking back down quickly. Danny was studying to be an entomologist.

"Any insects I know of?" I cooed again, rubbing his ankle with my socked foot.

Danny gave me an annoyed look and set his highlighter down.

"Karina, for your information I was studying the praying mantis. Did you know that females eat males after mating?" he asked. "Yeah, that's right," he continued dryly. "Women out there are vipers, I wouldn't expect you to understand."

My cheeks colored. Where was this coming from? I was just trying to engage in some lighthearted banter and he was accusing me of being a man-eating viper?

"Karina," he sighed. "You know how New York is. There are five women for every guy, women here are incredibly aggressive. You don't need to act like everyone else, you know," he said disdainfully.

Now my cheeks had colored. Was flirting with your boyfriend a crime now?

"I'm not sure what you mean," I said slowly. "I was just trying to show interest in your work. I mean, our majors don't exactly overlap."

"Well don't," he said huffily, slamming his book shut. "It's just coming off as desperate and cheap. Listen, I gotta run, class starts in twenty minutes. Pick this up for me?" he asked, nodding at the coffee.

And I agreed numbly as he packed his bag and took off, hoodie up against the wind.

But I was brought to my senses a mere week later. Danny had been working late at the lab doing who knows what the past week, so I'd figured I'd make a midnight run and deliver some snacks, the poor guy was working so hard.

The building was dark and I clutched the tin of brownies tightly across my chest. God, I hated walking around Manhattan at night despite the fact that the university had stationed sentries everywhere.

With a sigh of relief, I let myself into the biology building. Okay, he'd said his lab was on the fourth floor. The thought of encountering cages of creepy crawlies was disgusting but I'd brave it – for the right guy.

Slowly, I made my way down the hallway. Sure enough, at the end of the polished floor was a rectangle of light. I could hear light music playing and some human voices. I picked up the pace. The sooner I was done the better!

But as I got closer, I realized the voices weren't exactly talking … it was more like moaning. Moans of "Do it, do me, yeah deeper," and shit like that. What the hell?

I tiptoed closer and got the shock of my life. Right there, on the lab table with cages of spiders around them, were Danny and his TA Kendra. Kendra was lying back on the polished metal surface, nude except for a pair of red stilettos, her head thrown back, her face a mask of ecstasy as she moaned.

Danny didn't even notice my shadow at the door, a lascivious smile on his face. He had a handkerchief in his hands and was running the filmy material up and down over Kendra's bare pussy. The girl twisted underneath him, holding herself open so that he could tease her clit, drenching that wet material with loads of pussy cream.

I gasped but managed to swallow the sound. Danny chuckled deeply, his attention still completely focused on the woman before him and reached for a wand-type object nearby. Oh my god, wasn't that the thing they used to herd insects into glass jars? It had little pincers at the end, probably to grab particularly stubborn worms.

With a low chuckle, he traced it over Kendra's pussy and then snapped the pincers onto her clit.

"Aieee!" she screamed. "Fuck! Fuck!" she squealed, her cunny twitching. I could literally see her little clit throb, growing red and inflamed under the pincers. But Danny didn't release, instead keeping them locked on that hard nub.

With a nasty look, Danny grabbed another wand and with his left hand and ran it deep into the girl's pussy with a vicious thrust. She almost convulsed with pleasure, her clit stimulated by the tool in his right hand, her cunt fucked hard with the tool in his left.

My so-called boyfriend was completely aroused this entire time, his prick standing up from his hips, dripping with cum as he tortured his entomology TA, Kendra twisting and panting beneath him. Plus, in some sick fantasy foreplay, he was wearing a white lab coat, a pair of goggles pushed up his forehead.

At this point, I could hold back no longer.

"What the fuck!" I shrieked, my hands flying to my cheeks. "What the fuck?"

He looked up in a flash, Kendra was still too immersed in pleasure, her eyes closed, body convulsing with waves to even notice I was there.

“Karina,” he gasped, his dick twitching. “What are you doing here?” he managed, twisting Kendra’s clit even as he spoke to me.

“Stop!” I screeched.

“Shut up,” he hissed. “Just leave okay? There could be other people on this floor, plus,” he dropped his voice to a nasty whisper, “I told you not to butt in. You’re seriously getting desperate and unattractive, now scram,” he ground out.

Without making a sound, I backed away from the open door, the brownies dropping to the ground. There was clearly no one in the building, Danny just didn’t want to be disturbed as he earned his latest “A.” I was sure he’d get an A+ given that Kendra never even noticed my appearance.

Muffling sobs, I ran to the elevator, hot tears streaming down my cheeks. I was humiliated but at the same time so very, very angry. I mean, really? I remembered how just a week ago he’d called me “desperate” for my harmless flirting, and now here he was engaged in some kind of insect-based sex with his instructor. I wasn’t the messed-up one, it was him!

And so it was with a blast of anticipation that I stepped into the strip club. I was momentarily overcome by darkness, blinking as my eyes adjusted. But Vera was right, I could use some loosening up after the humiliation I’d endured and ogling some hard, oiled male bodies was just the cure.

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CHAPTER THREE

Caden

I saw her the minute she walked in. She was shy but looking around wide-eyed, trying to get her bearings the dark. There were about ten girls, your usual bachelorette squad, more than a little drunk off their asses. As I watched, the girl in charge, obviously the bachelorette, whipped out a decanter from her purse, took a swig, and yelled “Yee-haw!” leading the way to the center circle.

My brother Caleb was dancing at the moment in a real banana hammock, the material stretchy and golden. He smiled at the girls, his moves flawless, showing off his pecs, abs and thighs as the girls flocked in a circle around him, oohing and ahing, not a few furiously digging into their purses for bills.

And what can I say? My twin is sculpted, we work for these bods and aren’t afraid to use them.

We’re just here for a weekend on a whim, it’s not like we need to dance for money – we’re fucking billionaires, more used to having girls dance for us. But sometimes it’s nice to turn the tables and be the object of lust for our bodies, instead of our wealth.

So Caleb ground and twisted, much to the delight of the women, and dropped to his heels, giving them a good look at those glutes before straightening again. I knew that more was coming though. He stood up and bent over, tensing his buttocks for the women to ogle. Not a few reached hands forward to touch, mouths gaping, although he skirted away just in time.

Here’s where it gets kinky. I snapped my blue banana hammock on and joined Caleb in the golden circle of light. Moving seamlessly, we began dancing in sync, grinding our hips, letting our huge bulges take the spotlight, running fingers under the elastic of our hammocks, pulling the material aside fleetingly to tantalize with a glimpse of balls and maybe even a little cock. Shit, the tip of my cock was poking out of my waistband, it

was so hard, and I could see the outline of Caleb's dick wrapped around his waist, a snake in a blanket.

The girl with the auburn hair looked on with shock, her eyes wide as she downed mouthful after mouthful of alcohol. Management should have ripped that decanter from her hand, outside alcohol wasn't allowed, but hey, that shit builds courage right?

But at the same time, I had an odd urge to touch her, to make the color blaze in her cheeks and I could tell my twin had seen her too. Getting ready for our finale, we faced each other, not touching, hips gyrating with wide smiles as the girls cheered.

Slowly we ground our cocks closer and closer, inching forward little by little, the girls gasping, not a few fondling themselves, their eyes wide as they took in the show.

Finally, our groins touched, the gold fabric and the blue, our penises rubbing through the cloth. Yeah, that's right. My twin and I were grinding on each other, and let me tell you, based on the female screams all around, it was the hottest shit any of them had seen … ever.

Meanwhile, the cute girl had finished whatever she was drinking and was now watching us with pure lust, undisguised, hungry and desperate. I could see that her hand had trailed down her pussy and she was fingering herself under the cocktail dress, her movements sharp and jerky. With a slight nod of my head, I gestured to the pit boss and he made his way over to the girl, whispering quietly in her ear.

Her eyes grew wide but she nodded and reached into her purse for some cash, handing it over wordlessly. Bingo! With one last smile, I made a thrusting movement with my hips, my twin doing the same and then disengaged. We'd just secured another engagement … in the back room.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Karina

I don't know what I'm doing. The money my mom gave me for the Celine Dion concert, all three hundred, was now in the hands of that management dude, the one in the dark suit. I'd been watching the male strippers on stage raptly, the ones who were identical twins with bodies to die for.

I'd almost died myself when I saw what they were doing. The men were grinding their dicks on each other, the bulges massive and compelling, smiling all the while, white teeth flashing, and I could swear the smiles were meant for me.

"You're so full of it," I screamed at myself. "It's all smoke and mirrors, you're just desperate that Danny was fucking his TA while you were doing nothing, getting nowhere," I cried internally. But I couldn't help it. The haze of the alcohol and resultant buzz were clouding my judgment. I wanted to fuck those twins, forget everything else, feel my body sandwiched between those hard male abs, feel those dicks invade me, in and out, in and out.

So when the pit boss came up and whispered in my ear, I'd silently nodded. Evidently I could get some "alone time" with these dudes for three hundred dollars. Imagine that. Exactly what I'd had for Celine Dion was now going to these male strippers.

But it was going to be worth it. I looked around in the back room. It was a small space, sure, with a velvet couch, a mirror on the wall, and a tiny bar. Perfect! I opened the mini-fridge and managed another sip of Jack Daniels when the door creaked open.

Oh god, they were here. Both men, smiling identical smiles, still dressed in those tiny, glittery outfits. Normally, speedos are lame but when they're adorning the godliest physiques you've ever seen … shit that tiny piece of fabric was suddenly covering too much.

I wasn't sure exactly how to start but they stepped in smoothly.

“Hey,” said one. “I’m John, this is Jonah. We’re brothers,” he smiled wickedly, noting the obvious.

Oh yeah. I could see that. Identical twins actually, with dark, almost black hair, bluish lights coming out under the dim lamps, and dark eyes too. Hmm, maybe blue eyes but I was having a hard time focusing, the room growing hot, my body hard yet soft at once.

And it was because John had already lit the first match. Casually, without letting go of my gaze, he pulled the material of his banana hammock to the side, letting his dick spring free, the material casually hooked around his balls, which, I must add, were like two huge sacks, pendulous and yummy.

“Sorry honey,” he said smoothly, never taking his eyes from mine. “It was just getting so hot and uncomfortable, you know what I mean?”

I nodded silently and watched with my mouth open as he took his massive pole in one hand and gave it a few good, firm strokes, his head tipped back, eyes closed with pleasure, showing off that thick throat and heavily muscled pecs.

“Ahh,” he moaned, clearly enjoying himself. Snapping his eyes open, he looked at me with a twinkle. “Thanks for that commercial break,” he said silkily, his hand still on his dick. “Is there something we can do for you?”

I wanted to scream “Fuck me! Take me all ways! Make me yours!” But my mouth just remained open as I nodded slightly, still feasting on those male forms.

“John you fucking prick,” said his brother. “The lady wants the full treatment … she’s already paid for it,” he added lasciviously. “Let’s give it to her.”

“Hmm, yeah,” agreed his brother, still stroking his dick. “We’re gonna dance, and then you’re going to dance with us. Just sit down little girl … and enjoy,” he grinned at me, a nasty twinkle in his eye.

I dropped obediently to the couch, hungry, already turned up to a thirteen on a scale of one to ten. My dress at this point was bunched up right at my pussy and I was shamelessly touching myself, running my

fingers up and down my thong, letting the boys see the drenched fabric, the outline of my labia clear against the flimsy material.

“Ahh, I see she’s going to be an excellent audience,” remarked one brother.

“I can smell her already,” ground out the other, and it was true. The scent of my cream, my female essence, was strong, dousing us in the sex to come.

But the men were here to put on a show and they weren’t going to disappoint. Slowly, oh so slowly, they gyrated before me, their bodies a mix of hard muscle, sinew and oiled skin. Smiling the entire time, they continued the act they’d started outside – grinding their crotches against each other, letting their bulges rub except this time, John actually had his dick out and there was only one strip of glittery fabric between the two cocks.

“Let it out,” I whispered, nodding to Jonah. “Let it out!” I commanded louder, not sure he heard.

With a lascivious grin, he too pulled the glittery fabric aside and now it was two cocks, two spears dancing, the tips wet, the poles massive and throbbing as they ground against each other.

I watched, rapt, as Jonah formed a tunnel with his hands, grabbing both dicks at once while the men began to rock forwards and back, those veiny lengths caressing each other, the friction tantalizing, pounding, rubbing, grinding. Their dicks were so long that the heads went all the way past one another to the other’s balls before retreating, their hips moving in a practiced, rhythmic pulse.

But I wanted more. “Fuck each other,” I whispered. “I want to see it.”

And one thing about having paid money is that dollar bills talk. Without any hesitation, John turned around so that his ass faced his brother. Bending over, he stretched and moaned, his brother fingering that dark star, pushing a digit into his anus to stretch, tease and tantalize.

“Help us?” Jonah asked wickedly. I knew exactly what they wanted. In a flash I was on my knees next to them, my pink tongue

questing, reaching out to taste the domineering dick. I sucked it, rubbed my tongue up and down that veiny length, almost crying at its size and girth, wanting to see it used, pummeling John's tight butt.

And Jonah obliged. Backing his brother up, he aimed for that hole and began pushing the massive head in. From my ringside seat, I could see John straining, his face tightening in pain as his anus was penetrated. I watched with rapt eyes as the big man's sphincter stretched, little by little, his face a rictus of ecstasy and agony as his brother pressed insistently into his hole, my spit the only lube, turning that dick glossy and slick.

With an audible pop, Jonah was in, his dick buried a few inches in his twin's GI tract. Both men roared, Jonah in anticipation, John in pain and pleasure. With a grunt, Jonah thrust forward and this time, his dick must have pushed at least three inches into his brother's rectum, although nowhere near the ten inches needed to fully take that member.

With growls of agony, full-force fucking began, one doing the other from the back, me kneeling next to them, my cunny streaming with fluid, my breasts heavy as I tweaked my nipples, stroked my puss, shamelessly working myself to orgasm.

Wanting to be involved, I knelt below John and sucked his balls into my mouth, giving a few hard licks to his penis in between.

John gasped. "That's it little girl, suck me, fuck me," he grunted as his brother dominated him from behind. And reader, it was the most depraved thing ever. I enveloped his dick in my mouth as the pounding went on in the back and with simultaneous cries, both men came, Jonah into his brother's ass, John into my mouth, the hot white coating my throat, thick, salty and sweet, the best milkshake I'd ever had.

As the men relaxed from their fuck session, I slowly pulled off John's dick, letting that hard length trail from my ruby lips. I licked a bit, a stream of semen connecting the tip of his dick to my mouth still, and savored it. I'd gotten head-fucked so hard that my eyes were watering, seeing stars, but I hadn't had an orgasm yet.

Leaning back on my knees, my clothes in disarray, a Double D boob poking out with my snatch still steaming, I asked sweetly, "Is there any cum

left for me?”

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CHAPTER FIVE

Caleb

Oh, fuck, the little girl had been delicious. We'd been moonlighting as strippers, it's something my twin and I do sometimes for fun. It's an amoral, anonymous weekend for all, no harm done.

And it's not like anyone knows about it. Caden and I live in SF, Chief Tech Officer and Chief Finance Officer at Sterling Pharma. Meanwhile the clubs we work are in Vegas, five hours away and far removed from our day to day lives, so it's unlikely we'd encounter someone we know. No one in our crowd goes to Lucky Paradise Two, they're more into the high class joints like Whistles and Scores.

Besides, low profile is our style. Yeah, Sterling Pharma's IPO made us rich as shit but my brother and I prefer to stay out of the limelight because of our fetish. Twinsex. Twincest. Yeah, that's it. Our style isn't exactly appreciated or understood by the general public, so Caden and I avoid publicity, happy to let our brothers Jake and Matt take the heat.

I guess you could say it started when we were twelve. Caden and I always shared a room and the world was becoming too small. Adolescence had struck us full force and suddenly we were inundated with thoughts of titties, dicks, balls, pussies, you name it. Hormones 101 run amok, unable to concentrate or focus on anything but the next orgasm.

One night, we'd looked at each other before snapping off the light, and I wasn't surprised to feel my brother crawl into bed with me after five minutes of darkness.

"Caleb?" came his whisper.

"Yeah," I answered throatily. And no more was needed.

I felt his mouth on my dick and fuck, it was amazing, the slick wetness, the hot cavern doing things to my body I'd never been able to do to myself. After sucking me off, Caden went back to his bed, but we were far from done. The next night I crawled onto his mattress and we began a

round of exploration, sucking each other off, sixty-nining, tasting each other's balls, all that kind of stuff.

I can't remember the first time we had full-on sex, but it was during our parents' divorce. They'd made the announcement and then doubled the whammy by informing us that Jake and Cade were moving to SF with Dad, leaving me and Matt in Wyoming with Mom.

Of course, my brother and I were devastated but we behaved like we thought real men should. There were no tears, no recriminations, no begging or pleading. Instead, we decided to step it up in our private lives before the separation.

I'd bought some condoms earlier that week although I'd never had sex before. More like I wanted to seem normal when my friends and I were joshing around at the local bodega, shoplifting shit, buying beer on the sly.

"You think you need Magnums?" one of my friends had asked with a nasty grin.

"Oh yeah," I boasted. "I'm taking Marie Mathison out this weekend, we'll be using them for sure."

The fact was, I was taking Marie to the movies on Friday and we probably would get down. I wasn't sure that a fifteen year old was going to let me bone her, but at the very least I should get some deep finger fucking in, maybe some camel-toe courtesy of her wet pussy.

And it had gone down beautifully. At this point, Cade and I were already six feet tall, maybe not filled out all the way but certainly handsome juvenile males. Marie was more than willing, hooking her panties to the side as soon as the theater darkened and reaching for my hand.

"Stroke me?" she said coyly.

Yes, please. I ran my fingers up and down that snatch during the opening credits, savoring that puffy, wet flesh, and by the first scene, Marie was already moaning breathily, stuffing a fist into her mouth to muffle her cries.

I turned up the heat by strumming and rubbing her clit during a particularly dramatic interlude and Marie let one go, her convulsions arcing

her back, the girl sliding down from her seat in a spineless heap on the floor, panting and gasping.

But that's when I handed over the reins. Marie wormed her way up my body between my thighs and lo and behold, the little slut had taken off all her clothes. Not just her panties but every single item of clothing, one hundred percent slippery, butt naked teen girl in my hands. Clearly overwhelmed, my dick punched to attention, ramrod straight, eager to find the hole of heaven.

Needless to say, Marie fucked me hard in the back of the theater, any pretense of watching the movie long gone. She rode my dick for all it was worth, popping my cherry and leaving me panting and covered with juices, totally sated, my clothes a wreck when I got home.

Thankfully the house was dark but Cade was still up when I entered our room.

One eyebrow arched. "Good time?" was all he said, noting the stain on my jeans, dried and crusty, probably a pool of dried cum.

"Yeah," I barked harshly. "Real good."

I snapped off the light to get into bed and not five minutes later, Cade was lying with me, his arms circling my waist.

"I found the condoms you bought," he said in a low voice. "Who were they for?"

I sighed. "No one. It was just … I dunno, I wanted to buy them, that's all," I shrugged.

"You know Mom and I are leaving next week," he said darkly, his lips brushing my cheek oh so softly.

I sighed again. "I know brother, I know."

"Then I want you to use that condom on me," he finished, reaching for my dick.

And reader, it was heaven and hell at once. I'd just finished fucking a girl and yet it felt so right, so natural, to fuck my brother next. Cade was in charge the whole time, running his hands up and down my chest, squeezing my balls, fitting that condom on my massive member. I wasn't

even sure how to fuck a guy, but Cade must have done some research on the web. He lay on his stomach, lifting his ass in the air oh so slightly, and gestured for me to cover him.

"Get on top," he whispered, guiding my dick to his hole. "Be gentle."

And reader, I tried to be gentle, I really did, I wanted to do right by my twin during our first full-on sex session. But goddamn, a guy's butt can be so tight, so musty and raw contrasted with a woman's wet pussy and I just lost it. I fucked that butthole like it was the only anus I'd ever taste, letting my prick pound and grind again and again, bouncing my balls against Cade's ass with every stroke, riding him like a fucking mechanical bull.

And he loved it. His eyes were screwed up in pleasure and pain, the moaning frantic even as he tried to bury his face in the pillow.

"Caleb, Caleb, Caleb," he groaned again and again, and reader, there was never such music to my ears. It pushed me over the edge and I spewed hotly into my twin's body, sating myself, the dry walls of his ass squeezing me tight, clenching as my pole shook and spurted deep inside. It was the hottest, most illicit fuck I'd ever had, probably ever would have.

So needless to say, Cade and I fucked like rabbits during the remaining week we had together. I'm not sure if anyone noticed but probably not given all the tumult with the divorce, moving plans, etc. In fact, I think our family was relieved we stayed in the wings, only speaking when it would seem weird not to. I guess they figured as twins, we were able to calm one another down, be each other's best friends and all that shit.

When I moved to SF as part of the internet boom a couple years later, I wasn't sure what to expect to be honest. I mean, my brother and I had kept in touch, but we'd gone to different schools, exploring our interests, becoming men in the process.

I'd certainly fucked a lot of women in the intervening years, that was sure. I'd left my gay tendencies behind and had buried my dick into a lot of willing, hot pussy, those warm folds embracing me, bringing me to heaven again and again.

So when my brother and I reunited, I was uncertain … even nervous. I'd dropped out of school to help Jake and Matt with their start-up and Caleb had done the same, he in a finance position, me as the technical whiz.

We hadn't acknowledged the attraction at first, we were so busy working 24/7, trying to launch this Sterling Pharma. But surrounded by a scrum of testosterone, all twenty-something workaholic guys, it was inevitable that we took up our old ways.

During one particularly long night, I fell asleep at my desk, the lights of the monitors casting a dim glow in the otherwise dark office. Fuck, it was probably five a.m. by then, I'd been going all night on Red Bull and adrenaline. My body had given up, and I looked like a junkie, messed-up, hair askew, collapsed in my ergonomic chair.

And that was when I felt the hand on my cock.

"What the?" I grunted, startling awake. But it was only Cade, his face half hidden in the shadows, himself a mess of long hours and punishing work schedule.

"I need to suck some, okay?" he whispered, and without any ado, pulled my cock out and began tonguing it.

Reader, it felt so fucking good. It'd been so long since my dick had been in someone's mouth, that warm wetness the focus of all sensation, my balls rising quickly, tensing I needed to come so bad.

With a wild cry, I spurted in his mouth, letting my cream flow, fucking hard against his soft palate as he squeezed my testicles, making sure I emptied every drop between his hungry, questing lips, draining me dry as I spurted every last ounce of protein down his throat.

And when it was over, he gave me a secret smile and licked his lips. "Use me," he whispered. "Use my body."

And that's all it took to take up where we'd left off. It was a storm of fucking, exploring each other's bodies, drinking sperm, shooting it up into each other's anuses. We weren't rich at the time and so it made sense to share an apartment, to split living costs as we got Sterling Pharma off the ground. And the nightly fucking – god, I don't think Sterling would have

made it without the regular stress relief my twin and I engaged in during off hours, sucking each other's dicks and drinking cum.

And even after the IPO, nothing changed, not really. Sure, we moved into a bigger apartment but as two bachelors, no one questioned the living arrangement. So we fucked and fucked and fucked, living our illicit life, occasionally going down to Vegas to strip, enjoying pussy every now and then as testament to our bisexuality.

That is, until we saw the girl again.

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CHAPTER SIX

Karina

"Mom, no!" I gasped. "I can't wear that."

"Why not?" she begged. "It's cute and I want you looking extra-nice at dinner with my fiancé and his sons."

"Ma, no," I said, shaking my head at the glittery mini-dress. "It's not me." My style is hardly prudish, but the mini-dress … it was silver lamé, strapless, and short. Like ridiculously short, like I'd need to keep my napkin in my lap the whole time type of short.

"Karina, please honey, for me," my mom begged. "You know what Jenna's like, I've got to make amends to my fiancé and his family."

I sighed. My older sister Jenna, and the trouble she caused. We were headed to a meet and greet with Harold and his boys, but this wasn't the Brady bunch gathering. I guess a couple months back they'd had some kerfuffle, something about my older sister Jenna dating his son Jake, but then the whole thing blew up when Jake decided to marry my other sister Tina. It was complicated and frankly, I didn't want to know more, it was bound to be bad news.

But I knew what my mom was saying. Jenna's a piece of work, someone who does whatever she wants with men and the whole piece of business had been nasty. I knew my mom wanted to present her more approachable daughters at this point.

So it was my turn. I'd flown out from NYU to attend the dinner, making sure to pack a nice dress, but I was thinking modest navy-blue sheath, not a fucking disco ball turned handkerchief!

Just to make things easier, I acquiesced. I knew Jenna was going to be there and would probably act out unless there was another pretty girl in the room, some competition for her. Because I'm nice-looking, I know. Not the Barbie that my sister is, but definitely attractive. I'm rounder, curvy, with auburn hair, green eyes and a sweet smile. Lots of people call me "Karina the Angel" because of my innocent look.

But fuck … after that night in Vegas, I've been thinking of nothing else but those twins. Going back to NYU had been a let down, to say the least. The entire plane ride back I'd been in a daze, my mind filled with visuals of cocks rubbing each other, cream spurting from an inflamed crown, catching that cum on my lips.

I'd never witnessed gay sex but I wanted some of it … just with a more participatory role, you know what I mean? And god, those twins, I was basically obsessed. I'd already called the club for their contact information but I guess that kind of info is kept private. They'd rebuffed me, saying it was "for the protection of their dancers." Yeah, right! Each twin had at least a hundred pounds on me and please, there were two of them and only one of me. More like it was for my protection.

So my head in the clouds, I walked into the dining room at Slanted Plate. Yep, there was Jenna, I could catch the gleaming blonde of her hair even from a mile away, and wouldn't you know, she looked perfectly polite and nice, chatting with a silver haired gentleman who could be none other than Harold Sterling.

"Harold honey," cooed my mom, "Meet my other daughter Karina."

"Hi," I smiled politely, shaking his hand.

"Don't give me that," he growled, standing up to give me a hug. "We'll be family soon. Ah … my boys are here."

I turned to look reflexively figuring that it'd be some nerds from the Bay Area. I mean Silicon Valley isn't exactly known for its hot guys, it's known for dweebs who weigh about eighty pounds with bad haircuts and pocket calculators.

But I got the shock of my life when I saw the twin strippers from the Lucky Paradise Club. What the fuck? What were they doing at the Slanted Plate?

As if in a trance, I watched as they walked towards us, their forms magnificent, looking oddly businesslike in suit jackets, blue eyes penetrating. But I couldn't forget – I'd seen those dicks hard and in action and my eyes went immediately to their bulges. Oh god, I could the shape of

a penis trailing down the left leg of one, the bulge running halfway down his thigh. I made myself look away from the other.

"Hi," I stammered, flushing hotly.

The two men's faces were like masks.

"Hi," said one smoothly. "I'm Caleb and this is Cade, nice meeting you."

Pleasantries commenced and we sat down to dinner but I couldn't taste a thing. My sister Jenna, however, was in prime diva mode, sending her entrée back, embarrassing us by tasting the wine suggested by the sommelier and then spitting it out into an empty cup, saying that it must have been the wrong vintage.

I could tell the twins were disgusted and were just as happy as I when dinner ended.

"Nice to meet you," I said demurely, looking up at them through my lashes.

And Cade gave me his first real smile the whole night.

"Yeah little sis," he growled deep in his throat. "Nice to meet you too. Where are you headed now?"

"Um, I'm not sure," I replied, turning to Mary. "Mom did you want to grab a drink or anything? I don't know SF well so I was just going to see where you and Harold were headed."

"Oh no honey, you young people go head," she said, shooing us with her hands. "Harold and I are going to cozy up before the fire before heading up to bed," she said giving him a flirtatious wink.

"We can drop you off afterwards," said Cade.

"No problem," said Caleb.

But it wasn't so easy.

"Me too!" squealed Jenna. I felt my heart sink. God, no. Please no, not my older sister. But Jenna had already picked up her phone and was running through a list of bars in the area, figuring out hot spots, where the best crowd would likely be. You'd think someone who'd just gotten

dumped by their fiancé would be a little more low profile but Jenna was unstoppable and I already knew there was no way we could avoid her.

So we all piled into the twins' car on our way to some after-party place called Pink.

"Oh there it is!" squealed Jenna, pointing to a pink light mounted on the wall. There were no signs, nothing indicating that there was a club except a few people milling outside, drinks in hand, bathing in the rosy glow.

Cade pulled the sports car over and held the door open for us.

"After you, ladies," he murmured.

Jenna swanned in, totally sure of herself, blonde hair gleaming in the low lights and I trailed after, unsteady in my heels, not sure exactly how to behave. Hey, at twenty-one I haven't exactly had a ton of experience clubbing and I was already a little weirded out being with my two soon-to-be stepbrothers.

But the music pulsed and I let myself get wrapped up in the beat. Soon we were dancing, a part of the sweaty, pulsating mass on the floor and I was having a good time.

Both men surrounded me, their forms massive and dark, towering over the crowd, eyeing me watchfully.

"Hey lighten up," I said, giggling. "I'm twenty-one now, it's okay."

"Yeah but you're our little sister," said Cade. "There are a ton of guys here, you don't know what the male/female ratio's like in the Bay Area."

I giggled. I'd heard a lot about that. In New York we had the opposite problem – three girls for every guy, so I was tipsy with happiness that the tables were turned, a bunch of dudes for every pretty girl.

A lecherous looking guy slid in between us and danced up to me, wiggling his ass ridiculously, dressed in a leopard print shirt. But before he could say a word, I'd been hauled away, dragged off from the dance floor by my new steps.

“Hey!” I exclaimed. “I’m not ready to leave yet! Besides, where’s Jenna?”

I craned my head around as best I could. I couldn’t locate my sister but Caden cut me off.

“She can take care of herself,” he said abruptly.

“Yeah,” agreed his twin. “This time is for us.”

I was flustered. “But my sister, she’s in there alone,” my voice trailed off.

“She’ll be fine,” growled Cade. “We’re just stepping outside for a moment.”

Oh okay, a smoke break. No worries. Even though I didn’t smoke it was sometimes nice just to clear your head in the chilly night air, get away from the pounding music, enjoy some chit chat with your fellow partygoers. Cade led the way and we stumbled behind a corner into a deserted alleyway, the sounds of other guests still audible in the distance.

“Hey aren’t we going a little far?” I asked breathlessly. The stilettos were making my feet ache and I leaned against the wall for support. “Everyone else is back there.”

“Sure,” said Cade. “But there’s a reason we wanted you with us.” And he took my lips in his, tracing the seam of my mouth before parting that ruby redness with an insistent tongue.

“Mmmph!” I shrieked, pushing against his chest. This was my brother! What was he thinking? But I only succeeded in pushing myself back into Caleb’s embrace, the big men sandwiching me between them, their groins against me, two hard, massive muscular chests like boards squeezing me tight.

“Wait,” I gasped breathlessly. “So you remember me from Vegas?”

The twins shared a wordless look before turning their attention back to me.

“Sister, we remember you alright,” drawled Cade.

“Maybe a little too well,” said the other. “And we’re here to remember you … again,” he finished, licking a trail up my throat.

Oh god. The twins that I’d been dreaming about. The hot ones who had fucked each other, and here I was with them again, my soon-to-be-steps.

“Wha- what are we doing exactly?” I stammered.

“Just feel,” murmured Caden. “Don’t worry about tomorrow,” his brother said, trailing a hand down my side, skating over my left breast.

And I gave in. I wanted it, even if only to watch the two of them go at it again. The bachelorette party had been by far the dirtiest, darkest experience of my life and hey, if life hands you another opportunity unexpectedly, why not take it?

I kissed first one twin, then the other, savoring their firm mouths, letting them caress me as their kisses trailed over my lips to fall on my cleavage, my shoulders, the back of my neck.

“Oh!” I sighed. “Yes,” I purred as Caleb slipped the zip of my dress down.

“This scrap of fabric has been tantalizing me all night,” he growled as he slid it over my hips, helping me step out of the tiny dress. With a careless wave, he tossed it to the ground, the shimmery fabric a heap on the floor.

My eyes snapped open, realizing that I was nude except for my high heels and panties in public, but my brothers slid their hands over my curves, keeping me warm.

“Don’t worry little sis,” murmured Caden into my ear, “there’s no one here but us.”

“And we won’t let you get away again,” growled Caleb, both his hands cupping my breasts from the back before beginning a massage, weighing my titties in his hands, pulling and squeezing at the nipples.

“Oh…” came my wordless sigh as I leaned my head back on his shoulder. Caden, in front of me, bent to his knees and took a nip in his mouth, sucking on it, running the areola like it was the sweetest candy he’d

ever tasted. Tingles shot straight from my boob to my cunny, making it run with juice, the aroma distinctly musky in the cold night air.

As if sensing my vulnerability, Caden reached a hand between my legs and stroked there.

“Oh yeah,” he chuckled, holding his fingers up. “She’s soaked like a slut already.”

I only moaned in agreement, squirming, gyrating my hips to beg for more attention. And my brothers were on it. Caden continued to suckle at my breasts, stroking my cunt through my panties as Caleb ground against me, his massive dong moving in circles in the small of my back, his hands gripping my breasts as he kissed the side of my neck.

Slowly, Caleb slid down to his knees as well, trailing kisses down my spine, massaging my buttocks, stroking my thighs. Instinctively I parted my legs, granting more access, begging him to touch my cunny, play with it, to fuck that tiny hole.

But he wanted to taste first. Pushing me over so that I leaned forward at the waist, he pushed his face into my puss from the back, inhaling me through my g-string.

“Smells like steaming girl,” he grunted, his hands running up and down my calves. Then both men positioned themselves below me, their mouths open as if to catch nectar. With one big hand, Caleb snapped off the cloth, the silk ripping with no resistance, leaving me totally nude except for my heels.

With a collective moan, they dove in, Caleb tonguing my hole from the back, Caden licking my folds in the front. I’d never felt two men on my vag before and it was so distracting, so delicious that my knees grew weak, every part of my puss on fire as I was licked, teased and played with. I braced myself against the wall for support, my cunny tingling and sparking, the two tongues on my most private spot, making me scream for more.

“Please,” I panted breathlessly, my boobs swaying with each gasp, my cunny steaming so moist that the boys could hardly keep up, lapping at my vulva, my thighs, the crease where my puss met my legs.

“Please what?” chuckled one.

“Please more of this?” laughed the other, toying with my clit with his tongue, then biting it firmly.

“Aieee!” was my wordless cry in response.

Both men went back to eating my cunt as my body shivered wordlessly in the night. They had their dicks out now, their big hands moving up their poles in stimulation, and damn but if I didn’t see one brother reach for the other’s dick, trading off, stroking each other, the veins pulsating as they fisted those heavy shafts.

In the meantime, Caleb moved up and began tonguing my ass, probing that little hole with his clever mouth, even biting my buttocks a bit as his brother continued to eat me from below. It was sensational. I felt that slippery muscle rim me, tracing the puckered pleats of my anus and the dirtiness just turned me on, juicing me even further.

“Oh yeah, that ass,” grunted Caden from below as he slurped my cream, stopping for a moment to slide a big finger into my hole, working it in and out rapidly. And I was so turned on that I squealed in response, the pavement beneath me soon wet with droplets of juice, a shower of pussy white on the dark cement.

But I was getting finger-fucked so hard I couldn’t really focus. Taking advantage of my distraction, Caleb inserted a digit into my behind, my dark star resisting its first foreign object. I could feel my brothers’ hands moving in and out, one in my cunt, the other in my ass and I moaned heavily, breathing hard, still bent over, the two men tending to me, priming me for the big time.

Because it was here. With Caden finger-fucking my vag, Caleb straightened behind me and lined his dick up with my anus.

“Oh god, no!” I gasped, turning to look at him with wide eyes. I’ve had sex, but not anal, and I couldn’t, I just couldn’t do that ten-inch dong.

But he must have encountered resistance from women before.

“No worries, sister,” he growled, fingering my ass one last time before pushing that nasty finger into my mouth. “You’ll like it.”

And all I could do was suck, tasting my own musky scent as he rubbed his giant crown against my backdoor, pulling my ass cheeks apart to spread ‘em better, for more traction, better access. I mewled silently even as I tensed.

“Relax,” he growled, moving his hips forward a bit. The strain was excruciating. I felt my little ass push back as his dick moved forward, him rubbing my hole even as he breached it, massaging my cheeks, moving his finger down to stroke the flesh between my vag and anus. “Relax,” he commanded again, pressing forward, insistently increasing the pressure.

And with a pop, he was in. His head moved forward into my rectum a few inches, the penetration unbearable but oh so sweet at the same time. I threw my head back and cried out, unable to muffle my delight mixed with pain.

Down below, Caden was still drinking from the warm, wet pussy fount.

“Mmm,” he moaned. “Her cunny juice just got sweeter with your dick in her ass.”

And that spurred Caleb to push deeper into my back hole. “Unnf!” he roared.

“No!” I squealed simultaneously, panicky at the prospect of taking more than a few inches.

“You will,” he growled as his brother continued lapping, and that spear of fire kept moving deeper until lo and behold, he was balls deep in my GI tract, his cock reaching all the way up to my throat, punishing my body, spearing me on that hot rod.

With a dry rasp, he began moving, fucking me from behind, forcing that dry heat to accommodate his donkey dong.

“Unnf!” I cried with each push. “Unnf! Unnf! Unnf!”

Meanwhile, Cade was lapping at my pussy, playing with my clit even as my backdoor was destroyed. But such ministrations were soon to end.

Cade stood, one hand still buried in my folds, facing me so that his dick was lined up at my hole.

“Just one sec brother,” he grunted and Caleb paused momentarily, obliging him. With a swift movement, Cade thrust his dong into my wet vag and I screamed again, completely, totally filled with dick, stuffed to the max, double-teamed.

“Uh huh, you like it don’t you,” Cade growled as my body trembled and adjusted, trying to accommodate two men at once. And with a practiced movement, they began a syncopated rhythm in that dark alleyway, one pushing in as the other pulled out, reaming me front and back, forcing me to take it, my breasts bouncing and jiggling as they fucked me from both ends.

And reader, the double penetration, god I loved it. I’d never been fucked like this and all I knew was that I wanted it … taking it like a porn star, sperm in my cunt, up my ass, in my mouth, every which way creaming so long as that semen belonged to my brothers.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Karina

I was in my dorm room and Danny, who'd I'd avoided since my trip to California, was all up in it.

"I swear Karina, you're overreacting," he said nastily. "That thing with Kendra, it was nothing. I just needed to get an A in the class and besides, you're so boring," he added.

"Oh really?" I asked dismissively. "How?" Little did he know that I'd fucked my stepbrothers back in San Francisco, doubled up big time. "What's boring to you?"

"You know," he whined. "It's just so vanilla whenever we do it. Live a little you know? Experiment."

"Like incorporating spiders and worms into sex?" I asked flatly. "Inserting your dirty lab tools into my cunt?"

"Yeah, why not?" he replied. "I mean insects can be sexy, can I help it if that shit turns me on? I'm an entomologist."

Even a week ago, I would have seriously considered his requests, given some thought to rebooting our sex life. But ever since coming back … no way. No fucking way was I touching a loser like Danny now that I'd experienced the twins.

"Danny," I sighed. "I don't know how to tell you this but here goes. I'm just not into you anymore. I'm sorry."

"Man, you're one fucked up bitch," he spat in response. "I mean this is college. Everyone steps out on everyone else and at least I was on a mission. I got an A for my efforts. When did you ever think strategically when it came to sex?"

Well come to think of it, never. Sex wasn't a "mission" the way he described it because I was usually losing my mind while doing the dirty, letting myself feel, my cunny run, nothing cerebral about it.

Just then Brenda bounced in, my roommate.

“There you guys are,” she breezed happily. “Ready to head to class?”

It was the perfect opportunity to get away.

“Yeah Bren, let’s head out,” I said with one last glance at the pathetic boy sitting on our bean bag. “See ya.” And with that, it was over and I was a new woman, albeit one who loved ménage … with two cocks and me in the middle.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Caleb

I have to admit, Caden and I have done the unthinkable. We're in line at the NYU Registrar's office, ready to be re-admitted as transfers. It's crazy, I know. We're billionaires, twenty-five year old wunderkind who dropped out of school to pursue our fortunes. And yet we're back.

It has to do with our step. After that night in San Francisco, we'd had a serious discussion. Sure, we could keep on going at Sterling Pharma, inventing new drugs, overseeing the financials of the corporation, but things were fine with the company. Jake was in control at the helm, he didn't need us.

So we'd decided to take the unconventional path and finish school. Can you imagine? We've given guest lectures to MBA students and yet here we were, completing our undergrad degrees. What the fuck was wrong with us?

The answer was, we wanted to see our little step again. She was just too far away and there was no way a weekend here or there was enough for us. My brother and I are fueled by testosterone and even the weekends in Vegas were getting to be mundane. We needed to fuck, fuck, and then fuck some more, hopefully with our nasty little girl between us.

But first things first.

"Mr. Sterling?" quizzed the old lady behind the counter.

"Yep that's me," I said confidently.

"We need an address for you," she said.

"Oh right … here you go," I passed her our lease.

Her eyebrows shot up. "So you live at Columbus Circle? In the Time Warner Center?" she asked disbelievingly.

"That's right," I said. "Penthouse floor, but with Whole Foods in the basement it's convenient for a student, I can't afford to eat out all the time, you know?" I said, winking at her.

And with a shake of her head, she sat back down. Living at the Time Warner Center was a luxury but Caden and I weren't about to move back into the dorms, we were over and done with that. But that didn't mean we weren't going to participate in student life fully.

After the registrar's office, we took a cab to our old fraternity, Delta Upsilon Pi. Oh yeah, DUP. The nastiest, most perverted guys in the world, and like old times there was the thump of loud music coming from the shared house, really a decrepit townhouse that had been converted into a giant loft, decayed and torn asunder. Perfect for wild parties.

We walked in and sure enough, there were guys with their feet kicked up, drinking beer, baseball hats on backwards.

"Brothers!" crowed one. "The National Chapter told us you were coming. Who knew? The Sterling twins … here at DUP."

"Yeah, we're back," grunted Cade. "Wanted to do the unconventional thing and get our degrees. Set a good example for the kiddies back home."

"Whatevs," shrugged a tall guy, taking a swig of beer. "I'm Danny, this is Cord," he said, nodding to a sandy-haired dude. "You coming to the party tonight? Lots of drunk girls," he said with a nasty grin.

"Yeah," I said noncommittally. "Absolutely. What time does it start again?"

"Ten, my brothers," said Danny, letting a spider crawl up his arm. Did that thing have a hairy belly with a red hourglass on it? Shit, that was a tarantula.

He saw my stare and laughed nastily. "Yeah, we fuck around a lot here. Don't be late," he added as we left. "Lots of sluts will be here tonight."

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CHAPTER NINE

Karina

Vera and Brenda squealed and giggled as they got ready for the frat party.

"I know you're fighting with Danny, but there's no reason not to go," said Bren. "DUP throws the best parties, it's not worth missing one over some tiff. Besides, it's the party of the year," she breathed. "Who wants to miss out?"

"And Danny's hot," added Vera. "Girl, what he said has some truth to it. College is the time to experiment, to figure out what you're about. So what if he stepped out with Kendra? Doesn't mean he doesn't love you."

I didn't bother to reply. First, Danny absolutely didn't love me. My time away made me realize that he'd been a jerk the entire time we dated, narcissistic, obsessed with his identity, focused on getting his way. I was merely a living, breathing doll, someone he could hang out with when bored. Nothing more.

Second, my mind-blowing experience with the twins eclipsed everything. My friends knew I'd paid for a back-room show in Vegas but they had no idea what exactly had happened, I'd stayed mum the rest of the trip. Plus, the girls had just been too drunk to really notice. Not a few had had spinning headaches the next day, vomiting putrid green into the toilet.

So I figured my secret was safe, and agreed to tag along. "Okay, I guess," I said slowly. "But I'm coming back in an hour no matter what, I gotta get some studying in."

"Seriously? Are you really going to study on a Saturday night? Really Kar, you're too much. First the missed Celine Dion concert, and now this," said Vera.

I laughed quietly to myself, but started putting on make-up and doing my hair.

"Just an hour," I thought, and then I'm coming back. I slipped into an emerald green dress, the crushed velvet hugging my curves, a scoop

neck showing off my décolletage. Okay, it was a little racier than I usually did but it was Saturday night, right?

We walked briskly through the chilly night air to the DUP house. Yep, New York was in full force tonight there were tons of folks out, hollering, screaming, and three girls in short skirts definitely got a lot of attention.

"Woo hoo!" hollered a passerby.

"Can't a dude look?" asked another when I shot him a dirty glance.

God, if we could only get there sooner rather than later. I was seriously tempted to call a cab, but we kept strutting, Brenda and Vera lapping up the attention, winking at random guys.

Finally we were at the far reaches of Alphabet City where the frat house stood. Pounding music and lights proclaimed we were at the right spot, the letters Delta Upsilon Pi hung on a flag in the window. A bunch of girls squealed in the front yard, giggling as guys chanted a frat song, pounding beer from a keg.

This didn't look fun to me at all, these folks were way too drunk already, but I sighed. Better just to put up with it for a little while and then go home. Besides, I always have more fun at these things than I expect and it was time for me to get over the twins. I wasn't going to see them for a long time, I was here and they were in California.

So I trailed Brenda and Vera inside. The stench was overwhelming, BO and cheap alcohol commingled, the hardwood floor sticky with some unnamed substance.

"Gross," I mumbled, trying to follow my friends among the writhing bodies.

"Come on!" said Brenda. "Cord said he's having a private party upstairs in his room, top shelf liquor and all that." I sighed but followed them up the rickety stairs to a top-floor room. The door was locked but light shone from the crack under the door and we could hear a bunch of voices inside.

When Brenda pounded, the voices hushed for a moment before starting back up again, as if nothing had happened. She pounded larder, “Cole! Cole! It’s me, Brenda Bey from Anthro 1. I brought my friends.”

Silence suddenly and the door cracked open a bit to show a sandy-haired blonde guy, drunk off his ass, I could swear that his pupils were dilated. A cloud of pot smoke swirled behind him, the miasma seeping out into the hall.

He looked Vera and I up and down and said with a drunken slur, “Sure, come on in. We’ve been expecting you.”

This was weird but I didn’t say anything. I trailed my friends inside and there was a roomful of guys, a couple girls scattered about in skimpy clothing. Heavy drinking was going on, not a few folks with joints in their hands, smoking bowls.

“Help yourself,” said one dude to me with carroty-hair, passing me a doobie. Okay, I could do this. I don’t usually indulge but it was Saturday night and the pot smelled like quality … not the mashed up shit that circulates around campus on a regular basis.

I took a drag and the effect was near instantaneous. I felt loose, a little uninhibited, suddenly the world so much more comfortable, my fears allayed. I settled back on a divan and relaxed, leaning my head against the back, looking up at the ceiling. Damn, that stucco was really pretty and I took a few more drags, letting the sweet, scented air fill my lungs.

I guess I must have been more stoned than I realized because suddenly Caden and Caleb filled my vision.

“Hey little sister,” said Cade. “What a coincidence.”

“Hey yourself,” I giggled, brushing my hair out of my face. “What are you doing here?”

One of the twins sat on my right, the other on my left.

“We could ask you the same thing,” they said in unison. Was it my imagination or were their images blurring a bit, the edges moving in slow motion, flickering almost.

“I’m good,” I said slowly. “Real good.”

One of the twins chuckled. “We didn’t ask how you were.” He frowned. “Seriously sis, we wouldn’t have taken you for a pothead. I mean, you’re studious and stuff right? Serious about getting a degree.”

At this point, I was so tired that I didn’t answer, letting my head slip lower and lower until it was buried in Caden’s lap. Mmm, I could stay like this forever. I nuzzled my face against the package there, nuzzling my cheek against a hardening snake, letting my hair trail across his thighs.

I heard my brothers talking above me, their voices hushed, but ignored it altogether. I was so tired and it was comfortable here, my brothers stroking my limbs, my back, taking care of me.

I think I fell asleep. I opened my eyes for a bit and could see some crazy debauchery going on. Brenda and Vera were nude, gyrating in the center of the room with a circle of guys around them, cheering them on. Shit, Vera was really beautiful, her skin gleaming in the light, her blonde hair flying as she spun. Wasn’t she getting married soon? I couldn’t focus and blinked, falling off into dream state again.

I opened my eyes a bit later and saw an even more depraved scene. Brenda and Vera … oh my god were those my friends? They were plugged every which way, that’s all I could say. Brenda was nude on her hands and knees, sucking a cock while another stuffed her from the back, pounding her as she made panting, “Humph, humph” sounds around the dick in her mouth. I could see semen trailing down her thigh, there was so much that it coated the backs of her legs, the white creamy and fresh. There was no way one guy had done that, multiple guys must have come in her again and again, making her their own little spray slut.

Vera, on the other hand, had put on a bridal veil. She was getting married, I hadn’t been wrong. But what she was doing with the veil was another story. Instead of pulling it demurely over her face, she whipped it off her head and was running it between her legs, that filmy material dragging over her wet cunt. Then she’d turn to various guys, legs parted, letting them sniff her cunny, lick it, tying the filmy material around their faces so they could inhale the heavy pussy scent.

Like a whore, it seemed like Vera couldn’t get enough. One guy positioned himself on his back below her and like a hungry slut, she

straddled him, parting her legs so that his cock slipped in. But that wasn't all, she held herself open, pulling her labia apart so that her insides were visible to all, her clit throbbing, a tiny bit of cum visible peeping out around the cock.

"More, more!" she panted, throwing her head back and guys circled her, their dicks in hand, rubbing them against her cheek, leaving trails of pre-cum on her shoulders, neck, breasts and face.

Vera and Brenda were a dual act though. They pulled themselves off the guys, smiling slyly with trails of male fluid coating their bodies and sat down on a couch together, Vera on top of Brenda, spreading their legs for the men to see. Oh god, it was like a double pussy sandwich, Vera's snatch stacked on top of Brenda's, Vera's insides light pink as she pulled her lips open, whereas Brenda's was a ruby red.

"First up," called Vera sweetly.

A dude walked up to them, naked, his pole heavy and stiff, groaning already as he rubbed himself. Mesmerized, he dropped to his knees in front of the girls, taking a lap of the bottom pussy before trailing his lips to the top one, chewing those lips, nipping and biting Vera's pulsing clit.

"Oh fuck," Vera sighed, her hips grinding, both the girls getting their pussies eaten by the same guy. He spit, letting the drool drop wetly on those twats, lubing them up, the saliva slipping from Vera's to Brenda's slick folds.

With a groan, he pushed a finger into Brenda's darker snatch, fingering her. She squealed, reaching to hold herself open, letting us see that gleaming, pulsating slit, her clit a little bud at the top. She moaned but then turned her face aside and took Vera's nipple in her mouth, sucking the pink areola, trailing her mouth around the engorged puffiness, letting her pussy get fingered as she tongued another woman.

The frat boy wanted cunny on both hands though. He plunged his left index finger into Vera's twat and she squealed, the penetration shallow but titillating as he rotated his finger in her snatch, filling that little hole. With a groan, the man began finger-fucking both women at once, pulling

his digits in and out, the wet twats twisting and shivering, the women a mass of limbs, titties and sighs as they were simultaneously fucked.

But the frat boy wasn't done yet. Of course he wanted to hammer them and without further ado, he lined up his cock at Vera's snatch on top and pushed in.

"Ohhh!" she sighed, throwing her head back. Brenda seized a nipple in her mouth again as Vera sawed her legs, enjoying the gentle slide of the massive cock in and out. I could see her pussy lips hugging that veined flesh, the man with his head thrown back in ecstasy as he fucked the pussy on top.

But then he pulled out and Vera obligingly shifted so that both her legs were straight in the air, leaving Brenda's snatch open and exposed. Oh shit, was that a tiny clit ring in there? I never would have guessed my friend was so dirty.

The frat boy pushed his dick, still wet from Vera's cunt, into Brenda's waiting snatch and began to fuck the lower pussy, letting his dick sample the juices of a different woman.

"Fuuuuck," she moaned, looking him in the eye directly, a saucy smile on her mouth as he ran his pole in and out, letting it taste that deep ruby rose. The man began a rhythm. He'd do a couple strokes in Brenda, coating himself, and then would pull out and line himself up at Vera's snatch, doing a couple strokes in her, rotating between the two, letting his dick savor the experience of fucking two women.

Finally, with a moan, he unloaded. His chest muscles grew tight, his jaw clenching as those mighty balls tightened underneath him. With one last convulsive push, he squirted into Vera, her cunny clenching him tight, holding him immobile as he pumped his man milk into her, spraying her with everything he had.

"Ooh," cooed Brenda, stroking Vera's snatch as the man emptied his fire hose. "What have we here?" When he pulled out, a sticky string of cum still connected the tip of his dick to Vera's pussy and Brenda pulled at the string with a curious finger, bringing it to her mouth.

“Tastes good,” she said, licking her lips lasciviously, slyly smiling at the audience that surrounded her.

Then, like a real porn star, she held Vera’s cunny open, displaying that beautiful, plump pink. A slippery glob of white surged inside, cresting to tip out of Vera’s hole, sliding down her cunny wetly, trailing over her anus.

“Gorgeous,” cooed Brenda. “Amazing.”

And Vera wasn’t done yet. Like an ingénue she reached between her legs and scooped up that sticky semen, pushing a finger in to quest within herself, pulling more of the hot sperm out before bringing her finger up and licking it.

“Mmm, Vitamin D,” she purred silkily. “Who’s next?”

And my two friends, my closest friends at NYU, slipped and wiggled as they serviced a room full of frat brothers, their two pussies bare and used by all.

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CHAPTER TEN

Caden

Fuck, that had been a debauched night. It went way beyond what my brother and I expected, and that's saying a lot given that we moonlight as strippers. How much had changed in the five years we'd been away. These days college kids were unbridled, unhinged, with an anything-goes attitude that totally blew me away.

I mean, I'd been preparing myself for some action, but regular shit like strippers, drug use, the fire department coming by and shutting down the revelry. I'd never imagined that co-eds these days were so wanton, letting everything go, putting notches on their bedposts like a row of falling dominoes.

Or maybe that was understating it. More like hacking off the bedpost altogether, there were so many notches there could be no structural integrity left in that wood.

I shook my head, still unbelieving. Well, whatever. Our little girl had shown up at the party, but pot clearly wasn't her thing. Before she'd inhaled even two puffs she was asleep in my brother's lap, occasionally opening her eyes groggily, watching a bit before she fell back asleep, the raucous noise and activity not disturbing Karina in the least. She'd looked beautiful – trusting, innocent, even as the Gates of Hell opened at that party.

But now, in the cold light of day … nothing good could come out of this. I whipped out my textbook, looking at it with a grimace. *Elements of Statistical Analysis.* What the fuck did that mean anyways? I was here to complete my degree in Computer Science, and instead all I could think about was the mass of writhing, naked forms I'd seen last night, the depravity, all with my little girl sleeping soundly through it all.

The phone in the apartment rang.

"Hello?" I growled. This better not keep me away from my statistical analysis.

"Sir," said Mario. "There's someone downstairs asking to see you."

“Tell him to go away,” I answered. “This isn’t a good time. Oh wait, it’s not my sister is it?”

“No sir,” came the hushed voice of our concierge. “It’s the NYPD,” he almost whispered.

Oh shit, nothing good could come of this.

“Let em up,” I sighed. Clearly studying was going to have to wait.

A knock came on my door shortly and I opened to see a pair of detectives, the woman with ugly bowl cut, the dude with a scowl on his face.

“Caden Sterling?” she asked.

“Yeah, that’s me,” I replied.

“I’m Captain Conwell from the NYPD, Precinct 19. We’d like to ask you some questions about a party that occurred last weekend under the auspices of NYU. Were you at a Delta Upsilon Psi gathering around eleven on Saturday night in Alphabet City?”

“Listen,” I said. “Do I need a lawyer? This is already sounding bad.”

“Sir, we’re just asking questions. I can’t tell you whether or not you need a lawyer, that depends on you.”

I sighed internally. Real helpful. Where were the resources of Sterling Pharma when you needed them? I seriously thought about calling California and getting our in-house counsel on the line, but then I’d have to brief him as to what happened and all that whatnot.

“Come in,” I said resignedly. “Take a seat,” I said, gesturing to the knot of couches.

The two detectives walked in, whistling at the view of Central Park, the luxurious furnishings, the wall to wall entertainment system.

“Pretty nice for a college guy,” said the male cop. “You mind telling us about yourself?”

“Actually I do,” I said sarcastically. “I’m a returning student at NYU finishing a degree in Computer Science. My brother and I live here,

we can afford it I assure you."

The guy raised both hands up in defense. "Didn't mean to imply anything sir, just hard to believe that a guy with digs like this was at a party in Alphabet City on Saturday night. What were you doing there?"

"At the party?" I asked. "What always goes on at those things … talking to girls, meeting new people, drinking. I *am* twenty-five, far over the legal drinking limit."

"Do you know someone named Brenda Bey?" asked the woman cop.

"No, never heard of her," I said. "Listen I just transferred to NYU a week ago. I was at the party to loosen up, maybe meet some chicks, but there wasn't anyone named Brenda that I can remember. Why, what is this about?"

"Well Ms. Bey is saying that she was raped by the brothers of DUP at the party. You are a brother, aren't you?" said the woman cop.

"I am," I said slowly. "But like I said, I'm a re-entry student. I just got back to campus from California, literally we moved into this place last week."

"And who's we?" said the male cop.

"My brother Caleb and I," I said shortly. "Listen, I need to get my lawyer on the phone, these questions are getting intrusive."

"Sure," said the male cop. "Meet us down at the station and answer questions with your lawyers in tow. It'll be easier without them but don't listen to me," he said in a sing-song voice.

My business instincts kicked into gear.

"I'll be at the precinct tomorrow morning nine sharp," I said in a clipped tone. "My brother and I both … with counsel present."

"Okay," nodded the female cop. "Thanks for your time."

And as they left, I wondered what we'd gotten into.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

Karina

"Brenda really?" I asked confusedly.

My friend was sitting on my bed, crying, her hands gripping the coverlet, used tissues scattered all around.

"I was raped," she whispered. "I know I was."

I shook my head uncertainly. I could hardly remember anything from the party. I couldn't remember how we'd gotten there, what we'd done, how we'd gotten back. In fact, I'd had a visualization of Caleb and Caden appearing, my twin brothers, but they were in California. I shook my head. I was useless, with no recollection of the activities that had gone down.

"Bren, tell me what happened," I said urgently.

"It's this guy Cole," she sobbed quietly. "I met him in my Anthro class, he said I was cute, that I should stop by a part his frat was hosting. He said to bring friends, so I brought you and Vera."

Okay, I sort of remembered this. Yeah, I hadn't wanted to go out but ended up tagging along because Brenda and Vera had been insistent, saying I was a stick in the mud, all that kind of stuff.

"And then what?" I pushed gently.

"We went up to Cole's room," she sobbed. "There were a bunch of guys there, the 'made' brothers, the ones who are seniors and do whatever they want. They made … they made … me and Vera have sex," she said, her lips quivering, fresh tears pouring down her cheeks.

"With each other?" I said aghast. "Oh my god, how did that happen?"

"I'm not sure, it was all so fast," she wailed. "They told me that I was a cool girl, that I should be cool with it, it was just girl on girl action. If I wanted to stay, I should take off my clothes and Vera and I should … you know, touch each other."

“What? But why’d you do it?” I gasped.

“Because they were all watching,” she cried, bursting into fresh tears. “You know how I’ve been depressed recently, my grandmother died and school’s so stressful. I thought if I did what those boys wanted, I dunno … I’d be popular I guess and maybe Cole would like me.”

“Bren, I don’t know,” I said doubtfully. “He sounds manipulative to me.”

“You think I don’t know that now?” she screeched. “Of course Cole’s an asshole, he made me do things I didn’t want to, I feel so sad, disrespected and … just dirty,” she finished in a whisper.

I had no idea how I was supposed to react, but I patted her shoulder gently, trying my best to comfort.

“It’ll be fine,” I said. “Let’s go to the hospital, we can get a rape kit done.”

“Karina,” she said with a pout. “It’s too late. It’s already been days and rape kits aren’t good for more than twenty-four hours. It’s way, way, way too late. No one will ever believe me.”

“No that’s not true,” I said forcefully. “I believe you. I wish I could remember more but that pot must have gotten to me. I was out the entire time.” At least I knew that much for certain.

“No Karina, I’m not going to the hospital, I’m not getting a rape kit done,” said Brenda firmly.

“Well, how about talking to a counselor then?” I asked hopefully. “You know the Student Health Center has amazing services, it’s all free and confidential, you could just go for one session,” I said persuasively. For some reason, I thought it was really important that she log her actions ASAP, that there was some record of her distress with professionals.

And it was as if Brenda read my mind.

“Don’t tell anyone,” she said confidentially. “But I am telling someone … I have a meeting set up with a reporter from *Rolling Stone* tomorrow. Isn’t that exciting? It’s going to be an exposé that blows the school apart.”

Shaking my head, I didn’t reply. What could go wrong? Just about a million things.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Caleb

It was time to come forward. We didn't know how much Karina remembered but our little sister needed to get her ass out of hot water fast.

"Karina!" I yelled. "Open up!"

I heard footsteps scuffling and a voice behind the door asked, "Who is it?"

Okay, at least our sister had more sense that some of the co-eds we'd met in the last few days.

"It's Caleb," I ground out, "your brother."

The door opened and our little girl was there, auburn hair gleaming, green eyes wide, but she was in one piece and looked good. That was more than what I could say for the apartment she lived in. This fifth-floor walk-up was decrepit, a smell of garbage in the hallways, mice scurrying in the background. There was no doorman, no concierge, and no visible security system. Clearly, safety was sorely lacking.

"Caleb!" she gasped, her eyes growing wide. "What are you doing here?"

"It's a long story," I ground out. "I can't tell you everything right now but you've got to come with me quick."

"Does my mom know you're here?" she asked. "Does your Dad? Don't you have work in California?"

"Come on," I said harshly. "There's no time to lose. Pack your bags, we're moving you out of here. No time to explain, giddyup pronto."

"No!" she said firmly, her chin set. "I'm not going anywhere until you tell me what's going on. This is crazy. You're not even supposed to be in New York and you show up on my doorstep, telling me that I have to move, without telling where I'm moving to? Did our parents call off the engagement? What's going on?" she demanded determinedly.

I sighed.

“Listen Karina, some bad shit is going down. Your so-called friend Brenda spoke with a reporter at *Rolling Stone* and now NYU is being rocked by a rape crisis. Supposedly Brenda was raped last weekend at DUP, it’s a brewing scandal.”

“Oh I know about that,” Karina said. “Brenda told me she was meeting with a reporter. I tried to convince her not to but Bren wouldn’t listen,” she shrugged.

“She told you she was meeting with a reporter?” I asked with a dark look on my face. “All the more necessary to get you out of here sooner rather than later. That girl is one fucked up bitch.”

“But Caleb,” Karina pleaded. “What are YOU doing here? Is Caden here too?”

“Yes,” I said, nodding. “We enrolled at NYU to finish our bachelors … and to be close to you. But this far-fetched idea is turning out to be a nightmare. Far worse than any business crisis, this is threatening to rock the foundation of the school, if not the nation as a whole. Let’s go,” I said shortly.

And finally, the little girl turned to obey. “Give me a minute,” she whispered, her face turning white. “Let me just grab some things.”

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Karina

I gasped as I walked into my brothers' apartment. It was huge, gorgeous, and imposing, straight out of a décor magazine. I'd known my soon-to-be steps were rich, but this was mind-boggling. This apartment was probably costing them five figures per month in rent, minimum.

"Wow," I gasped, my eyes skimming over the wide expanse of lawn visible from their window. "You live here?"

"Yep," growled Caleb, "and you do too now," he said, setting my bag down with finality.

I wasn't sure what to think. On the one hand, we were soon to be family and family takes care of each other. But on the other … my steps were so gorgeous, domineering, and I'd seen them in action, not to mention sucked their balls when I had the chance. Where were we going with this?

As if reading my mind, Cade answered. "Come and see our room," he said, nodding towards the back.

I followed meekly, my mouth hanging open in awe. We walked along a marble passage way, chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, a couple mirrors making the hall seem wider than it already was. When they opened the massive double oak doors, I was expecting to see more of the same, lots of luxury textiles, the finest antique furniture, that kind of stuff.

But instead, we were in a spare, masculine room. There was a huge oaken bed with a matching massive wardrobe, but otherwise the ornate touches were gone, instead going for sleek, comfortable, and thoroughly modern including two stripper poles in the center, gleaming gold on a raised dais.

Caleb smirked as he saw my expression. "What, surprised?" he teased. "We haven't forgotten where we met you."

"In fact," added Caden, "It's the part of you that we want to explore more."

I felt heat flushing my cheeks. God, that night in SF ...

“Brothers,” I said softly. “Are you showing me my room or yours?”

As I’d expected, both men smiled at once, flashing dazzling smiles.

“Ours,” they said in unison.

“Oh,” was all I could manage at first. “But what about our family?” I asked. “And what were you doing in Vegas? I mean, I thought you guys were billionaire executives, and now you’re students at NYU, and you’re also strippers? Are you going to Vegas anytime soon? Not that I didn’t like it,” I added hastily. “I loved seeing you dance. It’s just, I don’t know what to expect next, you know?”

“Little sis,” said Caden smoothly. “You never know what exactly to expect next. That’s the beauty of twinsex.”

That stopped my dead in my tracks.

“Twinsex?” I asked weakly.

“What did you think we were doing?” growled Caleb. “We’re obviously twins, it’s obviously illicit, crazy, made for the movies, all that shit. We’ve just decided to look it in the eye and acknowledge what we’re about,” he shrugged.

“How long has it been going on?” I asked, my voice wavering.

“Since we were boys,” said Cade smoothly. “It’s worked out well, we’re best friends and we like sharing girls too … like you.”

My breath hitched and my chest grew tight. Yeah, these were my steps and they were full on acknowledging the dirtiness of their ways. I felt scandalized, yet privileged at being let into their world. I wasn’t sure exactly what I wanted to do next, but it seemed out of my control.

“But what about Vegas?” I asked, my voice soft. “What’s the story behind that?”

The twins shared a glance.

“Did you like what you saw that night?” asked Cade.

“Did it turn you on?” chimed his brother.

My cheeks flushed. “You know it did!” I breathed, my breasts rising and falling, the images of those two hard, male forms, twisting

around and against each other making my body shiver. “You know I liked it.”

They smiled at me then. “Then maybe we’ll do a repeat,” said Caleb. “A private performance, if you will. Join us on stage?” he asked, extending a hand to me.

Cade put on some music, some deep bossa nova, and I started to sway. As if in a trance, I took Caleb’s hand and stepped onto the dais, the two poles gleaming, burnished in the dim light, almost intimidating yet curiously elegant.

“What do I do?” I asked weakly.

“First, just watch,” said my brother, smiling wickedly at me. Both men got onto the dais, moving to the music, their forms sexy and sinuous, dancing with a supine, suggestive tilt. I couldn’t tear my eyes away, especially as Cade whipped off his belt, running it between his legs suggestively, stroking his groin with that pure, supple leather.

“Like it little girl?” he breathed, looking me in the eye and smiling at my obvious lust. I’d begun rubbing my breasts through my top, my bra suddenly too tight, my nipples poking straight through the thin cotton. I was beyond caring though, I just wanted to see more.

Wordlessly I nodded. Both men smiled and continued to dance, Caleb taking off his shirt, Caden stripping off his pants. Pretty soon I had two hot, naked men before me, their dongs barely restrained in tight black briefs, clearly visible through the silk fabric.

My mouth dry, I reached out to touch, my fingers grasping, desperate and needy. I wanted to stroke one of those massive dicks, feel the hardness as it wound around Cade’s hip, like a fire hose ready to rumble. But both men moved back, dancing away from me with practiced ease, laughing at my obvious desperation.

Caleb granted me one small wish and pulled his briefs aside for a moment, showing me that donkey dong, catching a glimpse of hard, hot balls, tight and deep rose, connected to a thick snake but then just as quickly dropped the fabric, turning his back to me.

He bent over just as his brother knelt behind him, running his hands up and down Caleb's strong, muscular thighs.

"Oh brother," breathed Cade. "You've been working out."

Caleb snapped a wink over his shoulder. "The better to impress our sister with," he said silkily.

Cade slowly, oh so slowly, pulled the fabric of the briefs tight until it was merely a string between Caleb's buttocks, gleaming and oiled, hard and tight in the dim light.

"Oh," moaned Caleb, his eyes fluttering closed.

"Feel good, my brother?" Cade hummed. "How about this?" And with a sly grin, he ran his hand up the inside of the other man's thigh to cup the package in front, simultaneously pulling the material tight between his ass cheeks, rubbing up and down Caleb's anal line.

"More," Caleb moaned, bent over, his ball sacks now clearly visible as Cade teased his ass and cock. "More," he demanded.

"Oh yeah, more is coming," said Cade. "But first, I want her to lick." And with a smile, he nodded at me to join them.

I was confused, touching my breasts, my cunny streaming wetly. My clothes felt tight and uncomfortable but I knew I needed to be a part of this, to get to know the twins better, enmesh myself in their world. With wobbly knees I got up on the dais, kneeling behind Caleb, my face to his ass.

"Mmm, she smells steamy," grunted Caleb. "I can smell her puss even from here."

"We're going to touch it, fuck it," responded Cade. "But I want her to lick first." And with that he lifted the string from his brother's ass aside, directing my head to that ass crack.

It was dark and musky, oiled and hard. I was shy at first, slowly trailing my tongue against Caleb's muscled cheek, delighting in the hard, male feel. He groaned and widened his stance, giving me better access to his butt. "Rim it, little girl," he commanded.

And with a sense of exploration, I pulled his cheeks apart, grasping that sculpted flesh and looked into his dark star. It was deeper in color than my own, almost a mocha brown color, the puckered, pleated folds beckoning to me. With curiosity, I leaned forward and tentatively touched my tongue to those ridges, tasting musky ass smell, reveling in pure man.

"Oh god," Caleb grunted, "feels amazing."

"Keep going," his brother commanded me, "this is just the beginning."

And I started on that rim like there was no tomorrow. I traced it lightly with my tongue, letting myself savor the flavor of male anus, and then pushed my face tightly between his butt cheeks, almost suffocating myself in that delicious flesh. Tightening my tongue into a point, I speared that little hole, trying to get inside, and then pressed my face in tight again, tasting the walls of his rectum, his sphincter tightening on my chin, trying to push me out.

But I couldn't be deterred. With an insistent grab, I forced his butt cheeks apart, spreading them so that my view was unobstructed. Reader, I almost died, it was so good. His balls dangled low, and in front of that I could see a massive, hot heavy cock hanging, the tip slickly wet, a dribble of sperm dropping to the ground. In front of me was the hottest hole I'd ever seen, dry and aromatic, ready to be devoured.

And eat it I did. With renewed aggression, I face-planted into that ass, fucking that anus with my tongue like it was the only fuck I'd ever have. Caleb fought me a bit, but with his brother holding him still and wrapping that thong tight around his fist, he didn't have a chance.

I took my index finger and for the first time, touched a man's asshole, running my finger lightly around those pleats before rubbing it hard, massaging it, and then worming my way in.

"No!" he ground out. "Fuck no!"

But I wouldn't take no for an answer. My finger is small and I figured he'd done much bigger in the past. Insistently I pushed further in, twisting my finger this way and that, massaging his rectum walls, feeling his sphincter tense and pulse beneath me, trying to expel the intrusion.

I wouldn't be deterred and instead, pushed two fingers in, savoring that dry feel and began a slow fuck, running my digits in and out as the man before me, hulking and muscular, grimaced with pleasure and pain, taking the drilling, savoring it even as he clenched and protested.

"Oh god," he groaned. "Feels so fucking wrong … and so fucking right."

And just when he was about to come, his balls rising high, growing tight, I stopped because Cade pressed something into my hand. I stopped in awe at the warm plastic he'd slipped into my palm, the bulbs already slippery and wet. It was a ten inch dildo, clear, with small plastic nubs that grew larger in size as you progressed towards the handle. It was designed to stimulate, to tease, to fuck … and it had already been used.

That's right, Caleb had been fucking himself with it while I played with his brother, inserting the toy deep into his own ass to get it warmed up in preparation, and it was my job to deploy it now.

With an evil grin, I pointed the tip straight at Cade's black hole. The pucker was moist with my saliva but I knew it was going to be a tight stretch, the best kind of deep dive.

The first few nubs went in easily. I'd opened his hole up with my fingers and tongue, plus there was the lube from my saliva. But the next few inches … god, the man struggled. His face scrunched up, the ecstasy excruciating, muscles tensing all over his big body as his brother stroked his thighs and back, murmuring encouragement.

With teasing but insistent circling motions, I forced that toy into his butthole, plugging him, going slow until I heard a distinct pop and all ten inches were buried in the man. Oh yeah, gone deep, his chest heaving, only the little glossy pull-ring still visible from the outside.

"You've done so well," I cooed, massaging his balls, stroking that long hard shaft, circling my finger around the wet tip. "You've done amazing."

But Caden wasn't done yet. Now that his brother was filled to the brim, he wanted to play as well.

"Get up," he commanded me. "I want to fuck you."

I rose, shedding my clothes along the way, gyrating like real stripper, teasing, rubbing my nipples, stroking my wet cunt as my brothers panted and watched. And at the last moment, I bent over, offering my pussy to Cade, showing him those moist folds, pulling myself open so that he could see the deep ruby rose inside.

Without any warning, he pulled me roughly to him and fucked his cockpole into my dampness, no mercy, that huge meat spearing me like an iron rod in my flesh.

“Aieee!” I squealed. And reader, there was nothing I could do but take it. Cade gripped my hips tight, pinning me in place even as my knees collapsed, holding me up, my pussy muscles gripping that fuckpole as I struggled with his girth.

He couldn’t pull back easily at first, the donkey dong was stuck tight in my little hole. But with a grunted “umph” he pushed my hips forward as he pulled back, and the cock came out with an audible pop, only to be thrust in deep again, literally lifting me in the air as I squirmed, my little pussy used and abused, the best kind of drill it’d ever had.

And Caden set up a rhythm, pounding me from the back, chanting, “Take it, take it, take it,” all the while nailing me, my cunny dripping wetly, my boobs dangling down. There was only one moment of pause, and I turned my head over my shoulder to see what had caused this break in our sweet ecstasy.

My eyes almost popped out. While Cade was fucking me, Caleb had moved in back of his brother, his butt still stuffed tight with the dildo. Grabbing his brother’s hips, he’d edged his dick between those masculine cheeks and had wormed the first inch of his monster in, the only lube his dripping sperm.

“Give it to me,” breathed Cade. “Give it to me, brother.”

And Caleb did. With a hard, forceful thrust, he rammed into Cade’s rectum, tearing that deep hole even as Cade rammed insistently into me. It was like a choo-choo train, the three of us lined up, all of us fucking and being fucked simultaneously.

I squealed, screaming, completely lost to sensation now, losing my mind. My brothers, was I really fucking them? It was overwhelming, sensational and so nasty at the same time. I could feel the tension building in my body as my cunt was reamed, the growls from both men growing louder, our bodies tensing as the wave crested.

“Oh fuck!”

“Aieee!”

“Fuck fuck fuck!” we cried in unison as orgasm rushed like a tidal wave. My puss clenched and twitched around the donkey dong inside me even as the hot rod filled me with the most delicious fluids, spilling out around my puss, gushing down my legs, coating my ovaries with fertile sperm.

Meanwhile, Caleb, our caboose, had come deep in his brother’s ass and though I could hardly believe it, it looked as if Cade’s anus was milking his brother’s cock dry, the same way my pussy was draining Cade’s penis as he pumped. I could see the rhythmic twitches as Cade jerked, then the corresponding grunts as his brother pulsed, and I realized the twins were truly joined, that I’d been blessed to be a part of this dirty, nasty, incestuous ménage.

As I recovered, I pulled off Cade’s dick, smiling as I turned to my steps.

“More, please?” I asked sweetly.

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Caden

Life has been a series of ups and downs. Of course, the time we spend with our sister is an obvious up. Karina's been wilder than our wildest expectations, a real hellcat between the sheets, servicing us both, watching with hunger and lust as my brother and I fuck her and each other.

She's also learning the ins and outs of pole dancing, something that turns us on, makes us hunger and beg for her lithe, curvaceous body, to kneel before her in obeisance just to lap that wet cunt or grasp a perky nipple, pulling it tight and making her moan and squeal.

"Oh!" she screamed last night as we drilled her, my dick in her ass, my brother's cock in her mouth. "More!" she choked as she played with her clit before bursting into a thousand flames.

Because it's a depraved world we live in but Karina seems to accept it, to fit right in with our little backstory. And it's a lot to absorb, I admit. I mean, how many twins really fuck each other and their stepsister? How many billionaires lead secret lives straight out of the raunchiest, lustiest skin mags?

But discretion is important. No one knows what goes on in our apartment and we like to keep it that way. Just the other day Karina asked, "Cade, does your family suspect? I mean, what about Matt and Jake and your dad? Do they have any inkling about what you and Caleb have been doing?"

I paused. The thing is that Caleb and I were separated for a long time, him in Wyoming with our mom and me in San Francisco with our dad. I took my time answering.

"Well little sis," I drawled, "I don't think anyone knows. I mean our parents got divorced because they didn't get along, not because they suspected Caleb and I needed to be separated. And we've been pretty good about keeping things a secret. Obviously, everything we do goes on behind closed doors and we don't generally bring girls into our … escapades, if you will."

That made Karina laugh. “Escapades?” she asked with an arched eyebrow. “Is that what you call it?” she said sweetly.

“Yeah, escapades,” I grunted, circling her waist and drawing her near, stroking the curve of her waist. “I’d say this is Escapade 101.”

She laughed again, kissing me lightly and purposefully rubbing her breasts against my chest before pulling away to pick up her backpack.

“You’re so hilarious Cade,” she chimed. “I want to talk about this with you some more, but right now I gotta get to class. See you tonight?” she asked, turning to shoot me a dazzling smile from the door.

“Absolutely,” I grunted. And she was gone, her long auburn hair a whirl, that sensuous figure disappearing in a flash.

The fact was that Caleb and I had talked about our set-up. We were in paradise at the moment, living together with our step, to the outside world just three siblings sharing an apartment as we attended university. But we weren’t sure how much longer it could go on.

Unbeknownst to Karina, the Chancellor had asked Caleb and I to drop by. I’d figured it was for some bullshit reason having to do with money. NYU needs to constantly fundraise and Caleb and I, as billionaires, are not only donors but also key thought leaders, the university hoping to tap our network of high net worth individuals.

We’d shown up at the Chancellor’s office, casual in jeans, our backpacks slung over our shoulders. Oddly, we’d been directed into an inner sanctum, the Chancellor waiting for us with only a trusted aide, both serious and professional.

“Hey Chancellor,” tossed out Caleb. “What’s up? Looking forward to discussing the latest fundraising initiative.”

The Chancellor nodded but didn’t reply, gesturing for us to take a seat first.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “I hate to be having this discussion with you, but were you at a DUP party a couple Saturdays ago?”

“Yeah,” I confirmed. “What of it? We already talked to the cops, lawyers present of course, we denied everything because there was nothing

to know." I shrugged. "I heard there was some crazy girl inventing stories, but she was on drugs, it was all a figment of her imagination."

The Chancellor's somber expression remained. "Unfortunately, that crazy girl spoke with a reporter at *Rolling Stone* and we've just gotten advance notice that an exposé is scheduled to appear in the magazine next week."

"No way," said my brother slowly. "We'd heard she'd spoken with the press but figured it was harmless. I mean, any respectable publication that does any sort of fact-checking would immediately realize that the story was fabricated."

The Chancellor nodded his head again.

"That's what the university thought as well," he said slowly, "but rape victims are shielded by the press. Generally publications never identify the victim, so it's almost impossible to do any fact-checking. We're expecting the worst," he concluded. "We're expecting for a bomb to go off, for NYU to be named as a sexist, racist university, one that doesn't fully investigate claims of sexual abuse."

"What? Racist too?" I said disbelievingly. "What does that have to do with anything?"

"That's how these things work," said the Chancellor with a heavy sigh. "The paper will seize on anything to poke holes in the University's armor. They'll invent things based on the slimmest justification, just to pump more juice into their story."

I shook my head in disbelief. School was turning out to be just as challenging as work. I mean Sterling Pharmaceutical was a bitch to run, but we hadn't had a claim as wacky as this yet.

"Chancellor," said my brother slowly. "What is it that you want us to do? How can we help?"

"At this point, nothing," he replied. "I just wanted to give you a heads up because you were at that party. It's almost inevitable that you'll be mentioned in the papers, that the Sterling name will be brought up."

“You mean dragged through the mud,” I said grimly. “They’re going to work this exposé for everything it’s worth, including bringing down our family company.”

The old man shrugged heavily. “I’m so sorry Caden, Caleb,” he said. “Your enrollment at NYU was a boon to the university, helping us elevate our profile. But with every gift comes an edge of danger, and now it looks like *Rolling Stone* is going to push that boundary.”

“Fuck,” I swore, not so quietly, looking down at the table. Anonymity was important to my brother and I for obvious reasons. We would never be the average guy walking down the street, but we weren’t nobody either.

“I guess there’s only one thing to do then and that’s to see what the article says,” drawled Caleb.

And we took our leave, strolling back to the apartment, the day sunny and bright but with ominous clouds on the horizon.

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Caleb

Clouds were only the beginning. It was more like a fucking blizzard of supernova proportions, debilitating the University and shocking in its magnitude. The papers came out the next day and the headlines themselves were unbelievable.

"A RAPE ON CAMPUS: A BRUTAL ASSAULT AND STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE" screamed the cover of *Rolling Stone*. Plus, a few secondary publications had caught on, belittling the university, calling DUP and other fraternities "Greek Gangs" and the like.

I could hardly believe it. As I scanned the story, the so-called facts came rolling out. Evidently, Sandy, a pseudonym for the diabolical Brenda, alleged she'd been gang-raped at a frat party by seven guys. I snorted right there. I vaguely remembered a brunette dancing around with a friend during the party, but that particular brunette had offered herself freely and willingly, holding her cunt open for all. She wasn't even cute in my opinion, skinny as a twig with bad skin.

But the rape was graphic and disgusting, recounted in excruciating detail in the magazine. Allegedly, someone had slapped a hand over Sandy's mouth, preventing her from screaming, and when she bit it, someone else had punched her in the face, yelling, "Grab its motherfucking leg."

Sandy also purported to remember every moment of the three-hour rape, in which seven men took turns doing her, while two more – including her date – gave instruction and encouragement. While the last man sank into her, evidently there were cries of "Pussy!" and "What, she's not hot enough for you?" because the poor guy looked like he was going to cry or puke. Then the brothers egged him on, asking, "What, don't you want to be a brother? We all had to do it, so you should too."

I slapped the magazine closed at this point. I was a made brother within DUP and I knew that there was no "rape requirement" to join the fraternity, it was all fucking lies. Sure there had been some sex, even public

sex, but nothing described in the article had happened. This was fucking libel.

I called my brother immediately. "Cade, did you see the article?" I asked as soon as he answered.

"Yeah," he grunted. "Did you see that part about us?"

Oh shit. I hadn't given the piece a close read, instead focusing only on the lurid details of the rape itself. "No, what," I commanded.

He proceeded to quote directly from the story:

And two of the rapists present were the notorious Sterling twins, Caleb and Caden, CFO and Head of Tech at Sterling Pharmaceutical based in California. Will money shield the twins from their depraved acts? Will the rich "game the system" in this case? Only time will tell.

Oh fuck. That was bad. So evidently the press had no problem with outing alleged "guilty" defendants, although the identities of the victims were kept private. It seemed so unfair, so unbelievable. They were calling us rapists already, when we should have been presumed innocent. How was that justifiable whatsoever?

I growled menacingly.

"I hear you brother," said Cade dryly, still on the line. "I hear you. What next?"

The truth was, I wasn't sure. It was tempting to go public immediately, denounce the article, take out an ad in the *Times* to proclaim our innocence. But it would be playing right into their hands, creating more allegations that we were rich boys with the ability to buy our way out.

"We wait," I growled. "And I'm giving Phipps a call."

"Do that and tell him not to leave anything out," replied Cade.

As soon as I hung up, I dug up the number to Phipps, a journalist with a blog. James Phipps had worked at the *Washington Post* back in the day, but had quit at fifty to start his own blogroll, deeming the traditional

press too “vacuous” and “undisciplined.” He was a salt-of-the-earth type of guy, crusty but bold.

Phipps picked up on the first ring.

“My man,” he said, “is this what I think it’s about?”

“Yeah,” I said. “Look into it, will you? Hunt down all discrepancies, figure out everything there is to know about the accuser.”

“Do you know her real name?” asked Phipps. “It’ll give me a head start in destroying her story.”

I thought for a long minute. Was it a crime to disclose the name of the alleged victim? Maybe for the press, but not for me.

“Brenda Bey,” I said shortly. “That’s the place to start.”

“You got it boss,” said Phipps, “prepare for Armageddon.”

“Good, keep me updated,” I said grimly.

And as I walked home, I thought about the consequences. Obviously, my brother and I would be exonerated. There had been no gang rape, nothing of that sort, nor had Cade or I touched anyone. Sure, it’d been a debauched party but there was no rape of Sandy, it was two girls, Brenda and Vera, who’d offered themselves to a roomful of men. We would destroy them.

What required special handling though, was the total annihilation of Brenda’s credibility, the public outing of a desperate girl who had concocted this scheme for some bizarre reason. But why? What had driven her to mislead the public, to tell all these lies? A need for attention? Publicity? Didn’t she realize she was wrecking her future?

I pondered the issue as I strolled home. We’d need to be careful, deliberate, even delicate in every public move. There was no way the world could find out about our twinsex although unfortunately, there were unmistakable traces of our illicit behavior.

The stripping in Vegas … I cursed when I thought back to it. It’d been fun but there were cameras in those clubs, recording every move, more to protect the club against any liability than to catch the depraved acts of patrons.

But with the evil eye of the press on us, it was completely possible that someone would piece two and two together and realize that the twincest boys of Lucky Paradise Two were actually the Sterling brother billionaires. Oh fuck.

As I opened the front door to the apartment, Karina confronted me, her face flushed, tears in her eyes.

"Caleb," she pleaded. "Have you seen the article? Have you been to the DUP house?"

"I saw the article," I said, "but what about the house?"

"It's been vandalized," she said tearfully. "Bricks have been thrown through the windows, there's spray paint all over the walls making death threats, and there's going to be a rally on the doorstep at three today. It's awful," she cried.

"Is there anyone still living there?" I asked, my face darkening.

"No, the university provided temporary accommodations to the brothers, but all anyone can talk about is "poor Sandy" and the culture of sexual violence at the school," she said tearfully. "I can't believe Brenda's done this."

"I can't believe it either, but we're going to prepare for the worst," I said grimly. "We're going to unravel this story even if it means hauling that bitch to hell by the roots of her hair," I spat.

"Caleb," Karina said in a wavery voice. "I wanted to let you know. Brenda's asked me to come over, she says she needs emotional support. I said no, my brothers are named as attackers in the piece, I couldn't possibly. But she's so insistent. Do you think I should go?"

This was just the latest in a series of fucked up episodes. This Bey girl was so twisted that I wanted to throw her into an insane asylum where she belonged. But at the same time, my mind was whirring.

"Go ahead," I said. "Say nothing, be careful, and just listen. Who knows what'll happen? The crazy can only get crazier."

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Karina

I knocked softly on the door to my old apartment, trembling a bit with anticipation. What awaited me here? I felt like somehow my future rested on the next few moments although Caleb had been nothing but reassuring, telling me that all I had to do was listen and watch. But listen and watch for what?

As I heard footsteps approach, I looked around and shuddered. I'd forgotten how filthy the place was, reeking of garbage, the squeak of rats audible even during the day. Thank god my brothers had come to rescue me, wrapping me in their muscled arms, letting me stay in their palace in the sky.

And I wanted to help them. We were being torn apart by this awful scandal, the cause of which had just opened the door.

"Karina," said Brenda joyfully. "It's so awesome you're here. Come in."

Okay, this wasn't what I'd expected. I thought she was going to be broken and hurt but instead, she looked totally happy and healthy, cheerful even.

"Bren," I said slowly. "Are you okay? Have you been following the news? Do you know what's happened?"

"Oh yeah," she said happily, plopping herself down on a raggedy couch. "I know. It's awesome isn't it? I hope those DUP dipshits get their cocks cut off at the root."

I gaped. I admit I didn't have a good recollection of the party because of the pot I'd smoked. But my memory was that Brenda and Vera had been going at it like a couple of sluts, doing girl on girl, girl on guy, two girls on guy, gang bang in every single combination possible. And loving it, spreading their legs for all, according to my hazy memory.

But I said nothing of that.

“Bren,” I continued slowly. “Why did you talk to the reporter? Why didn’t you go to the hospital like I suggested?”

“Oh you!” she pooh-poohed. “You’re always so unimaginative, such a straight arrow. I was treated unfairly at the party and you know, those boys had it coming,” she said conspiratorially in a hushed voice. “There have been allegations of violence against some of them in the past, hazing and all that shit.”

This just confused me even more.

“But Bren, there was no hazing that night,” I said slowly. “It’s fall semester and hazing for DUP occurs in the spring. Why did the *Rolling Stone* article say that the rape was part of a pledge ritual?”

“God, Karina,” she huffed again, this time rolling her eyes. “Who cares about details like that? Hazing is hazing, I’m sure it’s a year-long thing even if pledging formally occurs in the spring. Plus, Vera would corroborate my story, it’s just that she’s getting married and doesn’t’ want the exposure,” she snapped.

“Vera was at the party, I remember that,” I said, shaking my head. “But you guys were talking to guys and partying hard, right? I mean, when did the alleged rape happen?”

“That night!” exclaimed Brenda, exasperated. “You were there!”

“I can’t remember much,” I said slowly. “You know that Bren.”

Turning the tables on me suddenly, Brenda said, “I can’t believe you’re not being a supportive friend,” her expression turning nasty. “You’re so concerned about yourself, your brothers, how this is going to affect YOU. You haven’t given any thought to how awful I feel. I’m the victim, you know!” she spat.

I sat back, floored at her bad attitude. Of course Brenda deserved sympathy but she was just coming off as a spoiled princess. Whatever the reporter had seen in her … I dunno, but my friend was demonstrating very little credibility right now.

“Bren,” I tried again slowly. “How did you know Cole, the dude at the party who let us in?” Cole had been the sandy-haired guy, the one

who'd told Brenda to bring her friends. He'd answered the door to the room that night.

"I know, isn't he cute?" she gushed. "Cole's in my Anthro 1 class, I've had the biggest crush on him since like forever. He seemed interested, but I wanted to fast-track him, you know what I mean? To realize that I'm hot property on campus," she giggled.

"Karina," she continued, lowering her voice conspiratorially. "I had my old friend from high school text Cole."

"Text him about what?" I asked confusedly.

"Oh you know, just telling Cole what an awesome catch I am, how Cole's lucky to know me, all that kind of stuff. I expect Cole to be asking me out soon," she said triumphantly.

That definitely wasn't happening. Cole was probably squirreled away in a dorm room somewhere burning all his DUP stuff, trying to stay low profile. But clearly Brenda was out of touch with reality, believing that Cole was going to be pursuing a possible love interest at this catastrophic point in his life.

I sighed and shook my head. This was the most confusing, mixed-up conversation I'd ever had with anyone, bar none. I stood up to go.

"Listen Bren, I still think you should go to the police, to the student crisis center, professionals who can help you sort out your emotions," I said bleakly. "I'm not sure you've realized the full import of what's happened, how this is affecting other people."

"Other people?" she screeched. "It's about me, can't you see? I wasn't named in the article but all the right people know it was me," she winked. "Go home Karina. You never had a sense of humor."

Humor? This was humorous? With nothing left to say, I turned to leave.

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CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Caden

Our sister did really well. First, she pointed out the obvious discrepancy with pledging. There was no pledging ritual during the fall, all that stuff takes place in the spring when the weather's warm. Secondly, and more important, was Brenda's obsession with Cole. I remembered the dude, the sandy haired one who'd been stoned during the party. What was his role?

Evidently Brenda had a crush on him and had put up a high school friend to sing her praises. This already sounded fucked up and I briefed Phipps on the issue.

"So yeah, there's some dude that the victim was crushing on," I said into the phone. "Some stoner dude who's a brother in the frat."

"I've got better news for you than that," said Phipps dryly. "There's no high school friend whatsoever."

"What do you mean?" I asked confusedly.

"Yeah, this girl is way off her rocker," confirmed Phipps. "She made up a third party to persuade Cole that she was worth dating. It's fucked up. She was catfishing the poor guy, pretending to be her own high school friend."

"But how did she do it?" I asked. "I mean, shit, that takes a lot of work."

I could almost hear Phipps shrug over the phone.

"It's not that hard," he said. "She used ISPs which allow you to text without a cell. Lots of people use it to spoof."

"Man," I grunted. "This girl is even more fucked up than I thought. What about the married chick, what's her role in all of this?"

"Ah Vera," said Phipps. "Yeah, she's basically dropped off the face of the earth as far as I can tell. She withdrew from the university and isn't taking any calls, isn't making any purchases, hasn't shown her face in

public ever since the scandal broke. She should have been interviewed for the *Rolling Stone* article, but as you can tell, not a lot of due diligence happened," said Phipps dryly.

"Thanks," I said, concluding the conversation. "Just send your bill to the usual address."

I hung up and thought for a moment. As fucked up as it sounded, Brenda had likely concocted the entire scandal in order to get Cole's attention. She had a crush on the dude, had made up a fake friend in order to convince him to date her, and now things had spiraled out of control. Now a rape scandal engulfed the university … all because she wanted a date.

I sighed. I felt sorry for the poor girl more than anything, she was so messed-up in the head. But actions have consequences and I wasn't going to stand by doing nothing.

I picked up the phone again.

"Jake," I growled as soon as he picked up. "I've got a request."

"Anything, my brother," said the CEO of Sterling Pharma. "We're at your disposal."

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CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Karina

Somehow everything's spun around once again. Whereas the initial outcry from the rape scandal was outraged, somehow the tables have turned and Brenda's story is slowly being discredited.

The first week after the article was terrible. There were protests in the main quad, Gloria Steinem made a speech about sexual violence on campus, and all Greek activities were temporarily suspended. Plus, the Police Department opened an investigation and all anyone could talk about in class were the horrific events of that night.

"Did you hear?" whispered a girl in back of me. "I heard that Brenda Bey's the victim."

"Oh really?" chimed in another, in a hushed voice. "I heard it was Vera Mack, but the Sterling twins' involvement is what gets me. I mean, really? Plus," she added in a scandalized whisper, "I heard that the twins dance at a Vegas club in their free time. Can you believe it?" she giggled. "Billionaires dancing for dollars? Oh my god, one of them's here!" she squealed. "Is that Caden or Caleb?"

I'd just seen Cade walk in as well, sauntering like he owned the place, his backpack slung casually over his shoulder. He wasn't in our class – he was just picking me up.

Unaware of the girls in back of us, he leaned over to give me a casual peck on the cheek. "Hey sis, ready to roll?"

"Yeah," I said tightly. "Come on, let's go," I said, refusing to even look at the women in back of us. It was so humiliating so I walked fast, refusing to look at my step, my eyes on the ground with my cheeks flushed.

"Hey, what's wrong?" he asked, easily keeping up, loping by my side. "Why are you so defensive today?"

I didn't even slow. "Let's go," I said shortly. "Keep moving."

"Hey hey hey," he said, holding his hands up. "No need to act like you're guilty. No one's looking, you know."

That made me stop short, gazing up at him with searching eyes.

"Cade, everyone's talking," I told him. "Those girls giggling when you swung by – they were gossiping about you. They knew, somehow they *knew*, that you guys danced in Vegas."

That made my brother frown. "Shit, damage control isn't doing enough," he growled. "We're going to have to settle this once and for all."

When we got back to the apartment, Caleb was lounging in the love seat, desultorily looking over the school paper, which of course, was covered with news about the scandal. The headlines hadn't improved. "SEXUAL VIOLENCE REACHES A PEAK ON AMERICAN CAMPUSES," "DID WE DO ENOUGH FOR OUR GIRLS?" that kind of thing. I almost cried, I was so exhausted from the turn of events.

"What gives brother? Sister," Caleb nodded, looking up as we rushed in. He flashed a million dollar smile and I melted a bit, still undone by that amazing physique, the big body imposing yet relaxed in the armchair.

"Seems like Phipps hasn't done quite enough," replied Cade. "We're going to have to pull out the big guns."

"Hold on," said Caleb. "Jake's called in the troops, we just need to let everything seep in. Bey's going to pay, just wait and see."

I was totally confused. "What do you mean, called in the troops? How is Jake involved in this?" I asked. Jake was their older brother, but he had a full-time job as CEO of a biotech. What could he do about a campus rape crisis?

Seemingly reading my mind, Caleb said, "Sterling Pharma didn't get to where it is today through sheer luck. Jake and Matt pushed Sterling products, they know how to work the press, how to spin a story, they know all the right people to sway public opinion," he said simply. "Trust me … the Sterling machine is already in play."

I gasped. "But how? How are you going to disprove a *Rolling Stone* piece?"

Both men laughed.

“Little sis, not everything you read is accurate,” assured Cade. “You know that, there’s so much bullshit out there, the right-wing press, the left-wing ultraliberals, that sort of shit. Everyone has an agenda, and now it’s time to put our interests in the forefront.”

“But … those girls today, they knew about your stripper past,” I said slowly. “I’m not sure they knew about Lucky Paradise Two per se, but they were discussing rumors that you guys moonlighted as dancers.”

Caleb shrugged. “It’s collateral damage,” he said tightly. “Of course, we’d rather the world not know, but if it came down to stripping versus a twinsex reveal, we’d take the stripper story any day.”

I shook my head, confused. “But there’s video footage of you guys at the club, grinding on each other, right? How are you going to control it?” I asked plaintively. “This thing has a life of its own.”

“Well for starters,” drawled Cade, “There’s video of us dancing together, sure, even grinding, but nothing ever penetrates, we don’t do anything but rub. It’s a dirty rub,” he acknowledged, making me flush, inadvertently aroused by the mental picture of their cocks in banana slings, “but there’s nothing actually pushing into holes or that kind of thing.”

“Yeah,” I said slowly. “But more generally, how are you going to combat all these details that are coming out?”

“We’re discrediting Brenda,” said Cade simply. “Making her seem like a fool and pretty soon, anything associated with her is going to be bullshit,” he said. “It’s already started. We don’t want the world to know that we’re behind it, so it’s got to seem independent, but … she’s on her way down.”

“Sister,” added Caleb. “Didn’t you see that piece on the Phipps blogroll?”

I nodded. I’d seen the post but figured it was just a blip. Some journalist named James Phipps had expressed doubts about the Sandy crisis, saying that you should be “critical, in the best sense of the word” about stories that just confirm your own biases. He said that as a former editor, "something about this story doesn’t feel right," noting that it relied entirely

on one unnamed source. Friends and acquaintances weren't interviewed, and the reporter apparently made no effort to contact the alleged rapists.

"You were behind that?" I asked suspiciously. "How do you know James Phipps?"

"He's worked for Sterling before," said Cade lightly. "And he appreciates a tip. We didn't provide a scoop or anything like that. We just needed to get the ball rolling, and pointed him in the right direction," he said with total command.

The fog was starting to dissipate, my eyes beginning to clear.

"So the Phipps blog post was the first in a series of strikes," I said slowly. "What's next?"

"You'll see," said Caleb cheekily. "This is going to turn out a thousand times worse for Brenda than she ever expected. Plus," he added, "if she thinks Cole Whitehouse is going to ask her out now … she's got another think coming."

I knew that already. My friend, or maybe ex-friend, was so delusional about boys in general and Cole in particular, so she was totally off the reservation in that respect. But there was still another problem.

"Brothers," I said slowly. "Does your family know now that you dance? That you're into twinsex? That we're together?" I said slowly. "Because if Sterling is running an investigation, then these things are going to be revealed."

Both my brothers' expressions grew tight.

"That, little girl, is something we have to find out," he said. "We're flying to San Francisco tonight to meet with the fam. God help us," he added with a grim look. "Your mom, my dad, my brothers, your sisters, they're all going to be there."

Oh no, I thought, totally deflated. Armageddon was indeed coming.

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CHAPTER NINETEEN

Karina

It was as awful as could be. We walked into the living room of the townhouse and there sat our families, grim looks on their faces. My mom Mary was waiting, as well as the twins' dad Harold, their brothers Jake and Matt, and my older sisters, Jenna and Tina. Thank god my younger sister Callie couldn't make it. There were small blessings to be grateful for.

As usual, Jenna, the bitch, started up with no introduction.

"How could this happen?" she screeched. "Was that *Rolling Stone* story about you? Were you the one raped?"

I shook my head, exasperatedly. "No Jenna, it wasn't me, I'm totally fine," I reassured everyone.

But she wasn't done yet. "Then why is Sterling a part of this? If you guys are innocent," she spat, turning to include Caden and Caleb, "why has the family company been dragged into this mess?"

My mom intervened smoothly. "Jenna, before we start, let's take this one step at a time, shall we? Harold and I haven't gotten married yet, so the Sterlings haven't technically merged with the Walshes."

That shut my sister up. I knew she was a social climber, how badly she wanted to be associated with the wealthy Sterling brothers. But I could tell Jake and Matt were disgusted by her. Jake, because he'd dated her casually before marrying Tina, and Matt because he was Matt. He was never going to like harpies like Jenna, no matter how skinny and blonde they were.

But Caden and Caleb could handle themselves.

"Hey everyone, we appreciate your input," said Cade casually. "It's been a shock, but we called this gathering to be a little more open about everything. Especially since marriage certificates are about to be signed and all that," he added, nodding reassuringly to my mom. I was grateful for that gesture. My mom and Harold deserved to move forward with their plans regardless of what happened.

“Yeah,” added Caleb. “We want to be open and honest and establish a base of trust so that anyone can come forward with their secrets.”

“You mean you’re not actually undergrads at NYU?” asked Jenna sarcastically. “Wow, could have fooled me.”

“No, we’re legitimate returning students,” said Cade slowly. “It’s more our … other hobbies, if you will.”

Harold Sterling looked troubled. “What other hobbies?” he asked, his frown intensifying. “Why haven’t I heard of this? I thought you guys worked for the company.”

“Lighten up Dad,” said Cade. “It’s not that bad. Caleb and I were getting bored at Sterling Pharma, so we decided to take on a second job dancing at clubs in Vegas.”

The shock was immediate, silence descending on the room. “You’re go-go dancers?” cawed Jenna. “Unbelievable! Billionaire boys dancing for dollars,” she jeered.

This time, Jake couldn’t hold back. I knew he hated my sister with a vengeance, but wasn’t aware of how deep that antipathy lay. Snarling, he turned on her. “Shut the fuck up, you know nothing.”

Matt then stepped in, clapping a hand on his brother’s shoulder.

“Hey lighten up, everyone’s overreacting,” he said smoothly, although his gaze was as cold as ice in my sister’s direction. “Let’s just hear what the twins have to say.”

“Sterling was getting boring,” said Caden simply, with a shrug. “You know how that is,” he said with a nod at his brother. “Matt, you went on leave to run for mayor and now have a new career as a politician. For me and Caleb, it was the same. We were getting fed up with twenty-hour days, seeing nothing but the inside of our cubes.”

“Dancing gave us an out,” said Caleb. “Something to do on the side that would let us channel our energies in another direction.”

“Why couldn’t you take up snowboarding or something?” whined Jenna. “Do something normal, like other techies in Silicon Valley?”

But she was roundly ignored by everyone.

“Is there proof?” asked my sister Tina, the one who was married to Jake. “Is there videotape of the dancing, do you guys get pay stubs, that kind of thing? Do people know this about you?”

This was the hard part.

“I think there is some video footage,” I said softly. “I heard some girls talking about it at school and there are rumors circulating that Caden and Caleb are strippers.”

“Oh no,” replied my sister. “Is there any way to destroy the tapes or even buy them? Are you being blackmailed?”

“We looked into that,” said her husband grimly. “The tapes are out there and we’ve made an offer, but the damage may already be done. Fact is, Caden and Caleb are on film dancing at Lucky Paradise Two.”

This made Jenna snort again. “Lucky Paradise Two? Are you shitting me?” she drilled, her voice pure nails on chalkboard. “That doesn’t even sound like a high-end place.”

I shot to the defensive, unable to control my anger. “For your information, LP II is legit, we were there for my friend’s bachelorette, it’s totally fine,” I spat. “Mind your own business.”

“Your business *is* my business,” said Jenna darkly. “At least in this respect.”

“Anyways,” said Cade, “We wanted to apprise you of our affairs, come out into the open and reassure you that we’re not dancing anymore. That’s in our past and we’ve decided to leave it behind.”

“But,” added Caleb, “we wanted to inform you of another development. And that’s … I’m asking Karina to marry me.”

My cheeks flushed, my mouth dropping open. What? This gorgeous man was proposing now? In front of our families?

But the reaction was immediate.

“Oh honey, that’s wonderful,” gushed my mom. “It’ll only strengthen the ties between us, with you married to Caleb and Tina married to Matt. Perfect!”

“I love it,” nodded my sister Tina. “You’re wonderful together, I can see how much you’ve supported each other through this rape scandal. I know Sandy was your friend, Karina, but it’s great how you stood up for your brothers, closing ranks to maintain solidarity. That’s the definition of a true partnership,” she said, grabbing her husband’s hand and squeezing fondly.

I was shocked. I hadn’t even said yes yet, and yet everyone was cooing, congratulating us, acting like it was a done deal.

“Wait a minute,” I said slowly. “This is all news to me … I haven’t decided yet.”

And the twins turned to look at me, their expressions forbidding, unforgiving looks on their faces.

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CHAPTER TWENTY

Karina

I tried on the wedding dress, pulling the tight lace bodice over my boobs. Oh god, I sighed. As usual, my Double D jugs were too big and there was no way the boned material was going to cover anything, much less button with tiny eyehooks in the back.

"Everything okay in there?" cooed the salesgirl, knocking from outside. "How does it look?"

I let out another sigh. "Can you get me another dress please? Something with more material maybe? I just can't fit."

"Sure honey, let me take a look," she said before skipping away.

Defeatedly, I tore off the dress, surrounded in a pool of lace and tulle like Venus rising from a froth of sea foam. Except that I was hardly Venus -- I bet she didn't have trouble fitting into anything.

The door creaked open and I reached a hand out, expecting to grab onto some material, the latest dress to add to this futile attempt.

Instead, my hand brushed a hard male chest, firm and hot beneath a starched shirt.

"Heya fiancée," growled Caleb. "That's a hot look you got there."

And I flushed, my hands going automatically to cover my nipples. I wore nothing in the changing room but lacy white underpants plus white heels and sheer stockings. It was a tantalizing get-up, I admit, and my brother had already noticed, judging from the quickly rising snake in his pants.

Just as quickly, the door opened again and Caden slipped into the dressing room, a sly grin on his face. I gasped slightly. I'd forgotten how big my steps were, their massive shoulders broad, almost reaching from wall to wall in the tiny space.

"We like what we see," Caden said smoothly, boldly running a big hand over my breast, skimming the nipple with his fingers. "It's gonna

taste good," he rumbled before bending his head to catch the rosy tip in his mouth.

"Eek!" I managed to squeak before Caleb clamped a hand over my mouth.

"Nuh uh, little sis," he reprimanded with a devious look on his face. "We're in a public space and there are a ton of other brides out there, trying on their dresses as we speak. Quiet," he commanded.

And I nodded my head even as my eyes grew wide with anticipation. Because I'm getting married to Caleb, but he and Caden have agreed to share me, continuing our dirty trio. We've gone to pains to make it look as normal as possible, finishing school, scheduling a wedding just like anybody else. Plus, Caleb and I are staying in the Manhattan apartment while Caden's "moved out" into another digs on the same floor.

But the truth is, he's never there. We have our ménage going, and it's a dirty one, with no reason to stop. There's enough of me for both of them and I love sucking and fucking my steps, it makes me feel like a complete woman.

Plus, our issues have been resolved. Brenda was revealed as a total fake, her story discredited and everything about "Sandy" questioned. First, there had been the Phipps blog, pointing out red flags. Then, the cascade of doubt began. The *Rolling Stone* reporter evidently hadn't interviewed any other witnesses. Not one. Zip. Zilch. Not me, not Vera, not Cole, no one. Plus, the police investigation was concluded, confirming that "we found no basis to believe that an incident occurred at that fraternity."

It was only a matter of time before *Rolling Stone* retracted the story.

But in terms of Cade, Caleb, and I, we were free -- free to move on with our lives. No one thought about the Sterling twins anymore and besides, anything that had been said in *Rolling Stone* was treated as false. An investigator was hired to fact-check the article and concluded that *Rolling Stone's* poor reporting "threw shame onto the entire journalistic process, calling into question the integrity of the profession." You can believe my brothers and I smiled like cats in the cream when we saw that report.

But in the meantime, we could move on with our lives, and that meant enjoying each other in the best ways possible.

“Oh!” I breathed lightly as Caden bent lower to trail kisses down my belly, stopping at the hem of my underwear.

“Did you wear this for us?” he said slyly, running his fingers lightly against the damp lace, savoring that wet fabric, watching with growing lust as my pussy moistened before his eyes.

Wordlessly I nodded. My mind was always obsessed with my brothers and I couldn’t wait to take the next step. Because the next step was … double vaginal. Yeah, after a lot of consideration, I’ve decided I want to service my husbands at the same time … both in my pussy. It was going to be tight, possibly even painful, but I wanted to feel those cocks pulsing in my hole, feel my brothers come, their sperm mixing simultaneously in my little twat.

And so I went for it. Like a slut, I spread my legs and pulled my panties to the side, baring my wet slit. My lips were lubed already, moist and plump and I wanted to show my brothers exactly what they did to me. With a devious smile, I pulled my labia apart with my fingers, my clit throbbing so hard that it looked a little dick, sticking straight up in the air while my pink pulsed with running juice.

“Come and get it, brothers,” I purred.

And they were on their knees before me at once, lapping at my vagina, Caden alternately sucking and licking my clit as Caleb tongued my hole, jabbing his tongue inside, testing that space.

But I needed to get stretched out for the coming work-out and I ground against their faces, urging them to do more. Reading my mind, Caleb pushed two fingers into my vag hard.

“Unnf!” I squealed, not caring if anyone heard. Hey, I’m sure I’m not the only bride who’s been fucked in the dressing room before.

But two fingers weren’t enough.

“More,” I panted, commanding my brothers.

“Okay little girl, get ready,” said Caleb. Twisting his wrist, he began forcing his entire hand up my twat. It was fucking obscene to see. My pink lips were stretched so thin that they were like rubber bands around his wrist, and goddamn but my brother had big hands too, so this was no small feat.

I moaned deliriously, tossing my hair back, arching my back with my breasts held up to the sky. Tantalizingly, I rubbed my nipples as my pussy was fisted, one man with his hand buried in my twat, the other furiously flicking my clit.

But the time had come.

“I need it brothers,” I panted. “It’s time.”

And my brothers obliged. Caleb removed his hand and got down on the floor, lying on his back. Gesturing to me, he beckoned me closer so that I straddled him reverse cowgirl. And god, it felt so good to feel that big dick slip inside. Oh yeah, I was stretched, the fisting had done its job and I slid down his veiny shaft like fireman on a firepole slicked with grease. It had never felt so good before.

I tilted backwards, so that I lay face up on Caleb’s chest and teasingly raised my legs, slim and lithe in the stockings and heels.

“Caden, come and get it,” I cooed.

My soon to be husband stepped forward eagerly. Positioning himself between my legs, he pointed his dick at my hole, which was plugged tight with his brother’s dick. But he wasn’t deterred at all.

“Brother, hold on,” he grunted. Taking his cock in hand, he pushed down on Caleb’s member, forcing the other cock lower so that the tiniest space opened at the top of my vag. With an insistent thrust, he pushed his fuckpole into that space and reader, I was doing it. I was taking two dicks at once, doing the double V, and I loved every second of it.

Chills ran up my spine, my body dissolving into a cockholster for these gorgeous men that I loved.

“Do me,” I murmured hazily, writhing on Caleb’s body. “Make me your woman.”

“Oh little girl, we will and we have,” said Cade. The two dicks in me began to pulse, pushing in and out, rubbing against each other, my brother’s ball sacks bouncing up and down, hitting each other in an eternal rhythm.

“Fuck me, fuck me,” I chanted. “Use my body, make me yours.”

And I was fucked into heaven and back, the two cocks exploding in me at once, virile sperm from both men coating my chamber, spraying my ovaries with multiple streams of viscous white. Simultaneously, I peaked as well. My little puss contracted, milking the two dongs, squeezing every drop from them, demanding that they give up their man juice.

It was magnificent, everything that I’d hoped it be. As we calmed, our breathing growing even once again, I heard a light tapping on the door.

“Ms. Walsh,” said the manager’s voice sternly. “We can’t have you doing that in here. This is a reputable bridal salon and the dressing rooms are for trying on gowns only. Otherwise, I’m going to call the police and there’s going to be a big scandal.”

Scandal? My brothers and I looked at each other and laughed. We’d already been to hell and back, and scandal was the least of our worries now.

THE END

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Crazy

A Sterling Brothers Romance

(Erotic Romance, Huge Size, Fisting, Secret Twin)

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By Cassandra Dee

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CHAPTER ONE

"Ummph!" I moaned as the man drilled me from behind. I shook with pleasure, naked on all fours, my legs spread as I took the man in my puss, pink bits dripping wet, my mouth stuffed full with another man's cock in front.

The alphas groaned as they reamed me, their pecs tight, their faces strained, seeking ecstasy in my body. And the pace picked up.

"Umph! Umph! Umph!" I squealed as my cunny was reamed. True to form, Lexington in back of me was first, giving it up as his dick trembled and shook in my body, spurting great reams of semen.

"Shit!" screamed the director. "Stop! Stop! That was the money shot! What were you thinking, how could you come in her?"

But Lex wasn't listening, he was too busy pulsing into my body, jets of cum coating my ovaries, filling me so full that jizz trailed out between our bodies. Meanwhile, Peter did better. Pulling out of my mouth in a rush, he stroked himself rapidly, his hand like a vise on his dick, giving that long, hard shaft the final stimulation it needed.

"FUUUCK!" he roared as his sperm spurted onto my face. Like an obedient girl, I opened my mouth and closed my eyes, reaching my tongue out to catch as much goodness as possible.

"Pan up! Pan up!" screamed the director. The cameraman rushed up to kneel by my head, capturing globs of white spurting onto my nose and lips, smeared on my cheeks, even dripping from my lashes. I assumed an expression of ecstasy, gulping as much as I could, nuzzling Peter's cock as it rubbed against my cheek.

And once both fuckpoles stopped jerking, the men pulled back, allowing me to drop my head and pant, recovering, my body and face completely covered with jism.

"Cut!" shrieked the director. "Goddamit, we're going to have to do another take, Lex didn't do his part right. Get yourself ready," he

commanded me. “Lex is going to come again, this time on your back and ass.”

And like a slave, I turned on my knees, opening my mouth to fluff the big man and get him hard again. How had my life come to this? Oh, how the mighty have fallen …

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CHAPTER TWO

Jenna

Six months earlier …

"Seriously Tina, you must be kidding," I said nonchalantly, flipping my blonde hair back. "I've never heard of this requirement."

My sister gazed at me owl-like. Her heavy-framed glasses were ridiculous, they only served to emphasize the roundness of her cheeks, obscuring her rather pretty caramel eyes.

"No, it's true Jenna," she said wearily. "In addition to the bar exam, there's an additional requirement to get your license. It's called the moral character application, I guess the State wants to make sure you're an upstanding citizen, that kind of thing."

What? I'd been slaving away for almost three years at this law degree and it wasn't enough? There was more to becoming an attorney?

"Not only that, but the application costs something like four hundred dollars," added Tina resignedly.

"Four hundred dollars!" I screeched. "No way I can afford that! For a piece of paper that says I'm a good person? No way."

Tina looked away and didn't reply. I knew from her silence that we didn't have a choice – she didn't make the rules any more than I did and likely wasn't looking forward to the four hundred dollar spend either.

But at least Tina could afford it, as she was engaged to Jake Sterling now. I grew livid thinking about it because Jake had been *my* fiancé first. The CEO of Sterling Pharmaceuticals and I had met at a party and I'd succeeded in snaring the most eligible bachelor in San Francisco with my flirtatious ways, hot body, and unstoppable charm.

But instead of marching into a happily ever after, my twin had snuck in, getting pregnant with Jake's baby and basically stealing him from right under my nose. Now they were engaged to be married and instead of me as the next first lady of San Francisco, it was going to be Tina instead, my fraternal twin, a dumpy brunette who was actually serious about her career.

Because my twin and I are law students at the same school in the Bay Area. My sister's a good student and deserved getting in, I'm sure. But don't tell anyone … because I didn't earn my admission at all. Instead, I used my feminine wiles to seduce a professor who revised my transcript in the university's database.

It'd begun somewhat normally. I was a senior in Professor Lang's economics class, almost dizzy with boredom as he wrote equations on the blackboard. It was amazing that I was in class at all – usually I just skip lectures, showing up to exams on the appointed date.

But this professor had caught my eye. He was cute and not too old, maybe 35 or so, fresh from a post-doc and furiously trying to publish before his tenure evaluation came up. Prematurely grey, he was dressed like an academic in corduroy jeans with a v-neck cashmere sweater – trendy but not too much so, with a nice body, trim and toned, probably from biking all over campus. He was clearly smart too, holding a PhD from some Ivy League school back east.

His voice droned on and on but it was a nice hum, something that I could plausibly feign interest in, even as my mind wandered thinking about this guy or that at school. When you look like me there are men galore only too happy to do your homework for you, they'll even do your take-home exams if you're savvy. But I needed an overhaul of my entire transcript and Professor Lang was just the answer. I knew instructors could access the University database and I wasn't above trying my hand.

After class, I trailed the handsome male into the hallway after the other students had disbursed.

"Hi Professor Lang," I said sweetly, throwing my blonde hair over my shoulder.

"Hey," he said glancing my way. "Hey," he said more forcefully, doing a double take. That happens to me a lot. As a nubile undergrad, I was bursting with health and beauty and guys often look at me with renewed interest once they get a glimpse of my curves.

"I was wondering if I could stop by later today for some review?" I asked with a flirtatious smile. "The stuff you explained today … the

concepts were tough," I added.

"Well," the good professor hemmed and hawed, "office hours are usually Thursday and it's only Tuesday today …."

"Please?" I asked plaintively. "If I wait until Thursday there will be more material and I'll just be more confused. Plus, the TA doesn't have office hours until Friday, so I really have no way to clear this stuff up before moving forwards."

I could see him relenting, his mind doing a furious calculation of Hot Co-ed + Intermediate Economics + Doing my Job + Potential for Exploration (naughty!).

"Alright, come by at three," he said, his eyes glinting. "Have your questions ready, I only have half an hour before a faculty meeting."

"Oh of course, Professor," I said. "I already know what I need," I added with a saucy smile before skating away, my mini-skirt swaying as I wiggled my hips.

And that, reader, is how I got straight A's. Professor Lang and I engaged in a torrid affair which ended after graduation, the minute after he hacked into the University database and modified my transcript. It was fun, really, having a man wrapped around my finger, willing to do anything.

"Joseph," I admonished while the professor knelt between my legs, supplicating and worshipful. "Make sure to suck hard on my clit, I want to feel some real tension there."

And he'd merely moaned in response, breathing in my female scent, his cock a bulge in his pants as I spread my legs wider, hooking my panties over my engorged nether lips, baring my steaming cunny. He was almost drooling with need, eager to dive into my snatch to sample my honey.

"Yes Mistress," he whispered, staring at my puss avidly while touching himself, pulling that fuckpole out, its length twitching at its proximity to nubile womanflesh. And sure enough, the Professor did an amazing job with the oral, suckling my nub with vigorous ardor, making sure I came multiple times on his tongue before burying that hard shaft in my soft folds, my puss clenching with ecstasy as he pounded me again and again.

“More Professor, more more more!” I squealed, throwing my head back in ecstasy, screaming with pleasure as he drilled me. “X plus 2Y equals R! Sum of S to the tenth degree is N!”

It was so laughable, spewing nonsensical theorems, but hey, different strokes for different folks right? And for the sexy professor, that’s what got him off, girls, math, and equations. With a mighty groan, he emptied into me, pumping white into my burning insides, coating me with viscous, virile sperm, his trim body shaking with lust and release as he emptied into my body.

So people were shocked when I was admitted to top-tier law schools. I’ve always come off as a blonde bimbo, and even my so-called friends were surprised. “What?” gasped Kim Marsh. “How did you get into Stanford Law? You never study. In fact, didn’t you get a D in Econometrics last year?”

Of course I had, but I wasn’t about to tell her that my entire transcript had been faked.

“Yeah, I guess I just had a really good reference letters,” I purred. In fact, I’d read Professor Lang’s letter which raved about my “stellar intellect” and “inestimable abilities.” It was laughable. More like my dripping pussy and big, bouncy boobs had paved the way.

“Hope you do just as well in the admissions game,” I’d tossed off to Kim insincerely, spinning about and leaving her gawking.

But of course, my sister suspected something was off. When I called, Tina was wary and unforthcoming.

“Alright Jenna, where are you planning on matriculating?” she asked slowly.

“I dunno, where are you?” I responded. Her answer meant more to me than she knew.

“Well, I just mailed my deposit into Stanford Law School,” she said slowly. “They have a great tax program and you know how I’ve always been interested in corporate shield and all that.”

I sighed. Tina was so boring. Law school was an opportunity to meet men, all these glorious, hard-bodied young graduate students who'd likely move onto lucrative careers. And I was secretly elated. Didn't a ton of entrepreneurs come out of Stanford? I mean, all the billionaire tech moguls were Stanford drop-outs right?

"What a coincidence!" I said gleefully. "That's where I'm headed this fall too."

Tina was silent in reply, giving out a soft sigh.

"I guess I'll see you there, Jen," before hanging up with a soft click.

But my twin's presence was more important to me than just sisterly support. Come fall, I pressed my advantage, relying on Tina for everything … driving me to class, taking notes, even cribbing off of her papers once in a while, without her knowledge of course. She was the perfect fallback, I didn't even need to charm nerdy boys into doing my work for me.

But it all blew up when it came to Jake Sterling. CEO of Sterling Pharma, my sister and I had attended a party in the City and I thought I'd snagged him. I'd made a beeline as soon as he appeared, the newest billionaire in Silicon Valley, and we'd done some dirty dancing with a vague promise to "meet up again" after the party ended.

And I'd worked it to the max, spinning one date into two, two into three, until we were a couple. But unbeknownst to me, Tina had actually slept with him at that damned party! I mean, gimme a break. The twenty minutes when I wasn't watching my man like a hawk, and my twin snuck in and got pregnant by the billionaire on her first try. It was unbelievable, like the worst nightmare from hell.

So my sister and I are estranged now, after Jake broke off our engagement to be with his baby mama.

"I can't believe this is happening," I spat to my mom. "This is so fucked up, what kind of sister does this to you?"

My mom looked at me reprovingly. I guess since she's known me since birth, she knows how vengeful and spiteful I can be on occasion. But this was an instance where it was deserved. I swear, my twin ran off with my man, how messed up is that?

“Jenna,” she said gently. “You’re beautiful but surely you can see how much Jake and Tina love each other. Maybe you were there first, but the heart wants what it wants, and Jake wants Tina.”

This wasn’t helpful at all.

“Whose side are you on, Mom?” I screeched. “I did nothing wrong! It was all her! Tina makes herself out to be such a goody two-shoes but inside, she’s dirty and corrupt, she’d do anything to get her way.”

My mom only sighed.

“Jenna, maybe you should take a closer look at yourself,” she advised. “Just because you’re pretty doesn’t mean that life is going to be easy.”

“Is that a warning?” I’d sneered. “Shit happens Mom, I know, but this was really beyond the pale.”

“Take another look at yourself,” my mom urged. “Work on yourself first, really look inside and figure out what you want, what will make you happy. And don’t throw stones if you live in a house of glass.”

Whatever. These platitudes and old sayings were too much to bear, they just made people feel worse without actually being helpful.

“Fine Mom, I will,” I said shortly, ending the conversation. But my mind had already turned to other things because right now, I just needed money. I’d been living on Jake’s largesse for the past couple months, reveling in a luxurious lifestyle and clearly that was over. But I couldn’t bear going back to being a penniless grad student either, so I began calling around.

I’d seen an ad in the student paper for a modeling gig a few days back, and I knew I was photogenic. Maybe I’d check that out, it’d beat being a teaching assistant or some waitress job for sure.

“Hi, I’m inquiring about the modeling job I saw in Craigslist,” I dialed the number. “The one where the girls promote a premium craft beer?”

“Oh right,” said the disembodied voice on the other end. “Are you five two and Latina?”

“Not exactly,” I said slowly. “I’m blonde and five nine.”

“Then no can-do,” said the voice. “Premia Modela is geared to the Latino market, we’re only looking for girls with spice.”

Um, okay, they could have said that in the ad. But if the WASP look wasn’t what you were looking for, then fine, I’d move on. After a couple more calls, I finally got a bite.

“Hi, I’m calling about the modeling ad in the paper,” I said in a clipped voice, my temper short. “The one that pays two hundred per hour,” I said emphatically.

This whole process had been far more annoying than I thought. You’d think that being blonde and hot would open plenty of doors, but that hadn’t been the case with these gigs so far.

“Oh right,” said the silky voice in response. “And may I ask your cup size please?”

Cup size? They asked this stuff straight off the bat? But I had nothing to hide.

“Double Ds,” I said shortly. “Not natural.” I really wasn’t holding back on the nastiness.

“And height and weight?” she positively purred.

“Five nine and one twenty,” I snapped. “Listen, should I come in or what? You’re not going to get anywhere with stats, I could be a wretched hag for all you know.”

The voice wasn’t perturbed by my rude behavior. “Of course, honey,” the woman said sweetly. “Why don’t you come by tomorrow at 11 a.m.? It’s 243 Divisadero Street. Bring two bikinis,” she added. “One in black and one in red.”

“Wait, I didn’t know I had to provide the clothes,” I shot back, but it was too late. The woman had hung up and I was stuck going to the mall later today. WTF? I thought models sold outfits, not supplied them. But it was too late now, and two hundred dollars per hour was cash that I desperately needed.

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CHAPTER THREE

Jenna

I showed up at Divisadero Street, looking around dumbfounded. There were only warehouses here, nothing to indicate a professional photography studio or anything artistic. Instead, it was clearly an industrial area, everything grey, from the sky to the asphalt, the faceless buildings grimy and dirty. Oh god.

I found the bell to number 243 and rang the buzzer, the electric squawk making me jump. Chilled, I rubbed my arms, hunching my shoulders against the cold San Francisco wind.

After a pause, after which I can only assume I was surveyed by the camera in the corner, the door clicked and I was able to shoulder the steel-reinforced door open. There was a steep, narrow staircase going upwards and I tiredly hoisted my bag over my shoulder, trudging upstairs.

The truth is I've been studying out of boredom and necessity. I'd been cribbing off of Tina before and obviously, that wasn't an option anymore given our contentious relationship. Plus the girls I'd always thought of my "friends" at law school were curiously dismissive.

"Oh yeah, your bridal shower, I'm so sorry to hear about that," said Courtney from my contract law class. "Is there anything we can do to help?"

"Well, I'd love to be taken out to dinner," I'd hinted. "It'd mean a lot to me." I'd just been publicly shamed with the break-up of my engagement, and I was hoping some girls would band together and take me out, make me feel like a princess.

But Courtney was curiously evasive.

"I'm sorry Jenna, I'm just so busy," she said. "Henry's got exams too, we're both trying to cram before things really get hectic."

That made no sense to me. She'd had time to come to my bridal shower but had no time for a regular dinner? Plus she hated Henry, she was always begging me to set her up with one of Jake's millionaire friends.

But I guess once I didn't have the Jake connection, Courtney's hopes of marrying rich had gone up in flames and she saw no reason to invest in our friendship anymore. She'd hemmed and hawed some more and I'd let it go because there was nothing else to be said. She clearly wasn't interested in hanging out unless I had a hook-up to wealthy dudes.

Sadly, that's how it was with a lot of my so-called friends. They disappeared like smoke once my broken engagement became widely known, giving the most random excuses and not returning calls.

And so I ended up studying instead, making the most of my time alone. I could have gone on the prowl immediately, started looking for another man, but my reputation was already damaged enough. It's not every day your sister steals your billionaire fiancé out from under your nose, and even I recognized that a break was needed to let the drama dispel before I started up hot and heavy with a new guy.

But studying doesn't pay money and so here I was, lugging my bag to this modeling gig or whatever it was. Given the dingy surroundings, things didn't bode well.

Finally at the top of the stairs was another steel-reinforced door, this one just as heavy and imposing. However, as soon as I reached to knock I heard the lock click open, surveillance cameras whirring towards me once again.

I pushed open the massive steel and was greeted by a wave of warmth. Thank god, it was chilly and I was shivering, so the humid heat was a welcome respite. There were blinding lights and I put up a hand to shield my face. Holy shit, those were Krieg lights blasting a bright, white glare onto everything on the stark floor space.

And inside, multiple cars were parked, how they'd gotten them up onto the second level, I have no idea. Lambos, Ferraris, Maseratis, you name them, they were all there. The staff was there too … photographers, assistants, make-up people, and … costumers, if you could call them that.

Because the models were barely dressed, some altogether nude except for stripper heels. They sprawled across the vehicles, posing provocatively, and there was even one redhead straddling the door to a fire-

red sports car, grinding against it, letting her bare pussy do the talking as she moaned for the crew, cameras flashing.

Was that moisture I saw on the leather? Sure enough, the redhead was turned on, her pussy spilling its wet secrets onto the pebbled material.

Holy cow … did they expect this of me too?

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CHAPTER FOUR

Jenna

"You must be Jenna," purred a melodious female voice. "I'm Deborah." I turned, more in shock than anything else. A middle-aged brunette strode confidently towards me, perfectly groomed in an elegant but sexy black suit, her hair swept up into a chignon. She was fully dressed, thank god.

"Yes, that's me," I stammered, looking down at my feet. It was unlike me to be shy, but then again I'm not confronted with rampant nudity all the time.

The woman chuckled throatily at my obvious discomfort.

"You're beautiful honey, you'll fit right in," she said soothingly. With a more critical eye, she added, "Hmmm, tall, slim, big boobs, long blonde hair … just the ticket. Patrick!" she called off in the distance, "come take a look at the goods."

I bridled a bit. The goods? I was a woman, not some inanimate object, but I checked myself. You know what? I was an aspiring model, "the product" so to say, out to make money off of my looks and my body, getting paid cold hard cash to sell cars. I could do this.

A curly-haired guy ambled over, rail-thin, scruffy looking in raggedy clothes.

"This it?" he said, giving me the once over casually.

"Yeah, this is our new girl," purred Deborah. "Isn't she delicious?"

I shot Deborah a suspicious look. No way was I interested in anything lesbian and this woman was giving me weird vibes.

But she just laughed again throatily and said, "Patrick is our wardrobe assistant. He'll be helping you with your outfits, making sure they fit right, alterations and all that good stuff. You brought the bikinis? Black and red? Oh good, you'll match the Lambo over there."

I turned and saw the sexiest car I'd ever seen. Gleaming red paint, so low-slung the chassis almost hit the floor. The tires were oversized and the car was fitted with a double-valve exhaust and three-inch spoiler. I was in love.

Both Deborah and Patrick laughed to see me gawking over an inanimate object, my lust obvious.

"You'll be a good model if you can emote that in front of the camera," advised Patrick. "Let's head over to the dressing area and take a look at what you've brought."

I followed him to an area of the floor that had a canvas modesty curtain draped over a small corner space. Pulling open my bag, I took out the black and red bikinis, the scraps of fabric nothing but the tiniest band-aids. They'd cover next to nothing.

But Patrick looked them over thoughtfully.

"Put on the red one," he said, fingering the glimmery fabric in his hands slowly. "It'll look great under the lights. Plus, it's smaller," he said with an odd expression.

Hmm, my spidey sense was going off but I did as he told. I slipped out of my clothes and pulled on the bikini, making sure to double-knot the strings behind my neck and at my hips. Don't want to lose control of those babies! I slipped my feet into four-inch heels Patrick had handed me and slipped out from behind the curtain.

"This way!" called a strange man with a camera draped around his neck. He gestured to the Lamborghini. God, that car was calling my name and I almost tripped over myself, rushing to the gleaming metal.

Drawing on my inner siren, I posed against the door seductively, leaning forward provocatively so that the inner swells of my breasts thrust forward, the creaminess delicious and beckoning.

"Fantastic!" growled the photographer. He was a paunchy, middle-aged dude, wearing a beret like a serious artiste, and gestured for a lighting guy to come closer, holding a silver reflective surface strategically so that it hit my curves.

I could tell that I looked good, the refracted light gleaming off of my golden skin, and I went with it. I struck a couple of poses, swaying my hips, pushing my butt out, making sure my rear-end was a shelf of goodness, the curves lush and firm at once.

Patrick ran up to fix my make-up and I basked under the attention as strands of my hair were adjusted, my lips touched-up with some pink gloss, another costumer strategically adjusting the tiny strings of my bikini so that the fabric sat just so.

Suddenly, I felt the top slither off of my chest, my boobs suddenly bare to the audience, bouncing out in flawless form, my nipples peaked and erect.

"Oh my god," I shrieked at the costumer. "You undid my bikini, you careless slut!"

"Oh I'm sorry," stammered the girl awkwardly. "I didn't mean to, it's just that Deborah said …"

The photographer, who'd I learned was called Max, intervened even as I tried futilely to cover my breasts with my hands. "You look fantastic," he growled. "Why not try it without?"

"No way!" I squealed. "I'm a model, not some nude stripper."

"Everyone's doing it," said the photographer reasonably. "Look at all the girls around you … some are bottomless as well as topless."

I knew that was true, that's what had arrested me when I stepped into the gallery on first sight. But I wasn't totally ready to bare all.

"It's only two hundred dollars, I can't be showing people my privates for such a small sum," I claimed boldly. "I need more."

The photographer frowned but whispered into Patrick's ear, who in turn held up a walkie talkie and murmured something indistinct, letting the equipment chatter a bit before giving an authoritative nod.

"Deborah says yes," he pronounced. "Three hundred."

But I was quick to clarify. "Three hundred for this job or per hour?"

“Per hour,” he sighed. “That means if you’re here three hours, you’ll take home nine hundred bucks. Not bad for a morning’s work, eh?”

And I thought it over. Nine hundred dollars would get me so much … maybe I could buy myself a new outfit, take myself out to a nice dinner, maybe even splurge on that new perfume from Chanel.

“Nine hundred in a cashier’s check,” I said sweetly. “Ready by the end of my session here.”

Patrick nodded wearily. “I’ll make sure you get it,” he said.

And that’s all I needed to hear. I dropped my hands, letting my Double Ds bounce free, the creamy mounds tasty and ripe. Teasingly, I cupped them, deepening the valley in between as I straddled the door to the car like I’d seen the redhead do.

“Lick your nipples,” said Max. “Make me want you,” he commanded all the while the shutter going off in a non-stop whir.

I was only too happy to oblige. I lifted my girls to my mouth, savoring first one ruby red nip, then the other, licking them lasciviously while smiling at the camera before lifting them both to do a double suck.

It only got dirtier though. Patrick reached for the string tie of my bikini bottoms and pulled it loose so that the front flap flopped open. I grabbed at the fabric with a pretend gasp, holding my hand over my mouth for added effect as the cloth slipped over my pussy.

“Oh my god!” I whispered, just audible enough for the crew to hear. “It slipped!”

But of course I knew what was going on. I wasn’t getting paid nine hundred dollars to strut around in my clothes. I was getting paid to go nude, baring my assets, making men want me and that car.

So coyly, I dropped my hand, letting the fabric slip through my fingers until the front of my pink slit was revealed, the lips bare, plush and juicy.

“Mmm,” I moaned, throwing my head back, one hand rubbing circles around my clit as the other pulled and tugged at my nipple, “feels amazing.” My long blonde hair hung down my back and both Patrick and

the photographer had their mouths agape now, although I noticed the photographer's finger was clicking non-stop on the camera.

And that, reader, is how I ended up posing nude for a couple of skin mag flicks. It started slow. I was a student after all, and couldn't come up to the City all the time for photo shoots. Plus, I had my doubts. Being naked came easy to me, I'm totally comfortable in my body, but I knew what was happening –I was being recorded and someone, somewhere, would see these pictures.

But I steeled myself. I needed the money and would never meet the people who bought these photos. They were probably car aficionados, dudes who wouldn't even see me as anything more than accessory, the exotic cars being the main draw. That is, until the agency asked me to start posing without the cars altogether ... just me, open, revealing, available for all.

It was a little intimidating at first, my legs open, the camera guys circling 360 degrees. I felt uncomfortable, those guys could see right up my snatch, my wet pussy oiled up and lubed! But they were total professionals, not batting an eye, and I told myself they saw naked girls all the time – I was just the latest in a long line. And so I sank into the work, smiling, hissing, working my body, letting it all hang out, reveling in my youth and beauty.

In all, I didn't do much, it was probably only a week's work total. Seven days of nude photo work, my cunny and breasts on display. Thinking back, if I hadn't been so hard up for cash, with no friends, no money, and no fiancé, I don't think it would have happened. I probably would have just mooched off my latest victim, taking him for all he was worth.

I shouldn't have done it, I know that now, I was young and stupid, poor and in a bad place. But now there were nudies of me out there … and I didn't realize how they'd come to haunt me.

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CHAPTER FIVE

Rafe

"Jenna, Jenna, Jenna!" the crowd screamed. I'd heard a lot about this new model but hadn't had a chance to meet her myself. As the chairman of Levast Corp., I take a personal interest in all the brands my company owns and that includes going to dozens of fashion shows, meeting designers, scoping out the crowd.

The audience at Jason Alexander, our newest label, was promising. Between a mix of hoity-toity editorial staff, celebrity ingénues, Instagrammers, and serious buyers, we had a good turn-out. I could see Vanessa A., a hot new rapper, preening in the front row. There were cameramen all around her but the crowd kept screaming "Jenna!" without abandon.

Hmmm, Jenna Walsh. Very interesting. She was the newest model to hit the scene, older than most, probably twenty-four or twenty-five. It wasn't often we hired from the "mature division" of an agency, but in this case Jason had felt he had no choice. Jenna had come onto the scene so suddenly that it took everyone by surprise. The blonde bimbo was the absolute opposite of what high fashion was about – way too curvy, with boobs and an ass that bounced and jiggled with a life of their own.

I have to admit, I was curious myself. Ms. Walsh had come to prominence in a roundabout way. Rejected by all the high fashion agencies, she'd turned to promoting herself via YouTube, Twitter and Instagram. She'd filmed multiple shorts of herself doing silly things, dancing around her room, shimmying on the sidewalk, probably even brushing her teeth.

But the thing is that she was captivating. Her video doing the Cat Daddy in a bikini was riveting, her boobs jouncing out with every squiggle, the girl laughing as she danced, not at all like the cold, hard faces models present to the world.

So I was curious myself. I wanted to see what this Jenna had, what had propelled her to ultra-stardom in such a short time.

The lights dimmed and the music began. A fast cha-cha to match the tropical air, as Jason Alexander was presenting its resort collection. And Mr. Alexander didn't disappoint. Right in time with the first beat, Ms. Walsh stepped out.

I felt my body harden reflexively, its reaction to the goddess on the runway pure male instinct. Because Jenna really was gorgeous. Maybe she was considered fat by the traditional modeling industry, but to me she was perfect, with big, beautiful breasts and a sizeable rump. I could see her jugs bouncing inside the aquamarine bikini top, threatening to spill out and dazzle us all.

She let out a gleaming smile, waving to the crowds, working the audience, a glow coming off of that radiant blonde hair, her golden skin. I wasn't so naïve that I thought it was all natural, but damn, she was the picture of health, bouncy and flushed, the opposite of the anorexics the agencies always send over.

The blonde was sassy and fun too. Reaching the end of the runway, she turned and strutted, rocking her hips, smiling over her shoulder, throwing a come-hither look at me. At me? I growled at myself. Please. I was just another man in the crowd, she couldn't even see me from where I sat in the back. I try to keep a low profile, no need for the world to know that the boss was present.

But the interplay stayed with me even as Jenna sashayed back down the runway, throwing one more dazzling smile over her shoulder before disappearing around the corner. It was as if a camera flash had gone off, rendering me momentarily blind to the other girls filing out from behind the wall, showing off their assets. The image of Jenna was imprinted on my mind, her curvy figure, that golden fall of hair, the undeniable charisma and sweetness.

I had to have her. Uncomfortably crossing my legs, I realized just how aroused I'd become, my cock semi-stiff, my body gearing up as if for war … and dominance.

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CHAPTER SIX

Jenna

I'd seen him. A lot of times, the runway is so brightly lit that you can't see a thing. But in this case, when I got to the end of the runway a strobe light went off, illuminating everything in its arc.

And that was when I saw the man. Tall, imposing, handsome, in an impeccably cut suit, seated elegantly with his legs crossed. His eyes were deep, penetrating, and I felt an immediate flush on my body as he stared, my chest growing heated as darts of lightning streaked down to my center, making me feel soft inside.

I calmed myself, acting like nothing had happened, that I hadn't just felt the clouds open. "Stop it," I reminded myself. "You're imagining things, your life's been so crazy lately."

And it's true. It's been a short and surprising rollercoaster ever since I took those nudie pics. I'd done it for the money, nothing more, figuring that once I was paid it'd become a thing of my past. But Deborah had ideas for me.

"Jenna honey," she purred, sorting through some photos, "have you thought about modeling? I mean, real modeling, not this import car stuff."

I was stumped. Even though I'm beautiful, I know I don't have a model's body. Those girls are two inches taller and twenty pounds less, plus I was already twenty-four, too old to be competition for the sixteen year-old ingénues gracing the Paris catwalks.

"I'm not sure I qualify," I said slowly. "But what are you thinking? Some Sears catalogues? Maybe J. Crew?" I'd noticed that commercial models tended to be more normal looking, not the skeletal remains parading about in magazines. Plus, I could use the money.

And Deborah was savvy.

"I have an idea," she said. "I've got a friend at MGC Models, they want someone to appear at a Giants game just to generate some heat, you

know? They want someone real because it's supposed to be candid, on the fly, but you know how these things are, they're totally staged."

No, in fact I didn't know that. But it was an idea and I wanted the free tickets to the Giants game. If I had to pimp myself in some way or other, that was fine, so long as it wasn't *too* embarrassing.

It's terrible I know, but the money from the nudie shoots had already run out, I'd spent it on random things and I was penniless again. Dammit! I knew I shouldn't have bought that new purple dress, but I'd felt so beaten down studying at 2 a.m. that I'd allowed myself to splurge and purchased the Versace dress on-line, my eyesight practically blurring, I was so tired.

And maybe I could use those free tickets to my advantage somehow … I dunno, get some guy to buy me dinner at the game, I heard they'd amped up the catering at these fancy new stadiums, there was actually steak and oysters now, not just fries and hot dogs.

So I agreed. It was easy enough -- I was supposed to go to the game and do a dance when my section cheered. The lensman would "accidentally" catch me on the Jumbotron and it'd provide the crowd with a glimpse of a pretty girl grooving out, relieving the boredom during a slow inning or whatever. Easy-peasy, no problem.

I'd invited Courtney to come along. Although she'd disappointed me when she'd refused to take me out after the cancelled bridal shower, there weren't many other people I could ask frankly. I didn't have many real friends and hadn't had much time to develop true friendships after my engagement blew up, that kind of shit takes years.

So Courtney and I had gotten ready together, brushing out our blonde hair, making sure our baseball caps were angled just so, pulling on the fitted Giants jerseys Deborah had provided.

"Where you'd get this gear?" she'd asked, curious. Courtney was pretty, almost competition even, but she never found the right guys. The guys who liked her were cute, sure, but they were just like us – graduate students, impoverished, studying for their PhDs or whatever. I liked my men a little more developed, imposing, commanding, and further along their career paths.

“Oh I have a friend who couldn’t make the game so he gave me his tickets,” I said nonchalantly, making sure my hair was brushed to a glossy sheen. I adjusted the baseball jersey so that my girls pressed against the cheap nylon fabric, highlighting my deep cleavage, turning in the mirror to make sure my ass was juicy and perky in the tight jeans. As usual, I looked flawless and made a face at myself in the mirror.

“Come on, you ready?” I asked. “You promised to drive.”

Courtney finished brushing out her own long blonde hair. “I did, didn’t I?” she said slowly. “But don’t go crazy with the drinking okay? I’m borrowing Henry’s car and I don’t want to clean up puke like last time.”

I waved my hand nonchalantly. “Don’t worry about me, that was Renata,” I said dismissively. “I can’t help it if she can’t handle her alcohol.” Of course, I’d been the one pouring the drinks that night and had done nothing to stop Renata from downing far more than her petite 5’1” frame could handle. But we’re all big girls, she should have known better.

“Okay but not again,” said Courtney with a warning glance, like she knew my part in that debacle. Whatever, I was providing the free tickets and Courtney was nothing more than a bit player tonight.

The game was raucous. Frankly, I know nothing about baseball and was much more interested in a group of cute guys seated a couple rows away. I’d seen them looking our way and whispered confidentially to Courtney, throwing them glances and pouting a bit. Maybe I’d get up and walk by their aisle, sashaying my hips provocatively.

But then it came time to perform. In the fifth inning I bounced out of my seat when they started playing “Wild Thing,” the crowd roaring along.

“Come on!” I shrieked at Courtney. “Get up and dance.”

“Um okay,” she said hesitantly, looking at me askance. I was already up, bouncing around, smiling brightly, flaunting my assets.

And just like that, I suddenly appeared on the Jumbotron doing the dougie. I pretended I didn’t know I was on-screen, instead smiling brightly as my body did the moves, swaying, jiggling, tilting my head and flashing a bright smile. I knew I looked good as the crowd cheered, the roar around us

deafening, the camera zooming in on my assets, my pretty face, a moment of relief from an intense baseball game.

"Jenna!" shrieked Courtney. "You're live, you're live, look!"

And I gazed at the big screen, feigning shock at my image and then waving like a fan, happy to be at the game enjoying a night out with a million other people, loyal to the Giants.

And that's what launched my career as a public figure. People said I was too fat to be a model, too old, too curvy, too everything. But I just kept at it. I did the Cat Daddy for a famed photographer who posted it to his website, and got two million hits overnight. Isn't that astounding? For a no-name blonde, not bad I'd say.

And as for being a lawyer … well, that was a thing of the past. I realized I'd never pass the moral character requirement with my history of nudie photos, so what was the point of even trying? What was the point of even taking the bar exam, period?

"Jenna, you have to take it," said my sister exasperatedly. "You're so close! You've already graduated from law school it's just the last thing before you get your license."

Clearly she had no idea about my moral character problems.

"I dunno Tina," I said carelessly. "I'm not really feeling it, the bar exam is six straight weeks of full-time study, I'm not sure if I want to spend my summer doing that."

My twin made a face. "Seriously, don't let this stuff about Jake get you down. I mean, engagements get broken up, it happens all the time."

"Oh right, and you're in such a great position to lecture me," I spat. "You're the one who stole my fiancé."

"Jenna, I'm sorry," said Tina. "It's way more complicated than you think, I didn't try to steal him per se. It just happened," she shrugged helplessly.

But I wasn't about to let it go. "Don't tell me 'it just happened,'" I hissed furiously. "I know you've always been jealous and that you wormed your way in like a fucking spy. To make up for your past transgressions,

how about you sit the bar exam for me? You've been doing a ton of studying, you could probably pass it now already."

"You know they check IDs," reprimanded my sister, "and plus, it's just plain amoral. What's wrong with you Jenna? I mean, I never thought you were an angel, but you've really gone over the deep end. I mean, what about my bar exam? Who's going to take my exam if I'm sitting for yours?" she asked plaintively.

"I dunno," I said carelessly. "It's not like you need the money now that you have Jake anyways," I said, nearly choking on my spite.

Because the fact was I still hadn't gotten over my immense anger at the turn of events. I'd come so close to my goal of landing a rich man, only to be foiled by my twin, leaving me penniless and broke once again.

So I'd taken matters into my own hands and transitioned. I'd graduated from law school but didn't take the bar exam, forgoing membership in the California bar. Instead, I exploited my ever-growing image and became a public figure of sorts. My fame buoyed me, making me feel good about myself, the ever-growing attention addictive. I was *that blonde*, the one who was the flavor of the moment … and looking to prolong my time in the limelight. Angling for a shot at *Sports Illustrated*, my agents were already making the right calls, exploring connections, talking to their contacts.

But I'd never counted on meeting Rafe Connor.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Rafe

I had to have her. She was delicious, gorgeous, sassy with an attitude that you don't see in models often. Okay, so she wasn't exactly cast in the high fashion mold, but there was a spark about her, a sense of life that animated everything she did.

I guess some designers don't like that. They want their models to be clotheshangers, channeling the spirit of the collection, but Jenna would always be Jenna. That flying blonde hair, the gleaming, glowing skin … she was 100% herself and I loved it.

I made my way backstage even though the show wasn't over. The folks in charge knew who I was and made way, security letting me through, not bothering to check ID or anything of that sort. This was unusual because there were about twenty half-naked girls getting dressed backstage, their assets on display as they changed in and out of various outfits. Usually it was a total lock-out, to keep prying eyes away from the nubile female forms, but there are always exceptions for the boss.

I looked around and caught a glimpse of the blonde laughing with a make-up assistant but before I could approach, I was accosted by a ravishing redhead. Angelique Domaine was also a rising star, a nom de plume for a girl with humble origins – Sarah Jane Moses from Dayton, Ohio.

"Hi Rafe!" she said brightly, placing a perfectly manicured hand on my sleeve. "Great to see you here!" she chirped. You can take the girl out of Ohio but you can't take the Ohio out of the girl. Despite her exotically slanted eyes and ravishing red hair, her voice was as American as pie, her smile wide and Crest white.

"Hey Angelique," I said courteously. "It's nice to see you." I'd taken her out a few times but hadn't felt any spark. Sure, I'd ravished her, fucking that tight little pussy, but she just wasn't my style. Angelique wasn't … tight you know? Lean, perfect body, but not snappy down there, where it counts.

I guess I like my girls to fit me like a compression glove. I'm big and it usually isn't a problem. In fact, a lot of women struggle, but Angelique … that girl has fucked too many men or used one too many Extra Large vibrators. It was like a bag down there, a loose leather bag filled with warm water, no way to get to release except by using other means.

So I'd pulled the classic Rafe Connor escape move. I'd ordered up a sapphire necklace from Harry Winston and had it delivered to Angelique in Paris, and then refused to pick up any of her calls, directing my secretary to screen any communication from her. Ghosting is what they call it nowadays.

But the girl was persistent. That'd been months ago and she was still calling, it was unbelievable. Someone as beautiful as Angelique could have had a million guys eating out of her hand, but instead she was still sending texts to my phone at night, hoping I'd respond, give her some sign of life. The latest had been particularly sad:

Rafe, thinking of you <heart><heart><wink emoji>

<pause of 2 min>

<more typing>

Touching myself nood feels so good <heart><heart> Answer me damn you! I can't speak French, these frenchies driving me nuts <crying emoji>

I didn't reply. I felt sorry for the redhead, with that misspelling of the word "nude." These girls started modeling so early that they never finished high school, and some of them never even completed middle school. They were still at a sixth grade level, using emojis when they texted, their spelling and grammar horrific.

Their emotional development also left something to be desired. New models are pulled out of school so early, at twelve or thirteen sometimes, their limbs long but their brains undeveloped. Isn't adolescence

a critical time for advancing brain function, learning higher level thought processes? These poor kids, they never had a chance. Pimped out for their looks, their careers would last a few years at best. Most would flame out, gaining weight as their figures became womanly, maybe making it to twenty-one or twenty-two before the bookings trailed off.

I shook myself though. This was no time to feel pity. I was the boss and the money lining my pockets was in part from the efforts of these teens, these girls who were scooped up young to walk in the fashion shows on my behalf. This was a cut-throat industry and I had no business feeling pity for what were essentially my employees.

So I turned myself back to the business at hand. Ah yes, Jenna, our newest internet sensation who'd somehow launched herself into the halls of high fashion. She was the opposite of a teen girl who could potentially be taken advantage of. First, she was twenty-four, way over prime modeling age. Second, management had already been contacted by her agent about upping her rate. The girl wanted ten thousand for every runway she walked going forward, no negotiation. We'd responded that ten grand was reserved only for the elites, but I knew her team was working on raising her profile even further – maybe the cover of *Sports Illustrated* or a Victoria's Secret fashion show. Not bad for someone who was a failed law student.

Because, of course, I'd researched Ms. Walsh. I had a dossier on all key employees and Jenna's was the latest to land on my desk. She'd finished law school but never sat for the bar exam, instead opting to move into arts and entertainment. Plus, there were a couple of very interesting photos in there, from a somewhat seedy, shady past. I looked forward to quizzing her on those.

I approached the blonde, the assistant make-up artist gasping upon seeing my form. She whispered to Jenna while glancing at me furtively and Jenna spun around to look, her blonde hair flying.

She took me in, almost drinking me, her eyes a deep blue, violet in fact, that perfect ski slope nose pert and upturned, her boobs jiggling in an electric green bikini, high heels with feathers at her feet. How did Jason Alexander dream up this shit? I guess she was supposed to resemble a

jungle woman coming out of the forest – one that focused on providing sex to the men of the tribe, not hunting and gathering for sure.

And I could see that I'd affected her. The blonde's tits were heaving, her nostrils flaring slightly at my masculine presence. I could almost see a flush forming across her chest but there was so much body glitter and bronzer that it was impossible to say for sure.

But her mind wasn't impaired at all.

"Hey stranger," she purred. Now that, I wasn't prepared for. Her voice was a low, melodious hum which reached my ears distinctly despite the babble around us. She smiled genuinely, real emotion in her eyes, and I was stunned again. These girls are usually so … practiced, you know? They feel nothing but are great at convincing you that you're the best ever. By contrast, this wasn't forced at all. Jenna was real and liked what she saw.

"Hey yourself," I growled. I know I have a slight Euro accent. I grew up in Italy, coming to the United States for college, naturally retaining that old world refinement that fashion executives cultivate.

"How can I help you?" she asked, smiling at me, those blue eyes teasing me. I forced myself to look at her face, drinking in the luscious lips, the curve of her cheek, the perfect tilt of her chin.

"I'm Rafe Connor," I growled again. "CEO of Levast Corp., we're the holding company for the Jason Alexander brand."

"Oh I know who you are," she said with a wink. "I've been doing some research on Levast's financials and I read your latest shareholder letter in the Annual Report."

I was floored. Evidently, the girl was literate, and not only that, but she'd probably looked over the financials as well, a mix of numbers and accounting that wasn't for the faint of heart. Levast has a lot of different interests and it's not easy to understand the intricacies of corporate finance.

And the blonde was smiling again, as if knowing my thoughts. "So what can I do for you, Mr. Connor?"

Well, suck my dick for one, I thought silently. Make me come again and again until my cares are washed away, the stress gone. Let me pound you into submission from behind, take you standing up, explore all your holes, spray my cum on your face and in your body until I'm a destitute man.

But I said nothing of that sort. The make-up assistant was still watching our interaction breathlessly, and I could see a number of hairdressers and seamstresses discreetly watching from the corner of their eyes.

"Ms. Walsh," I said courteously. "Thank you for participating in our show. I wanted to invite you to lunch afterwards to begin salary negotiations," I said smoothly.

"Oh Jenna!" squealed the make-up assistant excitedly. "Isn't this what you were telling me about? Maybe a raise? Make sure to ask for smoothies at the craft table backstage, not just coffee and champagne," she said breathlessly.

And Jenna was kind about the interruption.

"Kathy, I think Mr. Connor has more serious issues on his mind, he's running a multi-billion dollar empire," she said. "But I'll be sure to ask about the addition of fresh smoothies, I know it's hard to keep your energy up on caffeine and alcohol only."

"Awesome!" squealed the other girl. "And bagels too," she threw in as an aside.

I almost laughed right there, this exchange was so ridiculous. But I nodded to the blonde and said, "Noon at Le Bern? My assistant will send a car."

"Yes, thank you," said the blonde demurely, but I could see a spark in her eyes. She flashed me one last smile before saying, "Oh I'm up. Time to get out there in this exotic parrot outfit," she said with a wink.

And as if on cue, another wardrobe person ran up and began helping her into a contraption which looked like blue and green feathers in the shape of giant wings. It was all glittery straps with a leather harness that looked really heavy, forcing the little girl over until she was bent over

double, shouldering the burden. I reached out a hand to steady the load, testing some of the weight in my hand, and frowned.

"They always put you in stuff like this?" I asked, concerned.

"Always," she confirmed, straightening her back and pasting another smile on her face. "And in four inch stilettos too," she said brightly. "Now I've got to walk … scoot!" she said.

And just like that, she was gone. I could hear thunderous applause outside, more fanatical screams of "Jenna, Jenna!" as she hit the stage. I watched from the sidelines with amazement and appreciation as her grace and beauty mesmerized the crowds. Lunch sounded amazing … and I was very, very hungry.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Jenna

I walked into the restaurant in sneakers, a welcome relief from high heels. Le Bern was a Michelin starred restaurant but I just couldn't handle stalking around in stilettos and a mini-dress, not after a fashion show where I'd been wearing almost nothing. Instead, I'd gone for comfort in a wrap dress, something that showed off my curves without being overtly sexy, and had paired it with flat shoes, cute New Balances that were urban and trendy.

I threw the maitre'd a bright smile even as he looked at my outfit askance.

"Madam?" he said politely, as if hoping I would go away.

No such luck. "Reservation for Rafe Connor," I said with a warm smile. Something I've realized since switching careers is that charming with honey can get a lot more done than being a straight-up bitch. Maybe it's because of the atmosphere in fashion. Girls are expected to be docile, like furniture almost, so it was unexpected and even discouraged to have an opinion.

Normally, I would have shut that down immediately, making my views known, even forcing them onto other people. But my initial attempts to be my old self had backfired.

"Hey I think this hem should be longer," I'd said at my first fitting, pointing to the tiny little swim skirt I wore over my bikini bottoms. "It would hang better if it was longer, especially since it's cut on the bias."

Jason Alexander himself, international designer extraordinaire, had shot me a dirty look but said nothing.

"Ms. Walsh," interrupted his assistant, "I'm sure you can understand that we're short on time with the show in five days. Besides, Mr. Alexander designed this piece himself, all the hemming was done with a five nine model in mind."

"I *am* five nine," I ground out. "I didn't lie on my comp card. I'm just saying that I think this skirt would do better with a little more material,

maybe look a bit more flattering."

This time, the designer spoke himself, his voice pure acid.

"Listen, you're not getting paid for your opinions, so just hang tight, yeah?" he drawled nastily, his Australian accent thick. "We only hired you because we had to, our brand owed your agency a favor. Get out if you don't like it, see if you'll get work anywhere else after you critique a designer."

And I'd shut my trap immediately. He was right, I was a model, there to show off the clothes and I'd had no idea that the Alexander brand had been forced to hire me. God, what strings had Deborah pulled? Humbled, I stood silently, letting the wardrobe assistants pinch and fuss, Alexander ignoring me entirely after that.

And I'd expected to be fired, I admit. Evidently I'd committed some crazy breach of protocol, offending the artistic types. But instead, when I got a call from my agency about the afternoon's incident, it was the opposite – Alexander was inviting me to a private party.

"Do I have to?" I'd asked. "I thought that douchebag hated me," I confided to Deborah.

"No, of course you don't have to," she said reassuringly. "But Jason Alexander is a hot young designer whose star is on the up and up. Keep an open mind, you know? You never know what will happen."

And so I'd agreed, showing up an expensive loft in Tribeca. Shaking my head resignedly, I held tight to the champagne I'd brought. Hopefully a fancy bottle of Chateau L'Anglais would put him in a good mood.

But my instincts weren't off. The minute the door opened, I saw that I'd been duped. I'd been invited to a gay party – Bears and Twinks, to be specific. The bears were great big guys, hairy and beefy, and the twinks were their boytoys, simpering and eighty pounds at most. Not that I have anything against gay men, I just didn't expect to be the only female in a room full of grinding gay dudes.

"Hey sweetie!" called Jason, sashaying forward in a caftan. He was built like a tank and I could see right through the gauzy material. Nope, he

didn't shave down below. "Glad you could make it last minute," he sang insincerely.

"Th- Thanks for inviting me," I stammered weakly, holding forth the bottle of wine. "This is Chateau L'Anglais, I hope you like it."

"Oh we only drink French," he'd said dismissively. "But thanks anyways. Make yourself at home … if you can find a spot."

Because I could see now that this was actually a gay sex party. We were in someone's private apartment and they'd covered every item of furniture with plastic so that people could get down.

And the guests weren't wasting any time. The twinks were taking it in every conceivable position, showing off the elasticity of their bodies, their willing and supple limbs bent like circus acrobats. I could see spatters of semen everywhere, pooling and drying on the plastic tarp, condom wrappers strewn about.

"Make yourself at home!" Alexander echoed in a singsong voice, before disappearing into the crowd.

And I could have cried, I could have thrown a tantrum per my old ways, but instead I grit my teeth and made myself stay. It was tough, I admit. I witnessed more depravity that I'd ever imagined in my life and not that kind that's soft-core.

After about two hours, I said goodbye to Alexander, thanking him graciously for inviting me, although I'm not sure he could hear given that his face was planted in some other man's butt. But I'd learned a lesson … know your place, don't think you can get away with murder because you're a pretty blonde. This is New York City where anything can happen, and that included my date with Rafe Connor.

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CHAPTER NINE

Rafe

She walked towards me with a warm smile, her hair a mass of gold down her back, her dress clingy but modest.

“Mr. Connor, thanks for inviting me,” she said. “I’m so hungry after the morning shows, I’m going to eat like a cow.”

I smiled at her words.

“Call me Rafe, please. Plus, I’m sure you don’t eat like a cow, you’re svelte, perfect for modeling swimsuit attire,” I growled in response, eyeing her curves appreciatively. “Please, take a seat.”

She dropped gracefully into the chair and threw me a teasing glance.

“So are we really here to talk about a raise?” she asked mischievously, taking a sip of her sparkling water. I almost lost it right there. The glance she gave me over the rim of her glass was exactly what I hoped to see in an ingénue … so long as her lips were wrapped around my dick.

“We are,” I confirmed. “Levast is prepared to pay ten thousand per show provided there’s fair play in return.”

That made her brow crinkle.

“Fair play?” she asked confused. “What does that mean?”

“Oh we just want to get our money’s worth,” I said vaguely. There was no sense in bringing up the nudie pics now. I was just getting to know the girl and wanted to keep things light. “We pay you money and in return, we expect a little something, that’s all. We can work out the details with your agency. I understand you’re with Deborah?”

The little girl still looked confused.

“I am working with Deborah,” she said slowly. “But I’m not sure I understand. What else do you want other than walking in shows?”

“Well,” I said nonchalantly, “Levast has exclusivity restrictions, you won’t be able to walk for any other designers, plus we expect you to be in prime physical shape, to not embarrass us … that kind of thing.”

“Oh that,” she said, her cheeks flushed. “I can do that, no problem.”

“Perfect then, we’re going to get along great,” I said. “Can we get some champagne here? Let’s celebrate.”

And I thoroughly enjoyed my lunch with her.

“Can I drop you off somewhere?” I asked once we were in my town car.

“Um … how about your place?” she asked with a sweet flush. I liked her more and more. Evidently she’d read my mind, I just hadn’t wanted to harass her on our first business lunch. But if the woman asks for it, then I was more than willing.

“Antonio, home please,” I said. And the black sedan did a u-turn, sweeping us into the hubbub of Greenwich Village.

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CHAPTER TEN

Jenna

I gasped as I entered Rafe's townhouse.

"You live here by yourself?" I asked, my mouth agape. I knew that as Chairman of Levast Corp., Rafe probably had some serious dough but I didn't realize it meant a mint-condition townhouse in the heart of the Village. The building was gorgeous, five floors with a private elevator, priceless antiques scattered about.

The big man chuckled as I looked around. "It's just me," he growled. "Santino comes around to keep things in order, but this place is really a giant bachelor pad."

Just a giant bachelor pad? Hardly. I could see an ornate Japanese garden through sliding glass doors, and was that my imagination or did those stairs lead to a basement pool? Wow, this was a far cry from what I was used to.

It's not that my family's poor, it's just that my parents divorced when we were kids, and with four girls money has always been tight. When Tina and I announced our intention to go to law school, Mom was clear that she couldn't help with tuition.

"Girls, I can't," she said with finality. "You know I'm still putting Karina and Callie through undergrad and that's the most I can promise any of you. I was happy to give each of you four years, but no more."

"Ma," I whined. "Seriously, Karina and Callie are doing work-study, plus they got grants right? You know that's money you don't have to pay back. Please, just a couple thousand here and there would help us *sooo* much," I'd wheedled.

Mary had frowned. "No Jenna," she said firmly. "I can't rob your younger sisters of their right to a college education. Besides, you and Tina are grown now while Callie and Karina are still in their teens. I'm sorry, but it's not going to happen."

"Fine," I said haughtily. "I'll find a way, no thanks to you."

“Jenna,” said my mom exasperatedly. “The world doesn’t owe you anything and you’d better get yourself in check.”

“Whatever,” I said dismissively. “I’ll find a way, you’ll see.” My mind had been running at a million miles an hour, probably already scheming how to find some rich guy in the City.

But thinking back to that interlude, I was ashamed. I’d been so selfish, so unconcerned, even for my younger sisters. And when Tina had piped up, it’d just made me look even worse.

“No problem Mom,” my twin had said quietly. “Jenna and I will find a way, and maybe after we start practicing law, we can even contribute to Karina’s and Callie’s educations.”

My mom had smiled with gratitude.

“Thanks honey but that’s not necessary. I’m not going to make you responsible for your younger sisters, you’ve got enough on your plate.”

And this whole exchange exemplified exactly why I hated my twin. Tina was always so damn perfect, it drove me crazy. She was always doing everything right, kissing up to my mom, to our professors, making sure to get good grades, that kind of stuff. To spite her, I often acted out, acting even bitchier than normal.

But after my start in modeling, I’d resolved to change my ways because I obviously wasn’t going to be able to rely on my looks forever. In an industry where sixteen is peak, time was already running out, and I needed to make more of myself frankly, do an attitude check before I became the Wicked Witch that no one hired.

So I turned back to Rafe with a genuine smile. My previous self would have thrown myself at him just because he was wealthy, nothing else mattered. But the new me was more circumspect. Of course, I had to be nice, he was the CEO of Levast after all, but I wanted to develop a genuine connection, make sure we knew each other before taking the plunge.

Unfortunately, my plans were derailed. Before we’d even moved out of the foyer, Rafe had his arms around me, seizing my mouth in a kiss. It was hot, enticing, and everything I’d dreamed of. Electricity coursed

through my body, and I shivered reflexively. I'd never felt this kind of heat before.

I moaned into his mouth and it turned on the big man even more, his arms wrapping around me tighter, his body hardening unmistakably against my own. He walked us backwards to a couch in the drawing room, lowering me carefully until I was cushioned on the soft pillows, his hard male form above me.

"I've wanted to do this for a while," he growled into my mouth, his breath hot my cheek.

"You mean, since you saw me at the fashion show?" I teased, breathless. "That was only a few hours ago," I giggled.

"It's been a long time, given how hard I've been," he growled, nuzzling the valley between my breasts. His breath was so tantalizing on my sensitive flesh that I arched beneath him, unconsciously offering myself to his touch. And Rafe took advantage of it. With a growl, he pulled the v-neck of my dress down, revealing first one beautiful titty, and then the other, to his ravenous gaze.

"God, they're perfect," he growled before seizing a rosy tip in his mouth.

And I moaned with pleasure, twisting in his arms. It felt so good to feel that hot mouth on my sensitive nub, jolts of lightning going straight form my nipples to my cunny, making me weak inside. I cried out, breathless, gasping, moving beneath him on the couch.

It only spurred him on more. With a hungry rumble, he moved to my other jug, loving this one as well, suckling, teasing, running his tongue between the two nipples before cupping my tits in both hands, pushing my boobs together. Unabashed, he sucked both teats into his mouth at once and I almost creamed right there and then, it was so magnificent. Twin jolts of sensation coursed through me, my pussy positively dripping now, and I could swear the big man could smell it because he chuckled.

"Let's get you out of this," he growled, his big fingers toying with the tie to my dress. But before I could undo the wrap, he'd taken the material between both big hands and ripped it open.

“Oh!” I gasped, my body suddenly revealed to his gaze, dressed in nothing but a lacy white bra and panties, the crotch unmistakably wet.

He chuckled. “I don’t take things slow,” he grinned. And he proceeded to devour me, his lips rimming my ribcage, tracing a circle around my belly button before continuing further south to the hem of my boy shorts.

“Hmm, modest, are we?” he murmured as he blew softly on my mound. I writhed beneath him, that warm air so tantalizing on my nub, mewling softly, unconsciously parting my legs further, begging him to do more.

With a low chuckle, he peeled my panties off, lightly tracing my legs, skimming my shapely calves as the thin scrap of material was tossed to the floor. With a lightning fast move, he was crouched again between my legs again, this time rubbing my labia with a fingertip, skimming that flesh with the gentlest of touches before holding my lips apart with both hands to look within.

And reader, it felt so good just to have him look, my most inner self exposed to his gaze. I was curiously shy, yet confident as well, instinctively knowing that I was in good hands with this big man.

My ruby rose insides responded, growing moist immediately, my clit so hard and big that it stood up to attention like a miniature cock, begging to be sucked. Trails of cream ran down my walls, pooling to form a drip that left a damp spot on the couch below.

And like a slut, my hips began gyrating, moving up and down, begging him to do more than just look.

“Please,” I gasped. “I need it.”

Fortunately, the big man was responsive. With a low growl, he dove into my snatch, first lipping my nub, tasting it, biting it with his teeth before settling into a slow suck.

“Unnnnhh,” I moaned, tossing my head, my eyes half-closed in ecstasy. “Feels … so … good.”

“There’s more,” he chuckled gently against my twat. He dipped lower, letting his tongue trail the folds of my puss, exploring every nook and cranny, tasting that female juice, pungent and sweet. He pushed my knees up so that my ass was up in the air, completely bare for him and dipped lower to trail his tongue around my anus.

“Oh god!” I shrieked. I squirmed a bit, I was so embarrassed. I mean, I’ve been rimmed before, but it seemed so different with this man, so personal … so intimate. But Rafe wasn’t about to stop, nor was he deterred by my hesitation. He bent his head and sniffed again, breathing in the musky smell of my ass and growled, “There isn’t a part of you that I wouldn’t touch.”

And with that, he poked his tongue into my back hole, tasting me, making me shriek with ecstasy, his wet, muscled appendage going into my rectum as he ran his fingers up and down my pussy before touching the little hole where his dick would go, inserting his fingertip, then pushing deeper so that his entire finger was embedded inside.

“You’re tight,” he rumbled, “I’ve got to get you looser because my cock’s not going to fit.”

I was taken aback. I’m not a small girl and I could accommodate most men, but what was he saying exactly? That he was bigger than an XXL? Oh god. Was this going to work? I fervently prayed yes, I didn’t think I could handle stopping anytime soon.

And Rafe was of the same mind, he just wanted to warm me up first before introducing me to the main event. Insistently, he kept tonguing my ass as he pushed a second finger in with the first, letting me adjust to the width of his two digits.

“Oh!” I squealed. It felt so good, tight but not uncomfortable at all.

Then came a third finger, followed by a fourth. Rafe was firm but gentle, allowing me to adjust as more and more was forced into my twat, my little lips stretched, my pussy still running like a fount even as he buried his entire hand in me.

“Aieee!” I shrieked again, the sight of his fist planted in me insanely dirty and wrong. My legs were spread so wide, my cunny engorged and yet

the lips tight like rubber bands because he'd planted his entire hand in me, only his wrist visible now, the rest cushioned in my warm insides. He moved his fingers slightly inside, tickling my walls before beginning a thrust in and out, trying his best to loosen me up, getting me ready for the big time.

And I was so turned on that my pussy gushed juices like it'd never done before. Rafe's wrist was completely wet and a trail dripped all the way down to his elbow, my female cream musky and aromatic in the air around us.

"More," I moaned as he fisted me, "more, more, more."

"More is coming, little girl," he growled in return, "believe me, it's coming."

And with that, he pulled his hand from me with a soft pop, the sucking sound wet and sensual at once. His hand was completely coated and he lifted it to his mouth, licking one finger, then another, gazing at me lasciviously the entire time, clearly enjoying my taste.

"Mmm, delicious," he rumbled before dropping a kiss on one rosy nipple.

But I wanted, no needed more, and fast.

"Now Rafe," I panted. "Please."

And the big man didn't hesitate. His clothes were off in a flash, that expensive suit crumpled on the floor and I gasped. Because he wasn't just big … he was massive. His dick hung all the way to the top of his kneecap, the biggest donkey dong I'd ever seen, as thick as my wrist, growing even as I watched. It lifted in the air, clearly aroused, the tip dripping wetly, one massive vein tracing the top, another vein pulsing hotly on the underside.

Like a slave, I fell before him on my knees. Deliriously I opened my mouth, and the big man chuckled, looking down at me.

"Like what you see, huh?" he growled.

Wordlessly I nodded, bobbing my head, my mouth still open, and he did what I was praying for. He lifted that massive member with one hand

and pointed it straight at my mouth, letting me take a suck of that glistening tip.

Oh god, he tasted good, a salty tang of semen coating my lips, a slight pulse of juice squirting into my mouth even as I surrounded the head with my lips. It was a struggle. His glans was so huge that I could barely stretch around the head, that solid, blunt muscle like a club.

But I wanted as much of it in my mouth as I could. I lovingly traced the vein on top, then the vein on the bottom before going back to his head and trying to suck as much as possible inside. Bit by bit, I edged the massive member into my throat, willing myself not to gag.

"That's it, little girl," he groaned, throwing his head back, his eyes closed, a blaze of color on his bronzed cheeks. His pecs strained, his hips tense as my mouth slowly covered more and more acreage. "You can do it … oh god," he rumbled again.

And I was succeeding. I'm not exactly a naïf so I've had practice, and that experience was serving me well now. Of course, I'd never done a twelve-incher like the one before me, but new challenges are right up my alley … or down my alley in this case.

Slowly, I opened my throat even more, forcing myself to think of nothing but the hot meat in front of me. Breathing rhythmically through my nose, the cock inched down my esophagus, I could feel the hard length edging down my neck like a python swallowing its prey. Focusing hard, I ignored the urge to gag, instead looking up worshipfully at the man before me, the one that I controlled now with my lips and mouth.

But Rafe could take no more. His hands grabbed the back of my head, winding his fingers into my hair, and he began fucking my face slowly, rocking his hips, forcing my mouth to take more and more of his pole with each push.

"Ummph," he grunted. "Umph, umph, umph."

I squealed a bit, unable to move as my orifice was pummeled, but I didn't struggle. Instead, I held still, letting him get as much traction as possible, letting the swings grow looser, wilder with each push, obediently

taking every centimeter, even as my eyes watered and drool began running from the corners of my mouth.

“That’s my girl,” he huffed, his eyes locking on to mine, feral, wild even as his fingers tangled in my hair. “Take it.”

But I wanted dick up my twat even though I loved the sweet taste of sperm. So I sat back on my heels, edging back slowly, using my weight to buck against that barreling pole.

Finally, the entire length was pulled from my mouth, glistening and shiny, and I coughed a bit, my throat raw from the fucking.

“Oh god,” I huffed, bent slightly over, wiping my lips with my hand. “Oh god.”

“Girlie, you okay?” said the big man concernedly. I looked up into blazing eyes and could see that despite the soft words, he was entirely turned on, ready to go for a full-force fucking. And I wanted it, wanted to feel that donkey dong destroying my sweetest spot.

I stood slowly, letting him get a look at my luscious curves, the undulating s-shape of my hips and thighs.

“I want to ride,” I purred, “lie down.”

And he did, his big form on the dainty couch, almost comically overwhelming on the chintz pattern. I straddled him, leaning forward to give him a deep kiss as my breasts brushed his chest, my pussy rubbing erotically along his dick.

“Mmm,” I moaned, rubbing that sensitive flesh along the crest of his cock. It was dirty, to say the least, my juices mixing with the saliva on his fuckpole, the tip trailing wetly still, grinding that sensitive, soft flesh against his burning-hot steel.

But he could take it no more. He grabbed my ass, pulling my butt cheeks forward and apart, letting his shaft pop up behind me. I could feel it rubbing against my ass crack, so long and big that it reached all the way up to my lower back. Slowly, oh so slowly, he guided the tip into my little hole, and I had to raise myself up on my knees just to accommodate.

“Oh!” I sighed with pleasure, the tip coming into me an inch, then two. “Oh!” I moaned again as I lowered myself onto that massive snake, letting my puss savor the exquisite feeling of a hard donkey dong.

“That’s it girlie,” he said roughly. “But you gotta long ways to go.”

My eyes flew open and I glanced down, my mouth opening with shock. Sure enough, I’d only taken three inches at most, there was still almost a foot of prick outside, waiting to make its entrance into my hot cavern. Oh god, this was going to be much harder than I thought.

Willing my body to stretch, I pushed down on that man meat, forcing my hips down, spreading my legs, my little pussy lips tight and rubbery at once. Rafe held still but the man meat was so huge, so dominating, that I was actually shoved up a bit just by the size of the thing. Whimpering slightly, I pushed down again, grinding my hips this time, straining, willing my curvy body to embrace that monster cock.

And slowly it began edging in, the sight of that massive veined pole disappearing into my body unbearably hot and dirty. Oh yeah. I was doing it. I was eating up cock, my vag getting plugged, and it felt fucking good.

I closed my eyes and threw my head back, still focused completely on the fuckpole making its way inside until finally, finally, I sat down all the way onto his balls, those soft, loose sacks pressed up hard against my ass.

“Little girl, I’ve never seen someone with so much determination,” Rafe breathed below me, his eyes full of wonderment. And with a teasing grin, I circled my hips a bit, startled at how far up he was inside me.

“Well, you’ve never met Jenna Walsh before,” I replied, my breath catching as he shifted below me.

And that was the beginning of a long ride towards heaven. I rocked myself to and fro, enjoying the feeling of dick coming in and out, squeezing my pussy walls, suctioning my flesh almost, it was so tight in there. But the real fucking didn’t start until Rafe took control, seizing my tiny waist in both hands, holding me still as he bucked upwards, banging me from below.

“Unnh, unnh, unnh,” he grunted, his eyes fixated on my bouncing boobs, the nips bobbing up and down, the look of sheer ecstasy on my face. “Just a bit … more,” he rumbled, his voice cracking. And after a few

seconds, he roared. The big man's neck strained as he pumped shot after shot of semen into me, that virile, viscous white coating my insides, each spurt a hot gush of heaven, his dick pulsing inside my walls, my cunny clamping onto him.

Because I'd come as well, my vag seizing and pulsing, twitching with each shot of ecstasy, my vision temporarily blackened as I was lifted to new heights. I almost cried, my body twisting in currents, my puss shooting with warm juices as I spurted, the cream spraying onto Rafe's chest, coating him in a fine film, a bit even landing on his chin and neck as I lost control.

And after our breathing evened, I sank back onto my heels, still locked in place by the huge donkey dong, in close contact with that massive male form.

The big man rubbed his chin, tasting some of the juice that I'd left there, sweet pussy ambrosia.

"Delicious," he rumbled, licking his lips lasciviously, and that's when I knew I was lost.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

Rafe

She was heaven on earth, delicious, warm, curvy, with big boobs and an ass, just the way I like it. We'd tried keeping our affair a secret, but it was damn near impossible, there was just too much publicity surrounding the newest It girl and the CEO of Levast.

"Jenna!" screamed photographers when we stepped out of a restaurant. "Rafe! Picture picture picture!" And we'd stopped to oblige, the bulbs flashing non-stop, blinding in their brightness.

Because our relationship was like a supernova. Against all odds, the curvy model had landed the cover of *Sports Illustrated*, her golden flesh rippling and luscious in a tiny white bikini, kneeling in the Bahamanian sand. And so a scrum of followers was to be expected, the endless paparazzi, gasps whenever strangers recognized us at a coffee shop or local drugstore.

Jenna acknowledged it, even if she didn't exactly love it.

"You have to understand, Rafe," she said quietly. "It's part of my job. I'm not a traditional model so I have to promote myself. I can't just wait for bookings to roll in."

I'd frowned. Of course I understood, but Jenna got more than enough work from my company alone, so it wasn't entirely necessary to pimp herself out. Still, fame is fleeting these days and you've got to make the most of your fifteen minutes.

But I was still waiting for her to reveal her ignominious start in the industry, the nudie pix with her legs spread, nipples bouncing, cunny on show for the world to see.

"Jenna," I said gently. "I understand that you're eager to make your mark, but photos never really go away. Is there something you want to tell me?" I'd quizzed.

A flush came over her cheeks, and she turned her face away, that perfect profile balanced and trembling slightly.

“Umm…” she murmured. The blonde was a smart girl, she probably knew what I was getting at already. “Well …”

“You know you can tell me anything,” I said reassuringly, reaching my hand to cover hers. I fully expected to hear her fess up, to hear her tell about her struggles with money, how she took the pictures because she was young and dumb and didn’t know better.

But instead, Jenna detoured.

“Well, you know I used to be engaged … to my sister’s husband,” she flushed darkly.

I did know this, but fine, I could listen.

“Tell me more,” I commanded.

Jenna sighed heavily. “Well, I used to be different than how I am now,” she began slowly. “More … mercenary, I guess,” she said shamefaced, letting her hair cover her cheek.

“What does that mean?” I asked, frowning.

She sighed. “You know, I was young and dumb –“ okay, so this excuse was being used, “and I was really into guys with power. Not that you don’t have power, I mean you do,” she flubbed, “but you know what I mean…” she said helplessly.

“No, I’m not sure that I do,” I ground out. I’ve been surrounded by gold-diggers all my life, and this wasn’t exactly what I wanted to hear.

“Well,” she said helplessly, trying to continue. “I met Jake Sterling at a party in San Francisco, you know the CEO of Sterling Pharmaceutical, and I thought we were in love. I swear, I thought he loved me.”

“Did he propose?” I asked flatly.

“Not exactly,” she mumbled. “I went to Harry Winston and bought myself a diamond and pretended that Jake gave it to me. I just wanted to believe it so badly, he was handsome, rich, and I dunno … we seemed perfect together, like the charmed couple you see in movies.”

“You’ve been watching too much Lifetime,” I said sternly. “That shit doesn’t exist in real life.”

“I know,” she said softly. “But I was poor, I was desperate, so I clung to a man who embodied my wildest dreams. We were engaged until my sister got pregnant with his baby, and then boom! Jake was out of the picture.”

“And are they married now?” I asked, my voice dangerous.

“Yes, they have a baby named Janie, she’s beautiful. She was born prematurely and wasn’t well for the first six months of her life. I guess the stress pulled Jake and Tina together, being new parents to a sick child and all.”

Okay, so at least the girl was somewhat honest about her goldigging past. Of course, there were two sides to every story, and that fucking Sterling scumbag impregnating his fiancee’s sister was no walk in the woods, I’m sure. But I still hadn’t heard what I was looking for.

“Is there anything else?” I asked, deceptively casual. This was her time to fess up, to let her deepest, darkest secrets out. Surely she realized that as CEO of Levast, I’d already done a good bit of fact-checking into her past. Surely, Jenna didn’t think she could hide something like nude pix from the CEO of a media conglomerate.

But Jenna shook her head slowly, her long blonde hair swaying gently.

“No Rafe, that’s it,” she said. “I’ve been around some in my twenty-four years, but there’s nothing that crazy. Why, is there something you want to ask?” she said curiously, tipping her chin to look into my eyes, blue eyes clear.

“Nothing,” I said smoothly. “It’s all good, I understand about the broken engagement,” I said in a deep voice. But the truth was that our relationship was essentially done. I’d given her the opportunity to open up, to confess the error of her ways, and she’d pretended like nothing was amiss. How could I trust her anymore?

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Jenna

I haven't heard from Rafe in six weeks. I haven't eaten, drank, or slept, and my body's looking haggard, although of course industry rumors are that I've lost weight because people won't hire me.

At one fitting, they didn't even try to disguise their comments. The atelier employees spoke Italian, thinking I couldn't understand, but actually I'd studied the language during college and understood every word.

"She looks fabulous, doesn't she?" said one gay guy, giving me a charming smile. "Emaciated, just the way we like it."

"She does, but look at the poor thing," clucked an older woman while draping a length of fabric across my chest. "Bags under her eyes, her skin is dull, and this hair! That blonde hair she was always known for, it's now like straw, we've got to tell her agency she's got some serious psychological problems."

"She's not our responsibility," scoffed the gay guy, turning me around this way and that, as if studying a piece of meat. "The agency should be keeping tabs on her, and what do we care? As long as our clothes look good and fly off the rack, why should we give a shit if she dies?"

I almost cried then, this was how people talked about me when they thought I couldn't understand. Again, as my old self, I would have raged back at them in fluent Italian, telling them to fuck off, I was going to tell my boss, his name was Rafe Connor and wasn't he their boss too?

But the new me was different. Knowing my place, I bit my tongue even as a flush rose up my chest, my cheeks flaming.

"Would you mind if I went to the bathroom for a moment?" I murmured. "I've been standing here for an hour and really need to use the loo."

"Of course not, honey," said the older woman through a couple of pins in her mouth. "Let me just get this off you."

Of course the gay guy was shooting daggers at me with his eyes, but I was beyond that. I needed a moment of privacy to re-group, to steel my shoulders against this new assault.

Because I felt like I'd been at war for the last six weeks. Not that Rafe ever fought back, it was the wall of silence that was killing me. I'd left countless messages on his cell, on his work phone, with his secretary, and all for nothing. All I got was a polite murmur of acknowledgment from his personal assistant, and one day a package came in the mail.

It was astounding. I'd been feeling down in the dumps when my doorman called upstairs to inform me that something had arrived. "Yes, just send it up please," I'd said weakly.

"No," said Herberto. "This requires *your* signature, they won't take mine."

"Alright," I said with a sigh. I rolled off the couch, looking my worst. I'd had no jobs today and had spent hours alone in a dark apartment, feeling miserable, re-running the sensual times I'd had with Rafe over and over in my head. My bedhead was disgusting and I probably smelled, I was wearing last night's sweats with a very visible tomato stain on the knee.

But I didn't care. Since Rafe ghosted me, I was a mess psychologically. I couldn't focus on anything and had become the type of model that designers look for – a clotheshanger with no personality, a sullen expression, caved in cheeks and a penchant for moodiness. It was nothing like the public persona I'd built for myself, sparkling, bouncy, healthy, a real California girl.

So I schlepped downstairs in my slippers. Who cares if my neighbors saw? There were other celebrities in this building too, they could stalk Taylor Swift or Blake Lively instead.

And when I got downstairs, the delivery man gawked a bit. I use the moniker Angela Adams, so I'm sure he wasn't expecting to see top model Jenna Walsh appear, even in a disheveled state.

But Herberto hurried it along.

"Pen, Ms. Walsh," he said. And I signed, taking the package into my arms. It was small and flat, covered in brown paper with no indication

of the sender.

But once I got back to my apartment, I scrutinized the package suspiciously. As a public figure, I need to be protective of my identity, but it's actually pretty easy to figure out where famous people live in New York. There are celebrities walking around all the time and it doesn't take much effort to trail someone back to their home. In fact, some of the male actors I knew were pretty careless, never wearing wigs or disguises, going about their business like they were regular people.

But dammit, if this was a bomb, I was kind of okay with it at this point, life was so painful. The gray pallor that had taken over was stifling, like I was being drowned in a deep sea of murky water, unable to breathe, unable to lift my head even and open my eyes.

With resigned fingers, I opened the seal to the brown paper, listlessly pulling out the box within. With uncurious eyes, I noted that it was from Harry Winston. Again, in my past life I would have jumped with joy because Harry Winston only meant one thing, and that was money, money, money.

As I opened the beautiful plush purple velvet box, I saw how bony my fingers were, how my nails were ridged from malnutrition and dehydration, only partially obscured by my fancy manicure. God, I needed to take care of myself better.

The box snapped open, and there it was. A beautiful diamond tennis bracelet, probably thirty carats total of perfect, emerald-cut stones. I lifted it to the light, and the bracelet flashed with fire and life, each diamond a perfect gem in and of itself, priceless in value.

I reached listlessly for the card. There was no note, just a card with the word "Rafe" written in a cursive hand. Of course that wasn't his handwriting, it was probably his secretary or worse, some nameless peon who worked at the jewelry store. Feeling sick, I hunched over, my shoulders heaving up and down as I took quick gasps of air.

I should have felt happy. I should have felt elated, lucky even, for receiving a six-figure piece of jewelry, even if the relationship was now over. But instead I felt miserable, the sadness overwhelming. I hated the

jewelry on sight, letting it slip through my fingers to clatter to the floor, uncaring where it landed.

Rafe couldn't even bother to talk to me, to end our relationship in person. I was the recipient of a pay-off, intended to silence me, some poor consolation prize. And I still had no idea what had ticked him off. One day we'd been fucking three times a day, enjoying each other's bodies and company, and the next he was gone with the wind, a mystery of the ages. Was I so unlovable? Did I deserve this somehow?

Like a bad memory, my mom's voice rang in my head.

"Jenna, look inside yourself," she'd urged. "The world won't do what you want just because you're pretty so don't take it for granted. Be nice, be kind to people, you never know what will happen."

I'd scoffed then, throwing my hair over my shoulders, disdaining her advice. The world had been at my fingertips thus far, I only had to smile at men and they did my every bidding. Who wasn't to say that it wouldn't last forever? Okay, maybe not forever, but a good twenty years more at least.

"Whatever Ma," I'd dashed off carelessly. "I know what I'm doing."

But the shake of her head and the sad look in her eyes were reproachful.

"Look at me Jenna," she said. "I was once a pretty girl, even prettier than you, and where am I now? A single mom with four daughters, struggling to make ends meet. I don't want you to be like me."

I'd sighed exasperatedly. My mom's mistake had been that she'd hooked up with my dad, who'd turned out to be a deadbeat loser. I knew better than that. Find a rich man, get married with no pre-nup, and boom! My problems were solved for life.

"I'll be fine, Ma," I said shortly. "Go worry about someone else, like Tina. She needs to lose weight before she becomes a sack of potatoes, no one's ever going to want her," I'd sneered.

My mom had sighed and turned away, but looking back, there was an uncanny element of truth to her words. Now it was Tina married to a rich man and I was getting dumped with a diamond bracelet as the consolation prize.

I cried in the bathroom, grateful that atelier's restroom had plush, fabric-covered walls, the better to muffle my sobs. Not knowing who to turn to, I dialed Deborah on my cell phone.

"Deb, I can't," I cried into the phone. "The wardrobe folks have been so nasty to me, they say I look terrible and ugly. They say it right to my face, they think I can't understand."

"Oh ignore them," soothed Deborah. "Pepe is known for having a sharp tongue, you know how gay guys are, they're jealous of women as if they were women themselves."

"I can't," I cried. "I can't go back out there," I said pitifully, sniffling into the phone.

But Deborah, who'd been kind to me in the past, did a one-eighty.

"You can and you will," she said nastily. "Because you know what? The shit's about to hit the fan."

"You can't scare me with Rafe Connor," I said woodenly. "I know I signed a contract with Levant Corp. but contracts get broken all the time, I'll pay whatever penalties are required." At least my legal training was coming in handy.

"No, you dumb bitch," said Deborah, her voice like nails over the phone. "It's that video you did … the video plus the nudie pix."

"What do you mean?" I asked slowly. "I've done nude photo shoots, I mean, you were there during one, but I've never done any video. What are you talking about?" I asked confusedly.

"The porn!" screamed Deborah. "The porn you did is about to hit the wire!" Her voice lowered. "I heard it's already got ten thousand streams on some seedy website, people watching you get pummeled every which way in some dirty gang-bang." She continued. "Did you like it

Jenna? Did you like being a slut in front of the camera? I suggest you finish this job because your career is about to be over."

The woman slammed the phone with a clack and I stood frozen in the tiny bathroom. What video? a voice screamed in my head. Was I being blackmailed? I had no idea what was going on and my only thought was to call Rafe for help.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Rafe

I watched the stream dispassionately on my computer. It was coming from the Green Guys, a website known for its hardcore POV porn, gonzo shots where the girls are routinely humiliated, shamelessly fucked in public, that sort of thing.

Jenna was gorgeous. Her blonde hair covered her face, but the moans were familiar, the sensuous body, the way her pussy twitched and squeezed as she was pummeled from behind.

"Please," her breathy voice moaned. "Do me, I need it hard," she sighed as a big dude obliged, reaming her with his ten-incher, another guy feeding his cock into her mouth, muffling her moans even as her ruby lips parted willingly, eagerly even, to suck the glistening fuckpole.

I slammed the cover of my laptop down, the snap a vicious crack in the silence of my office. I didn't need to see more. Everything I'd believed about the girl was true, and then some. Not only did Jenna lie by omission, but the omission had been greater than what I'd believed.

Sure there were the nude photos, but a lot of starlets do that shit when they're young and penniless. They don't know any better, they're victims of predatory photographers, guys who convince teens to take it off, blowing compliments to make the girls feel better.

Little do the girls realize but those photos last forever and the rights are almost impossible to buy back. Look at Jennifer Lawrence and Ariana Grande. Their phones had been hacked and private photos released, with the only recourse being a lawsuit to end the ordeal.

But this was a thousand times worse. This video hadn't been taken from Jenna's private stash. These weren't personal sex tapes, for a special someone's eyes only. This was full-on porn for an audience, professionally produced with cameramen, lighting, a director, marketing, advertising, all that shit.

“Get me press relations,” I growled into my phone. And I was immediately connected to Harold Komansky, head of PR.

“Rafe, get a load of that Jenna Walsh video,” he crowed after picking up. “She’s one hot babe but so dumb! What was she thinking, making a dirty gangbang like this? How much do you think she was paid? Shit, wasn’t she a law student at the time or something? Man, this makes no sense but at least her pussy is gorgeous, as beautiful as the girl herself.”

All the words I’d been planning to say flew out of my mind.

“Do not, DO NOT, talk about Jenna Walsh that way,” I roared into the phone. “She is a human being who’s made bad decisions so look away from that pussy, that’s not your fucking business.”

“Geez boss, I’m sorry,” mumbled my PR man. “I mean, I knew you dated her for a while but all the tabloids said it was over, that you ghosted her leaving her high and dry. I didn’t think it mattered … I’m real sorry, boss.”

I could hardly stop myself from reaching through the phone to strangle this dude, he was so fucking clueless and inept. The debacle mattered because Jenna was still in contract to Levast, still modeling clothes for our stable of designers, showing up at promo events and the like. But I just couldn’t bear the thought of another man seeing that beautiful snatch, seeing the sweet way she moaned, her boobs swaying as she took dick up her ass.

“Shut the fuck up,” I said furiously. “Draft a press release announcing Levast’s termination of the Walsh contract for breach. Send it up here the moment you’re done.”

“Sure boss,” replied Harold tremulously. “Do I still have a job after all this is over? I swear I didn’t know,” he said, his voice wavering.

“Shut the fuck up, just do it,” I raged again before slamming down the receiver. I cursed myself for hiring that nincompoop but my anger was misdirected at Harold. The problem was Jenna, the girl still ruled my mind although I’d cut her off.

How could she have? How could she have betrayed me, her career, and most of all, herself by doing this video? Was there more film out

there? I shook my head, the red still blurring my vision, making the air in my lungs catch, breathing painfully difficult.

I'd never been affected by a woman like this and cursed myself. Get it together Rafe, I snarled internally. She's a manipulative slut, just leave it at that.

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Jenna

I was sobbing on my sister's couch, the damask material darkening with my tears.

"I don't know how this could have happened," I cried, my voice muffled by a decorative pillow. "I can't understand what's happened."

"Jenna," said my twin quietly. "What don't you understand? You did some porn and now that you're famous, people have taken an interest. The porn's always been out there, just no one realized it was you."

"No, it's not me!" I wailed. "I never did porn, it's someone who looks like me with blonde hair and blue eyes, but it's not me!"

My sister shook her head confusedly.

"But Jenna, I've seen the pictures. It's either you or the best photoshop job in the world," Tina said slowly.

"Yes, *that's* me, I admit," I said brokenly. "I took some nude photos when we were in law school, tuition was due and I had no options," I said. "I'd maxed out my credit cards so took a gig I found off Craigslist, but it was just me posing naked with cars. They definitely didn't film me, and I've never even heard of Green Guys," I said, referring to the porn production company.

"But are you sure there were no videocameras?" asked my sister slowly. "I mean, it's totally possible that someone stood in the corner and filmed you on the sly, right?"

That really hurt. I turned to her, my voice scathing.

"You think I'd forget if I did two guys, let them spurt all over me, coating me with cum and not remember? Seriously Tina, I knew you didn't like me, but I never thought your hatred went this far," I spat.

"No, I'm just saying," said my sister tiredly, shaking her head, bobbling the baby in her arms. "The old you … the old you was unpredictable and flighty. A threesome wasn't out of the picture at all."

My cheeks colored as I remembered my past. Yeah, I'd done threesomes before, heck I'd done a lot dirtier so long as the boys did my homework and paid my bills. There had even been a time when I did the football team on a whim, as a passing fancy.

But that was the old me. I was different now and my cheeks flushed at memories of my past, heat suffusing my entire being. I shook my head, my efforts to turn a new leaf thwarted. Because the moment the video had hit the mainstream, my career was dead on arrival.

"UP AND COMING STARLET BARES HER BOOBIES!" "EXPOSURE OF YOUNG AND SWEET SENSATION JENNA WALSH UNTHINKABLE!" screamed newspaper headlines.

I'd recoiled with horror, dumbly forcing myself to look up the video. Oh god, the Green Guys site was the first one that popped up after entering my name, and I clicked numbly. The mass of writhing bodies was explicit, the girl in the video bearing an uncanny resemblance to me, so good that I could see how no one would question the likeness.

Even worse, the video had already been viewed twenty million times, with two million thumbs up. It was a nightmare, and I could hardly believe what had happened, the pressure on my chest crushing, my breathing shallow and fast.

Things were only made worse when a nameless employee from my modeling agency called to let me know that Levast had terminated my contract.

"Alright," I'd said woodenly. "I'll deal." I'd expected that one because Levast represents high-fashion brands, they wouldn't want a pornstar on their roster. I just needed a bit of time to prove my case, and then Rafe would hire me once again.

But what I hadn't expected was every single one of my other bookings calling within a day to let me know that I was no longer needed.

"Really?" I'd gasped when Young, Broke and Fabulous notified me that I no longer needed to fly to Malibu next week. YBF is an up-and-coming LA brand known for its sexy, daring beachwear, and they'd walked

on the wild side a couple times. Their last show was modeled entirely by Playboy centerfolds, so I'd figured their creative head would keep me on.

"I'm sorry Ms. Walsh, but we just doesn't see YBF customers identifying with hardcore porn stars," said the monotonous voice. "Softcore yes, but not what you did."

I almost wanted to scream into the earpiece that it wasn't me, there'd been a huge mistake. But who would believe that? So I'd hung up the phone and turned to my only ally left. My sister Tina. Family stands by family right, or at least it should, and I'd flown out to San Francisco on the red-eye, covering my head with a scarf to escape recognition.

Thank god Jake, her husband and my ex-fiancé wasn't there. I would have died, he'd be laughing so hard at my predicament.

"Teen, Green Guys must have found a girl who resembles me to do the video for a few thousand bucks. Please believe me," I said forcefully. "Please."

Tina looked skeptical. "Jenna, I'm not sure," her voice trailed off. "And you know there's no love lost between you and my husband, Jake's never liked you."

"I know!" I said, struggling not to raise my voice. "But I need your help, and I need Jake's help in particular. Sterling Pharma has a ton of people working for the company, Jake's dealt with public relations crises in the past. Please ask him for me, won't you?"

"I don't know Jenna," said my sister, her cheeks flushing. "He still blames you for Janie almost dying."

I shook my head resignedly. The Pernacular debacle had nothing to do with me, but somehow Jake thought I was responsible for Janie's ill health.

But before I could speak, Tina interrupted. "Jake's on a business trip right now, but I'll ask," she said resignedly. "I'll do it … for Mom and our family, if not for you."

"Thank you," I said relieved. The Sterlings were my last hope because Rafe still hadn't returned my calls … breaking my heart.

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Rafe

"Mr. Connor," piped my secretary from outside, "Call for you on Line 2."

I frowned. This was odd, I'd asked not to be disturbed except in urgent circumstances and it was unlikely that anything would happen now that New York fashion week was over. What was it? Some designer having histrionics because the latest embroidered silk from Italy hadn't come in yet? Some young model giving lip because she was homesick? I sighed. All in a day's work as CEO.

"Fine, send it through," I growled. The phone rang and I picked up.

"Rafe Connor," I barked shortly. This better be good because there were a thousand things on my to-do list, including reviewing our financials and finalizing bonuses. Time was money, and dollars were lost with every wasted minute.

"Rafael, Jake Sterling here of Sterling Pharmaceuticals," said a deep voice.

I immediately felt my hackles rise at the sound of another alpha male. Okay, he was probably in San Francisco, I knew Sterling was one of those biotechs located on the West Coast, but the pseudo-proximity got to me. A nasty feeling ran down my spine but I made myself stay calm.

"What can I do for you?" I said in a deceptively smooth voice. "Sterling and Levast are hardly in the same industry."

The man chuckled over the phone. "No, definitely not except that your clientele seem to ingest a lot of our prescription drugs, but that's a discussion for another day. I'm calling because we have an issue that's troubling us both … Jenna Walsh."

That shut me up. I knew that Sterling had once been engaged to Jenna, breaking it off to marry her sister instead, so there had to be a lot of history there.

“What can I do for you?” I repeated again smoothly, giving away nothing. I wondered if he knew that Jenna and I had been an item, her fragrant hair wrapped around my neck, that sweet pussy squeezing me tight as I erupted again and again into her body.

“Well, if you didn’t know already, my wife and Jenna are twins,” he said dryly.

I did know that. Jenna had assured me they were nothing alike, Tina a curvy brunette to Jenna’s slim blonde. But twins have a psychic connection right? Or was that a myth?

“Yeah, I know,” I growled. I didn’t want to talk about Jenna, she’d been haunting my nights despite the fact I’d paid her off. Usually buying jewelry for my former paramours wiped the slate clean, mentally and physically. Usually, I felt absolved of all guilt, ready to move on with a new woman, the hottest new thing to catch my fancy, but it’d been different this time.

Despite spending six figures on a piece of jewelry, I’d felt curiously listless afterwards, my thoughts turning towards the girl even though I should have been a clean slate. What the fuck? I shook my head ruefully. I seriously needed to get out, I was getting soft. I made a mental note to take out the newest, youngest girl Jason Alexander had just booked. I’d gotten a look at her comp card and she was pretty, blonde and slim … with big boobs just like someone I knew.

Fuck! This was all wrong.

But Sterling continued.

“So my wife tells me that Jenna came begging for help,” he said dryly. “This scandal with the porn video is allegedly made up. Not the scandal itself,” he said, “but rather the girl in the video isn’t Jenna.”

That made me pause. I’d watched that video more than a few times myself, and I’d know if it wasn’t her, I’d sampled those creamy curves myself, tasted the ambrosia between her legs. I’d know, wouldn’t I?

“I’m not sure what exactly you’re saying,” I said slowly. “What exactly is Jenna claiming?”

“That the girl in the video isn’t her,” snorted the other man. “As if. That bitch is a slut, I’m sure she’s just manipulating her sister again. Anyways, I wanted to let you know because the papers reported that Levast was embarrassed by her actions, your sales plummeted after the scandal was revealed. I thought you might like to take a shot at the cause of your problems.”

A shot? It was true, our sales had dipped a bit but it couldn’t be attributed to the Jenna debacle, at least not entirely. Orders after New York fashion week hadn’t been as strong as in previous years but there were a dozen reasons why, including bad designs, a recession, editors not connecting with the clothes, that sort of thing.

“What are you thinking?” I asked smoothly. My company’s sales numbers were none of this fucker’s business and there was no reason to share our proprietary information.

“I’m not even sure,” the other man chuckled. “There may not be anything for us to do, the girl’s so fucked and it’s all her own doing,” he rasped. “I have to say, it feels good, given my wife’s past with her sister. Jenna gets what she deserves.”

That took me aback. I knew Sterling was a ruthless businessman but this girl was his sister-in-law and ex-fiance. What a fuckwad.

“What do you know about Green Guys?” I asked smoothly, ignoring Sterling’s callous comments.

“A lot,” he said dryly. “I’ve got contacts in LA and Green Guys is dirty, sure, but you know how the celebrity sex tape business is. They take orders, just like everybody else, when the dollar signs are right.”

“I’ll give them a call,” I said shortly. “I’ll put my guys on it and try and find out who the girl was, if it wasn’t Jenna. What about the pictures?” I asked. “Is she claiming those aren’t her as well?”

The other man snorted again.

“Nah, she admits those are her,” he replied. “Can you believe it? Jenna pulled the poverty card, saying she had no money to pay law school tuition and was forced to do it. That’s fucking bullshit, I dated her at the

time and she definitely didn't act like she had nothing, in fact she was spending my money like water."

Okay, this was a little more believable. At least the photos were real, there was some truth mixed in there. But I was done with this Sterling asshole. I hated him already, the way acted totally blameless although he'd been the one to break off the engagement.

"I'll make a call," I repeated harshly. "We'll figure this out."

"No," said Sterling shortly. "You figure it out. The longer this bitch roasts in hell, the happier I'll be. Make sure she never gets back to me or my wife," he commanded before clicking off.

I don't take orders well from other men but my professionalism kept me calm and cool. I owed it to Levast to figure this out … and I owed it to myself.

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Rafe

The Los Angeles sunshine was unbelievably bright, the glare painfully reflected off of windows, cars, anything shiny. I felt out of place in my dark suit and mentally made a note to instruct Santino to pack something lighter next time. Of course, I'd hopped on my plane the moment I got a hold of Green Guys, so Santino hadn't had much time, but I hadn't expected the city to be so oppressive either.

Because it was. Hollywood was dingy, hardly the glamorous, bright lights big city made out in movies and books. Instead it was strip mall after strip mall, Korean grocery stores and Laundromats endlessly lining the faceless roads that seemed to go on forever.

I came to a square block of a building, painted pale pink, the attempt at Art Deco falling face flat, appearing like a decrepit dollhouse instead. The name Green Guys was emblazoned on the door in peeling letters and I knocked although what I really wanted to do was to bulldoze this place and then maybe torch it afterwards, it was so grimy and gross.

The lock clicked and I let myself in, going up to the second floor.

A blonde woman who was fake in all ways greeted me from behind a desk, her lips like Lisa Rinna on an acid trip.

"Mr. Connor, we've been expecting you," she simpered, giving me her biggest smile. "Please come into the back."

I followed her through a set of doors to a suite decorated with a desk, a couch, a video camera, and a big screen TV. Okay, this is how porn places outfitted their conference rooms. Made sense, I guess.

"Can I get you anything while you wait?" the blonde purred. "I'm Candy," she added unnecessarily, batting her lashes at me.

"No thanks," I replied shortly. The faster this blonde got out, the cleaner I'd feel.

"Well, just let me know," she cooed, "I'm just outside."

“Okay,” I said in a clipped voice, refusing to look at her. Ugh, were all LA girls like this? The receptionist was just so fake, big tits that joggled like balloons, a face that was straight out of funhouse mirror.

I paced in the small room and when the door finally opened again I spun around, expecting to see some seedy producer, probably some paunchy short dude, fifty with a big gut. But instead, there stood Jenna.

“Rafe!” she gasped. “What are you doing here?” her cheeks colored.

My body got hard at the sight of her but I maintained my iron control.

“I should ask you the same thing,” I said harshly. “Here to do some filming again?”

She looked down at the floor.

“It wasn’t me,” she whispered. “I’m not the girl in the video, although I don’t expect you to believe it.”

I wasn’t sure what I believed at this point. I was inclined to accept the truth, but seeing the girl in person, mixed emotions crept over me. She looked so vulnerable, so lost, that I couldn’t help but feel protective, my natural male instinct rising to the fore.

I looked closely at my woman. She was thinner, that was for sure. The luscious curves were still there but instead of a solid wholesomeness, she was slimmer, more willowy. Her hair was still gloriously golden, but she’d scraped it back from her face, her oval chin now clearly delineated, the blue eyes looking even larger than before, overwhelming her features. Hmm, Jenna had been going through some hard times.

“Thank you for the bracelet,” she murmured softly, her eyes pleading with me silently, big pools of aquamarine.

Oh that. Right. “You’re welcome,” I growled. I’d actually picked out the bracelet myself, not leaving it to my secretary per usual.

But it was time to get to business.

“So did you or didn’t you?” I asked directly. “Is that you in the video?”

“Rafe,” she replied slowly. “I swear it wasn’t me. I’ve done some dumb things but nothing like that, I promise.”

“What about drugs?” I asked harshly. “Is there some way you were under the influence and don’t remember?”

She blanched a bit. “There’s no way anyone could be under the influence and have no recollection of a scene like that. I’m not sure who they found as my replacement, but she’s a ringer for me, almost a real twin,” Jenna replied softly.

And those words made me pause. I knew that Jenna and Tina were fraternal, looking nothing alike, but could it be possible? Could Jenna have been switched at birth? Maybe her real twin was the one doing the porn. I couldn’t shake the idea, my brain buzzing with possibilities.

“Jenna,” I said slowly. “Tell me about your family.”

“There isn’t much to know,” she shrugged. “There’s four of us girls, me, Tina, Karina and Callie. Mom and Dad got divorced when I was a kid and Dad was a deadbeat, never coming around. So Mom raised us herself and it was a struggle financially.”

“But what about your birth?” I asked. “Is your dad listed on the certificate?”

“I guess,” she said, looking confused. “I mean, why wouldn’t he be? I’ve never seen my birth certificate,” she confessed.

Okay, this was the first clue that something might be awry.

“Why did your parents divorce?” I asked, my eyes penetrating. “Was there something that happened, cheating, infidelity, that kind of thing?”

“No, not that I know of,” said Jenna slowly. “Why, what does this have to do with anything?”

I ignored her question. “Where is your dad now?”

But the girl didn’t answer, holding up a hand in a stop motion.

“Rafe, I have to know where these questions are going. Why all these questions about my dad? I already told you, he’s a deadbeat, I haven’t

seen him for years."

"Because Jenna," I said slowly. "It's possible that your life history isn't what you think it is. Your twin may not actually be Tina. You may have an identical twin out there, another girl who made that porn film."

She gasped. "This makes no sense," she said finally, her eyes wide. "I know my family, I've known them since birth. They are my family," she said forcefully.

"But they've never been kind to you right? And your dad took off pretty early? With no explanation?"

"Yeah, but that means nothing, lots of parents get fed up and leave their kids behind. Why would my dad be different?"

"Because we have a mystery girl who looks exactly like you. Something doesn't smell right," I stated firmly.

Just then the door cracked open again and a disgusting looking old guy strolled in, his face pimpled and bumpy.

"Ah Mr. Connor, Ms. Walsh, I see you're acquainted," he drawled oily. "My name's Oscar, I'm the head of the Green Guy Productions, we're responsible for the sex tape that's out there right now," he said, leering at Jenna. "It's a best-seller."

I immediately hated the guy on sight, there was a nasty smell coming from him, like putrid garbage.

"I can see you've been discussing something serious and I think I have the answer to your questions," he continued. "Violet!" he called. "Come in please!"

And in sashayed a blonde, stunning in her striking resemblance to Jenna. She was the same height, the same weight, the same stunning features except that she'd aged poorly. There were small wrinkles around her nose and mouth, crow's feet bracketing her eyes, her skin orange and tired, the result of too many tanning sessions.

"Hiya all," giggled the other woman. "I understand you're my twin, Jenna. Nice to meet you!" she chirped as her breasts bobbled.

And both Jenna and I could only stare. Who was this woman and how did she get here?

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CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Jenna

It's amazing how my family fractured after the revelation that I had a secret twin. I confronted my mom.

"Mary," I said carefully. "Do you have my birth certificate? Can I see it?"

My mom hemmed and hawed.

"Jenna, why now?" she asked. "You have your passport, your social security card, is there some reason you need your birth certificate?"

"Ma," I said slowly. "I need to see it. I need to verify something."

"Well, I don't have it," she said hurriedly. "It's in a safe somewhere, it's been ages since I saw it myself."

"Ma," I said slowly. "I'm only going to ask you once. Am I your daughter? Am I Jenna Walsh or am I a member of another family?"

My mom sighed. She could see that I was onto the truth and determined to sniff it out no matter what.

"Jenna, it's a long story," she said tiredly. "I don't have time to share it with you now, in fact, I was hoping never to tell you."

I lost it. "*Tell me*!" I screamed. "My career has been ruined and everything I believe is a lie, my history, my sisters, even you," I spat. "None of you ever liked me, I became a shrew because I never felt loved. Tell me there was a reason why. I need to make sense of this."

And my mom began. Evidently she and my dad were struggling financially around the time she was pregnant with Tina. They were friends with another young couple down the street, the Goldens, who were also financially strapped and the foursome naturally bonded, sharing the best places to shop cheaply, how to save on a limited income, that kind of thing.

But the Goldens were evidently quite a bit worse off than my parents. Elaine Golden was expecting twins and she and her husband were panicked at the thought of two baby girls, destitute as they were, living in a

shanty with peeling wallpaper, dirty dishes in the sink, no way to provide for one, much less two new children.

They'd begged my parents to take one of the girls, figuring that it was better than having both girls removed by Children's Services once their horrid living conditions were discovered.

So Mary and Doug had taken me in, raising me to believe that I was Tina's twin, while my real sister was Violet Golden, the girl in the video. When Elaine and Mark Golden asked for me back, Mom and Dad ignored the requests, instead making off with us, moving multiple times, an itinerant childhood to say the least.

But despite wanting to keep me, the secrecy wore them down. I was nothing like my sisters and Mary never developed a real parental feel for me, instead always treating me like an outsider, an intruder in my own family. As a result, I grew up with a bitch of a personality, a chip on my shoulder, never feeling loved, never feeling safe for some unnamed reason.

The strain had been too much and Dad had taken off, unable to deal with the stress of multiple lies, moving all the time, the generally poisonous atmosphere. Mom had been left with the four of us and her wrath was often directed at me.

"Apologize to Tina," she commanded after another infraction. "Say you're sorry to your sister."

"But I've done nothing!" my eight year-old self protested. "It was just an accident and look, Tina spilled syrup on me," I said, my hair sticky with molasses. The tangled part was going to have to be chopped off, leaving me with a comically lopsided bob.

"Say you're sorry Jenna, or I'll come over and tear out your hair myself," Mary hissed.

And so I'd grown up bullied even within my own family, nobody ever taking my side. Was it a miracle that I'd survived? I'd needed to be a bitch just to defend myself, to get by in a world that was skewed at the most basic level.

But I'd worked to fix things as an adult, recognizing that I couldn't survive long-term with a bad personality. Modeling, of all things, had

taught me that, taught me humility, that my looks were fleeting, that there was more to life than self-protection.

And the difference in sorting out this mess was really Rafe. The big man had taken charge and I was eternally grateful. Stunned by the revelation of my birth, I'd been a shell, unable to function, collapsing in on myself.

"Rafe, what do we do next?" I asked in a whisper.

"Well, I know what I want," he said, one brow arched wryly. He'd swooped down on me with a kiss, his lips covering my reassuringly, that big bulk shielding me from the terrors of the world.

And I was eternally grateful. I didn't think I could survive another day without him, my life had become a hellhole and Rafe's presence soothed me, acting as a bulwark against the horror of discovering my real past. I was an orphan essentially, Elaine and Mark Golden long since dead.

But the alpha male had taken command of the situation with force and vigor.

"Call MGC Agency," he'd barked into his phone. And we'd flown up to San Francisco immediately, his authoritative air demanding respect when that bitch Deborah welcomed us into her office.

"Mr. Connor," she breathed. "What an unexpected surprise! We never thought that the CEO of Levast Corp. would visit a modeling agency in person. Jenna," she said nodding to me, her expression insincere and simpering.

He didn't respond to her compliments.

"MGC is signing Jenna Walsh again," he said. "Immediately. Now."

"But we can't," prevaricated Deborah. "We don't do porn stars, it's not in our image, it'll just bring us down."

"Do it," he'd growled. Rafe didn't even get into an explanation of why or why not, but I guess it didn't matter. Like magic, a contract appeared and I was a working model once again, albeit one without any jobs.

“Promote her,” he growled angrily at Deborah. “Putting Jenna into magazines and shows is your number one priority going forward.”

“Of course,” murmured Deborah obediently, her eyes flashing at me curiously. “I’m sure Levast will book her for its shows?”

“Absolutely yes,” said Rafe. “And your cut’s only going to be 2%, take it or leave it.”

Given that Levast was a huge potential client, MGC took it and my career was restored. I had shows to walk, photo shoots to be at, my face appearing on national magazine covers once again.

“But what about Violet? What about the porn?” I asked plaintively. “I want people to know that it wasn’t me, that I’m not dirty like that,” I said. It was true. I felt this was essential to reestablishing my image, to clarify that I’d been the victim of a maleficent plot and unlucky past.

“Baby, this is going to be tough to swallow,” said Rafe soothingly, “but no one’s going to believe that it wasn’t you in the video. Who would believe claims of a long-lost identical twin? It’s so far-fetched that it’s better to just wait it out. Don’t worry, with Levast at your back, your career will be back on track within weeks.”

“Are you sure?” I said cautiously. “There were a lot of gleeful people gloating at my demise after that video came out. Besides, couldn’t we trot Violet out for some talk shows or something? People can see with their own eyes that she’s real.”

Jake shook his head slowly. “Listen honey,” he said, tracing my cheek with one big finger. “I know how much you want to reveal the truth, but you’ll be okay, just let this blow over on its own. Look at Frederick Ecklund. That loser did porn and now he’s a millionaire real estate broker with his own TV show and book deal. You’ll be fine,” he growled, pressing a kiss to my temple. “I promise.”

And I sighed, leaning into my man. I hoped it would be true, prayed it would be true because I had another miracle to share.

“Rafe,” I said. “I appreciate what you’ve done for me, I really do, but why? Why did you appear out of the woodwork to save me when you could have left me to suffer?”

“Because I realized that you had more to offer than I’d given you credit for,” he said simply. “You’re sensuous, beautiful, intelligent, and everything I’m looking for. I’d been stupid, never giving you a chance to explain the nudie pix, immediately assuming that you were a liar, hiding all sorts of bad shit in your past. But now I know that it wasn’t your fault,” he said emphatically. “Especially since the identical twin stuff is actually true,” he replied with a wry smile.

And I’d sighed gratefully. This was the man I loved, the billionaire with a conscience, who was hellbent on making sure I was comfortable and secure, my state of mind the most important thing to him in an already very busy life.

“Oh good,” I breathed, looking lovingly into his dark eyes. “Because there’s a baby on the way … your baby, Rafe. You’re going to be a father.”

And the big man sat back stunned. Looks like I got the last word in after all!

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EPILOGUE

Rafe

One year later …

“Oh!” she squealed as I reamed her. “Oh oh oh!”

“Shhh baby,” I soothed, whispering into her ear. “The baby’s in the next room you’re going to wake her.”

And Jenna looked up at me, her blue eyes dazed and sensual, hardly able to think beyond the pleasure that my dick was inflicting.

Because we’re married now, settled in with a beautiful daughter. But that doesn’t mean that I haven’t stopped desiring her, this little woman whose body I watched grow large with my child.

“Open,” I murmured into her ear, and the blonde obeyed wordlessly, her eyes pleading with me. I knew what she wanted. With a lascivious grin, I stripped off the condom, throwing the latex on the ground, and teased my cock between her dripping slit, massaging those puffy lips with my glans, trailing semen all over that secret spot.

“You want it, don’t you?” I growled sensuously. “You want another baby, don’t you?”

And she nodded wordlessly, a sigh escaping her lips even as she spread her legs wider, baring her body to me, giving me her snatch.

And I obliged. Slowly, I began pushing in, her flesh stretching, that pink hole struggling to fit my huge size, the girl wriggling with breathy little pants as she wormed her hips down, desperate to feel me inside her.

And my arousal wasn’t to be denied. I was so massive that my donkey dong shoved her upwards, her slim hips jerking up even as she tried to force herself down, the veins in my member bulging obscenely, shiny and coated in her vaginal juices, pre-cum trailing down my wooden shaft.

“Please Rafe,” she breathed. “More, more, more!”

And I did it. I grabbed her hips, forcing her down on my pole, jerking her in close until I was balls-deep, my testicles hitting her ass,

bouncing against those soft cheeks.

And she couldn't keep quiet, not with my penis slammed so tight in that curvy body.

"Aieee!" she shrieked, screaming with pleasure. And I gave it to her, deep, true, and unrelenting. I fucked that little body, all golden curves and gleaming skin until Jenna almost passed out from the pleasure, her eyes rolling back into her head, her cunny spasming with orgasm after orgasm, clenching down on my dick, milking me for my cum.

Because our life has changed a lot, or at least Jenna's has. She's cut off all ties with the Walshes and the Sterlings, she was never a part of that bunch. Sure, the Sterling brothers are rich as shit and influential, but after that call with Jake, I knew there was no way to heal the wound between my wife and his family.

So shit, we were done with them. As a member of the Connor clan, Jenna would be more than okay and had already booked her first show after the birth of baby June. We'd be more than fine, she was heading back to super-stardom as an international model.

But motherhood had been a sweet experience, and I knew Jenna enjoyed taking care of the baby, that she wanted more. And so she'd begged me for this second child.

"Please Rafe," she said shyly, looking at me through her lashes. "A little boy this time," she coaxed, "one that looks just like you."

And how could I say no with her fingers running up and down my cock, stroking me to heaven? I was practically ready to do her right then and there, in the middle of my office during a workday.

So we're back to fucking with no protection, my sweet girl and I. Our story is crazy, I know … the secret twin, the porn video, the confusing parentage. But our tale is no different from most families when you think about it. The difference is that we overcame the craziness together … always.

THE END

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Obsessed

~A Sterling Brothers Romance~

(Erotic Romance)

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PROLOGUE

Matt

I watched her from the corner of my eye. Teresa was gorgeous – dark-haired, dark-eyed, her long ponytail swept into a mass on top of her head. There was a handkerchief tied around her head, but the material couldn't prevent a few wisps from dangling around her face, the tendrils sweet and unassuming.

She didn't even notice me as I worked at my desk. Teresa's been coming around for a couple years now, acting as my de facto housekeeper. She works for the cleaning company I use, and I'd requested her specifically because I found the girl nice to look at – alright, *fucking fantastic* to look at.

I gazed at her hungrily, my body hardening automatically. She was on her knees scrubbing something, that juicy ass perched in the air as she leaned over. God, I could almost see the crease between her ass cheeks, her jeans tight and slightly damp from a mix of water and cleaning fluids. How I'd like to fill her with my own fluids, feel those ass cheeks twitch under my hands, her eyes fluttering closed in pleasure.

But I forced myself to remain at my desk. As her boss, I had a duty to keep my hands off of that luscious body, to respect boundaries and adhere to a code of professional conduct. Right? Or maybe … billionaires always get what they want, and I was a billionaire obsessed.

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CHAPTER ONE

Teresa

"Teresita! You're going to be late!" my mom called. I groaned and shut the book I'd been reading. Okay, accounting isn't exactly sexy and exciting, but it'd pay the bills and help lift my family from our humble origins.

I sighed and stumbled to grab my backpack, stuffing the book inside with a bunch of other things I'd need. Notebook? Check. Calculator? Check. Extra change of clothes for my shift? Check check.

Reality was tough. My mom and I moved to California from the Honduras ten years ago, temporarily moving in with relatives while getting settled. I'd enrolled in junior high and my mom had joined my aunt's business "Krystal Klear Kleaners – Make Your Rooms Sparkle!" It wasn't bad. It was honest work and my mom and I took home about $50 per home we cleaned. Of course, I was thirteen when I started, so I was essentially free help, someone who tagged along and dusted, did the easy stuff while my female relatives slaved away.

But even fifty dollars a pop was far more than what we could earn in the Honduras. Ah, my home country … I shuddered at the memories. My mom and I had fled, leaving my dad and brothers behind because of the increasing gang violence. Women were prey down there, subject to the vagaries and whims of the *locos*, the gangs who ruled each city through terror and violence.

I remembered one sweltering, summer day. I'd just gotten back from a neighbor's birthday party, wearing a pink party dress and clutching a balloon, more child than woman still.

Mom had frowned.

"Where were you?" she asked. "It's late afternoon. Why weren't you back sooner?"

"Oh Mami, the party was so fun. Some boys came by to chat with us, you know Rosita's brother Esteban, guys who hang out with him?" I

said with an innocent smile. Esteban had been slickly handsome in a blue soccer jersey with a silver belt buckle the size of my fist. I'd been duly impressed when he'd singled me out, whistling appreciatively.

But Mami's frown only deepened. "Esteban?" she asked, "Carla's boy? He still in school?"

"Oh Mami, how would I know?" I sighed exaggeratedly. The truth was that I knew perfectly well that Esteban no longer attended the local high school. Boys routinely dropped out as early as eight or nine to become runners for the local gang, strutting like cockerels on the sidewalk. Esteban probably hadn't been in school for years.

Mami turned away, so I couldn't see her face. But I could hear her voice, low and urgent. "Be careful Teresita, Honduras is a dangerous country," she intoned. "It's not the country of my childhood anymore, there are many *tiburones* and sharks waiting for a girl like you." And I'd shrugged in agreement. I was only ten then, on the cusp of womanhood, the world an exciting place filled with hot, sweet boys like Esteban.

But everything changed a few weeks later. I'd noticed Mami on the phone a lot recently, calling around, her voice becoming hushed when I was within earshot. One day after school, she met me at the school gates.

"Mami, what are you doing here?" I asked, bewildered. She never picked me up after classes, she was always on a job with one of my aunts. There were a bunch of girls around me, all of us in regulation blue and white uniforms.

"Teresita, get your things," she said calmly. "I've hired a taxi for us."

Scowling, I packed all my school supplies into my bag and threw them into the back of the car. "Where are we going?" I asked plaintively as the taxi bumped and ground along an unpaved dirt road. Honduras is a poor country, but even we pave our roads. The dirt track could only mean one thing -- we were headed out to the boonies, god knows how far from civilization.

"I have homework," I whined. "Carlita wanted me to come over and study!" I added, throwing my mom a reproving look.

“Teresita,” said my mom sternly, turning to look at me from the passenger’s seat. “I’m moving you to the countryside to live with some relatives. You remember Auntie Blanca, your father’s cousin? She lives with Uncle Gordo in Guadalajita, about two hours from the city. They’ll be able to look after you until you’re married.”

“Mami, no!” I exclaimed in shock. “No!” I reiterated forcefully. “All my friends at school, my teachers, I haven’t said goodbye, and what about Papi and Herberto and Gonzalo?” I asked, referring to my dad and two older brothers. “Do they even know I’ve left? Why?” I whimpered, my childishness evident.

“Teresita,” my mom said firmly, sadness pulling at her mouth, “we want to keep you safe. You’re becoming a beautiful girl,” and her voice trailed off, dabbing at her eyes. “And we can’t protect you in the City. Mami and Papi have to work, and the wolves, they’re all over.” I knew she was referring to the local gang which had branded themselves as *Los Lobos*, the wolves. Suddenly I was sad and scared, just a little girl again, a pawn among bigger, stronger players. What had happened to my innocent existence, my safe haven of childish chatter and the latest movies?

But I bit my lip and tried to look brave, holding back tears. I didn’t understand it, but I didn’t have a choice either. I was exiled to some isolated farm to live with an elderly aunt and uncle, rarely to see my friends again. I sobbed quietly, my cries barely audible in the back of the car. But it didn’t change my mom’s mind, her back straight and resolute.

“*Vamos*, Teresita, take care my darling daughter,” she intoned before dropping me off, the taxi doing a U and disappearing in a cloud of dust. And with a heavy heart, I began trudging to my new home … unsuspecting of the danger inside.

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CHAPTER TWO

Matt

It was so fucking boring at these things. I looked around the dinner table, the women dressed in couture, the men in slick dinner jackets. I could have sworn our hostess had a real fur stole around her neck, which was ludicrous given that the pea shoot soup had dribbled a bit of neon green onto the white fur.

"Matt," she called out, her voice ringing out across the table. "Tell us what you're up to these days. You and your brothers are filthy rich from the Sterling Pharmaceuticals IPO, isn't that right?"

Ah, trust Delinda to be discreet. Of course, all the guests already knew that Sterling was a fucking unicorn, one of the few start-ups to successfully launch and go public. And yes, my brothers Jake, Caleb, Cade and I were now fucking billionaires, the toast of San Francisco. But really Delinda? Did you have to make a pronouncement at a crowded table?

I responded the only way I could. Delinda was married to Bill Dowd, one of the top VCs in the valley, and not someone to offend.

"Darlin' Delinda, I'm up to this and that," I said smoothly. "Sterling keeps me busy on a day to day basis and I have a coupla hobbies," I drawled.

Delinda smiled sweetly.

And have you been seeing anyone special?" she asked with a wink. "We've got some very eligible ladies seated right here."

I fucking growled under my breath. I hated being set up on blind dates, introduced to all sorts of "eligible women" who oohed and ahed at everything I said, swooning at my every gesture. But again, I needed to play the gracious guest.

"I'm just a farm boy," I drawled again, "Much too simple for the likes of the gorgeous ladies here," I said, smiling at the assortment of thin, starved beauties arrayed around me. I swear, each of these women could use a good meal … yeah, a hefty ham sandwich would do it, if they weren't

already vegans, fruitarians or South Beach disciples. My smile didn't reach my eyes, but based on the predatory looks and competitive hair-tossing, these women already had their claws out.

"Well Matt darling, we'll have to get you set up!" crowed Delinda. "All it takes is the right woman and you'll be a married man in no time, isn't that right Bill?" she said, nudging her husband. "We were married on the fly, honey, and wasn't it just the most wonderful whirlwind?"

Bill, who had obviously been in this situation many times before, ignored his wife as he spoke to another guest. But the rest of the table tittered politely, even as we smiled. It was common knowledge that Bill and Delinda and begun their affair while married to other people, destroying their families in the process.

But that was their business, not mine. I just wanted to finish this dinner and get the fuck back to my penthouse before getting up again for another hectic day.

Ah, the grind. Lately, Sterling Pharmaceuticals hasn't been enough for me. Sure, it's worked its magic and my brothers and I are wealthy beyond our wildest dreams. But there was something about the old days that was missing, something that had changed. Maybe we'd gotten more corporate? We'd gone from an office of ten to a thousand employees in five years flat.

And it'd been a transition. Before I was a simple country boy tasked with marketing, pushing Sterling products on anyone and everyone who would listen. I talked my head off, maybe selling snake oil in some cases, but hey, that's what sales guys do right? I loved every second of it, the fact that we were boots on the ground, charting new territory, exploring the great unknown with new drugs, new customers, new market segments.

Now I'm fucking Senior VP of Marketing, head of multiple divisions. I wear a fucking suit to work every day, and have an office as big as a cavern. I have three computers, a private bathroom, and all the pussy I need just by flashing my business card.

But something deeper has shifted within me and the company, too. Sterling's culture has morphed and I miss the days when our outfit was

nothing more than a bunch of twenty-something workaholic boys, reeking of testosterone and BO.

"Matt," a high-pitched voice interrupted my reverie. I turned to see a glamorous raven-haired girl walk towards me. Or maybe sashay with a predatory look is a better description. The girl was stunning, her hair done up in some elaborate design, her red dress long and floor-length, displaying every inch of her stunning figure.

"You remember me, right?" she asked teasingly. "Vanessa, from the MOMA gala?"

My mind ran furiously as I tried to remember that night. I'd worked late, pulling on my tux in my office while a car waited downstairs. Hey, just call me James Bond okay? It was part of my job as a marketing guru to meet the right people and see and be seen.

I vaguely remembered a couple of women at the event, but I couldn't place the girl before me.

"Oh right," I said vaguely. "Hi, how are you?"

"Jake, surely you remember our conversation?" she said with an eyebrow arched. "And what happened afterwards?"

Oh fuck, had some shit gone down? I seriously had no memory of that night, but when you work like a mofo life passes in a blur. Maybe we went to a bar afterwards and I fingered her under her dress? Boned her even? I had no fucking clue.

"Silly, you promised we'd hit up L'Osseria's wine-tasting event later this month," she trilled, lightly placing a manicured hand on my arm. "I'm the wine coordinator at Slanted Plate, I can introduce you to the *finest* flavors," she said suggestively. Ugh, these women were so over the top, I could feel bile rising in my throat.

I was about to politely decline when Delinda swooped in, having overheard our conversation.

"Oh that's perfect," cawed our hostess. Again, a model of discretion. "Matt would love to take you, I know he's got tickets, that company of his buys the best of everything," Delinda announced. And it

was true. I was in the client service industry so Sterling purchased VIP passes for a myriad of high-end events, but with potential customers in mind, not dates for executives.

But again, I was caught in this fucking web of feminine wiles. I didn't want to go, fuck I didn't even want to be here, but I found myself nodding in agreement just because it was easier.

"Sure," I rumbled. "Give my office a call," I said, proffering my business card.

"Matty, you can do better than that," Delinda said slyly. "Give her your cell."

It took all of my strength not to wring this fucking bird's neck at her own party. If her husband weren't Bill Dowd, I swear I'd be a murderer already. But graciously, I scrawled my cell number onto the card and handed it with a fake smile to Vanessa.

"Looking forward," I rumbled.

"Me too," she panted breathlessly, her scarlet lips twisted in a smile revealing sharp, tiny teeth. "Me too."

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CHAPTER THREE

Teresa

Oh shit, I was late again. Class had gotten off five minutes later than expected and I'd missed my bus to Pacific Heights, where the client lived. I'd have to walk and that promised to be a demoralizing experience. San Francisco is a city of steep hills and trekking to Pac Heights from Civic Center was going to test my lung capacity and overall fitness.

Sighing, I hoisted my bag up and slung it over my shoulder.

"Heya pardner, need help with that?" asked a male voice behind me. It was Orlando, one of my fellow classmates at City College who fancied himself a big man on campus. Ugh, he was so greasy and slimy, he reminded me of the goons back home – just boys with guns loosely tucked into their waistbands, thinking that made them men.

But Orlando's weapon wasn't a firearm. His was his connection to the mayor. A nephew of Mercedes Diaz, Orlando constantly bragged about his famous relative, peppering each conversation with "Aunt Mercedes this, Aunt Mercedes that." I admit, I was glad it was an election year. Even if Mercedes Diaz had done a decent job as mayor, I just wanted to shut Orlando's trap once and for all.

"Um, no thanks," I demurred, trying to make my way past him. "I gotta roll, okay? I'm late," I said impatiently as he purposefully blocked my way.

"Hey chica, what's the rush? Headed to the library? Surely you got a few minutes to spare for old bro here," he drawled, his hands in the pockets of oversize jeans. I swear, why do men dress like clowns sometimes? I found the homie look unattractive and unappealing. Flat brim cap, big oversized sports jersey coupled with jeans that were three sizes too big, falling down his ass. Orlando looked ridiculous, his boxers showing as he tried to hoist the waistband up.

"No Orlando, I have a J-O-B," I spelled out for him. "We don't all have the luxury of having rich relatives." It was widely known that Mayor Diaz owned an apartment building where she allegedly let Orlando live for

free when he was in school. He was supposedly learning the ropes of property management as well, to take over for his aunt as she ascended further up the political ladder.

"Listen chica," he drawled, not at all put off by my behavior and insinuations. "Where ya going? I gotta ride, I can take you," he said thumbing to a rice rocket parked at the curb. I sighed. I really didn't want to, but I was running late and it was unprofessional to show up to a job sweaty and disheveled, not to mention unprepared and apologetic. So I gave in and sighed, "Fine, fine. Let's go."

Orlando chuckled knowingly and held the door open. The car was slung so low to the ground that I practically had to crouch to get in, my bag throwing me off-balance.

"I gotcha," he leered lasciviously, his hands on my shoulders and then trailing down my back as he "helped" me into the car. Shudders of distaste ran down my spine, but I swallowed hard and made myself get in. What was the worst that could happen? It would be a short ride, maybe ten minutes at most.

The homie got into the driver's seat, slamming the door and turning up the funk. Oh great. We were going to be cruising in Pacific Heights, a tony neighborhood, as he blasted bachata and the latest reggaeton. Okay, this was already embarrassing me enough already and I thought seriously about throwing myself from the car.

But it was too late. He'd pulled away from the curb and I gave him directions towards my employer's home. Fortunately, the music was pounding so loudly that conversation was impossible. I thanked my lucky stars and stared straight out the window as Orlando bobbed his head in time to the music, like a chicken darting its head back and forth.

Finally, we pulled up to a stately townhouse, perfectly decorated, the doors imposing.

"This where your job at?" asked Orlando, finally turning down the tunes.

"Yeah," I said shortly, grasping the door handle and swinging one leg out. "Thanks so much for the ride, I'll see you at school."

But Orlando wanted to be thanked more than just verbally. He grabbed my arm and pulled me roughly to him, his face oily and pimply as I was forced closer.

"Heya chica, a *beso* for my efforts?" he said silkily before planting those rubbery lips on mine. And I screamed, my spine stiffening involuntarily, my body going into full panic mode. Sweat broke out and my vision started to blacken, I was in the midst of a nightmare, thrashing and struggling like a wounded animal until I felt heavy arms pull me out of the car, thrusting me out of danger.

Matt Sterling, my employer, stood there, a look of rage and fury directed towards the much smaller man before him.

"What the fuck?" asked Orlando plaintively. I swear, even Mr. Sterling's shadow was scary to see.

But the big man didn't say anything. He just … growled, if that was possible and Orlando got the message. The passenger door slammed and Orlando pulled away from the curb in a hurry, the rice rocket's engine a cacophonous wail as he got the hell out of Dodge.

"So Teresa," said the big man, turning to me. "Care to explain what that was about?"

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CHAPTER FOUR

Matt

Teresa was delicious to behold, even trembling and fearful. The brunette's hair had pulled loose from her ponytail, tendrils framing her face, her denim shirt molding the contours of her breasts. I could sense her generous cleavage, ripe and luscious, straining against the buttons, envisioning each nipple to be a pretty pink, perfect for suckling.

Okay, so this girl wasn't exactly supermodel type or even the kind that you see at parties I frequent. First, she was far too short. For some reason, the women at society soirees are always so fucking tall, six feet or over. I don't know how but those bitches must be wearing stilts at all hours, comfort be damned. By contrast, Teresa would never be more than shoulder-high on me … five five at most.

Plus, she was curvy in the most delicious ways. Her hips, ass, breasts … fuck, my cock was stiffening just looking at her. But first things first. The girl was sobbing furiously, her head twisted away from me so all I could see was the cascade of hair.

"Hey he didn't do anything right?" I growled. "I got to you in just the nick of time."

There was no answer. She was crying so hard that her shoulders heaved painfully, the breath catching in her throat with every gasp, almost choking in desperate anguish.

I tried again. "Hey honey," I said, gently touching her shoulder. "It's going to be alright."

But Teresa ignored me. By now, she'd curled up into a ball on the sidewalk, almost in fetal position as she keened mournfully, her face hidden by arms thrown over her face. Seeing no other options, I picked her up in my arms and carried her through the front door of my townhouse, kicking it shut behind me. Neighbors be damned, I had a real-life damsel in distress in my charge.

I gently placed her on a couch in the living room, the blue fabric instantly soaked by her tears. Teresa was still weeping wildly, her hair askew, glossy as it spread across the cushions. I was at a loss. Most of the time women who cry want something and are trying to wheedle it out of me. The smallest promise, or a token of affection like jewelry, seems to shut them up pretty quick.

But this was a completely different situation. For some reason, the other man's come-ons, ridiculous as they'd been, had triggered something in Teresa and she was experiencing a rush, a welling of emotion from deep inside which I didn't understand. I sat next to her, helplessly, wishing I could do something for this beautiful brunette as she cried out her heart and soul.

Finally, the sobs subsided a bit and Teresa managed to sit up, her face tear-streaked, lashes wet, and yet utterly captivating.

"Mis- Mister Sterling, I'm so sorry," she said, with the faintest hint of an accent. "I'm so sorry you had to see that."

"Jerks are everywhere," I drawled. "You gotta be careful in this beautiful city by the bay. You okay? You seemed really disturbed by that asshole." I thought about it for a second. "Or did he do more to you than I saw?" I asked ominously, my rage rising again. I'd just happened to glance outside from my home office to see the struggle in the car. How long had that been going on before I noticed? How much had she endured? "Tell me if hurt you," I growled, my expression fearsome.

Teresa looked embarrassed for a moment but held her chin up high. I studied her clothes and noted with relief that they were in one piece, nothing torn, nothing bloody or ripped.

"I'm much better now, thanks," the girl said. "Just give me a minute to get ready and I'll get started cleaning your home straight away."

I didn't bother to tell her that there was no need. She'd been coming twice a week for the last few years, which was highly unnecessary given that I barely touch anything but the microwave. The place doesn't get messed up, Teresa's just eye candy to ogle as she putters around. But she didn't need to know that.

“No worries,” I drawled. “Why don’t you take it easy today? You need a day off.”

“Oh no I couldn’t,” she rushed. “I couldn’t take advantage of you like that,” she said, as she walked to the guest bathroom, bag in hand. Little girl, you can take advantage of me any way you like, in any way, shape or form, I wanted to smirk. I’m ready, bring it.

But again, this didn’t seem like the best time to come on strong, given that Teresa’d just been manhandled and had some kind of serious emotional reaction. Instead, when she came out I asked casually, “So who was that dude? Someone you know?”

“Um, sort of,” she demurred, biting her lip. “I’m taking classes at City College, it’s just a guy who offered me a ride,” she said stiffly. “Orlando thinks he’s such hot stuff, but,” she said, shaking her head, “he’s so … ugh, I don’t even know how to describe it. No one’s brave enough to tell him though because his aunt’s a high roller in the city.”

“Oh?” I asked, my eyebrow raised. I’d probably know her because it’s my business to know everyone with influence in the City. “Who’s his aunt?”

“Mercedes Diaz,” Teresa sighed. “The mayor of our lovely town. Evidently Mayor Diaz has her eye set on another term, but god, I hope she doesn’t win just to put the kibosh on Orlando. With him, everything is my Aunt Mercedes this, my Aunt Mercedes that,” she added ruefully.

Well, this was certainly an interesting spin. Mercedes Diaz is an up and coming politician, someone I’d certainly gotten to know in a professional capacity. A middle-aged, charming Latina woman, she was currently spearheading a drive to reduce homelessness in San Francisco. She was the darling of alphabet groups, especially the Latino vote which always turned out in masses to hear her stump.

And I was interested because I’ve been considering a political run recently. Like I mentioned, Sterling Pharmaceuticals has kinda hit the skids for me. I’d hate to desert my brothers at the helm, but let’s be honest, Sterling is on a stellar track, the darling of Silicon Valley. My brothers

would be able to hire five replacements to do my job if needed. Heck, I'd even pay for those replacements myself.

So why not a shot at the mayor's seat? I certainly knew all the right people, knew the issues inside out, and had the requisite "Sterling" name recognition. I seized on this snippet of political information, stowing it away to synthesize and use to my best advantage at a later date.

But for now, I wanted to know more about this charming girl.

"So Teresa," I said, deceptively calm. "You feeling better? Wanna tell me about it?"

"Oh no, Mr. Sterling, I'll get started on your house," she rushed, going over to the closet and pulling out some cleaning supplies.

But I demurred. "For now, why don't we just relax a bit. Here, I've got some whiskey … you do drink, don't you?" I asked.

She gulped, looking at the amber liquid in front of her.

"I- I don't drink on the job," she stammered, her face flushing. I could see a sweet, hot tide rising on her cleavage, and man, was I tempted to rip of her shirt right then and there and fondle and squeeze those boobs.

But I was a model of decorum. "How about water then?" I drawled. "Surely that's not off limits."

She took the glass gratefully, her slim throat lovely as she swallowed.

"Now tell me more," I rumbled, settling back onto a couch and gesturing for her to do the same. "Tell me how you got that accent … and please don't call me Mr. Sterling anymore, it reminds me of my dad."

She looked ill at ease but did as I asked, perching on the edge of the loveseat and demurely crossing her legs.

"Well," she said hesitantly. "I work for Krystal Kleaners, my aunt's business, and take classes part-time at City College," she said slowly. "My mom and I, we came from the Honduras ten years ago when I was thirteen. We didn't have many options because neither of us spoke English. My mom still doesn't," she said in a rush. "I mean, my mom can understand better now, but we speak Spanish exclusively at home."

Hmm, very interesting. A real Cinderella.

"And why did you leave the Honduras?" I asked gently.

Her face grew clouded. "It's dangerous there," she said slowly. "The *bandas*, the gangs controlled our city and it wasn't safe anymore. We had to go," she said, looking away.

"But you were just a little girl," I asked. "Wasn't the move traumatic?"

She nodded. "I didn't want to come, but we had to," she said uncomfortably. "There was danger everywhere," she murmured, her eyes still on the ground.

Hmm, there were obviously things she wasn't telling me but I didn't want to push it during our first real conversation.

"And what about your father? Where is he now?" I asked gently.

Now her face grew clouded. "My father and brothers Herberto and Gonzalo are still in the Honduras," she said, "as well as other relatives. They'll come when they can," she said quietly, looking at her folded hands.

Okay, again something rang untrue. Usually a family sends its male members first to eke out a living, remitting money to their female relatives back home until they can afford to bring everyone to the U.S. So something about Teresa's story was a off, but again, there was no point in pushing.

Instead, I could feel my curiosity growing. Teresa was so different from the other women I knew, a girl with a difficult background, a mother who didn't speak English, and who worked to put herself through school. The women I knew had everything handed to them on a silver spoon, spoiled and whiny if they didn't get exactly what they wanted.

But being the bastard that I am, my mind was already a million miles ahead. I decided to stop with the preliminaries. Interesting yes, but my body had hit its limits.

"Teresa," I said slowly. "You've been working for me for three years now, right? Somewhere around there?" I asked.

"Yes, Mister Ster- I mean, yes," she finished lamely.

“It seems that you could use some help,” I said slowly.

“No, I don’t need anything,” she said quickly. “I’m fine,” she reiterated, a new wariness creeping into her eyes.

I respected her for that. She was clearly a smart girl, one whom men had offered to “help” before. But my help would be a little different.

“Teresa,” I said slowly. “I’ve been considering a run for mayor. You didn’t know I was in politics, did you?” I asked.

“Mis- Mister Sterling, I mean,” she stopped, pausing to gather her thoughts. “We’ve never had a conversation before. I don’t know *anything* about you,” she said emphatically.

“Well, it’s time you did,” I said. “I’m running for mayor and single guys generally don’t do well in the polls. I could use someone … appropriate,” I continued. “You would be the perfect partner, at least until the election is over,” I stated.

A look of confusion crept over that beautiful face. “What do you mean, a partner? Like your vice president?”

That made me laugh. “No, like my girlfriend,” I said emphatically.

And Teresa’s look of shock was all the answer I needed.

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CHAPTER FIVE

Teresa

I could hardly believe what I was hearing. Maybe my English wasn't as good as I thought.

"Wh-what?" I gasped, as I stared at him. Mr. Sterling, I mean Matt, had never so much as even looked my way, I was an invisible housekeeper. And now he was asking me on a date?

The big man looked amused by my stunned reaction. His blue eyes were searing as they scanned my body, running up and down my curvaceous form. I felt a hot heat rise from my pussy to cover my breasts and chest, unable to stop my reaction, embarrassed at how I looked and yet clearly physically aroused by the bold rake of his gaze. What was wrong with me? Even more, what was wrong with him?

It was like he read my mind. "Teresa," he said slowly. "I need someone whom I get along with, with a captivating back story, a real rags to riches type background. I can tell you've got it. You don't have any pretenses, you'll sell well to the media and be perfect on my arm."

But I still didn't buy it. "Seor," I said. "I mean …" I shook my head in confusion. "There must be a million women out there who want to date you, there are plenty of people with disadvantaged backgrounds in San Francisco. Why me?" I asked again plaintively, still mystified.

"Because I need someone to fill a gap," he shrugged nonchalantly. "Think of it as a job. A job as my girlfriend," he clarified. That shut me down a bit. It's hard for any woman to hear the word "girlfriend" and "job" in the same sentence, but at the same time, he was the boss.

Matt went on. "Most women want a commitment from me, and that's just not something I'm into," he shrugged. "But with us, it'd be different, a business transaction if you will. You'd be my girlfriend in public, helping me stump during the election season and after it's over, whether I win or lose, you're free to go your way. Like a short-term contract position," he said easily. "Of course," he added, "I plan on making this financially lucrative for you."

I was stunned. I was literally a Cinderella, a woman who came in to sweep the hearth of this gorgeous man, and Prince Charming had somehow noticed me. He was going to "make this financially lucrative," whatever that meant. It sounded distasteful, but my mind automatically went to all the things that I could use … a little more food, a little more rent for my aunt, tuition for next semester, maybe even take Mami out for a nice dinner at that new taqueria.

But I was careful. Growing up in the Honduras makes you wary, and there are no free rides from gringos. "What do I need to do exactly?" I asked slowly. "Do I need to move in here? Do you need me to keep house still? To …" Suddenly I flushed, realizing the import of his words. "Do you mean to have a physical relationship?" I choked, my cheeks flaming.

The big man merely looked amused as he took me in. I loved the way his broad shoulders were so dominating, hugged tight in a blue denim button-down. He was an alpha male in every sense of the word, from that rakish black hair to the aura of power that surrounded him at all times.

"Teresa," he said. "Yeah, I'd like to have a physical relationship. Would you be into that?" he drawled.

I bit my lip, my head spinning. Today had really been the day of days. Starting off with the unwanted come-on from Orlando, which had set off a host of bad memories, and now ending with a proposition from a man who was probably the most eligible bachelor in San Francisco … and who wanted to sleep with me.

I was floored, but I admit, tempted. Matt was just so gorgeous. He'd never noticed me, but I'd seen him behind his computer as he worked. The dark hair, the muscled build, these weren't the traits of a paper pusher, he clearly worked out and it showed. Even today, casually dressed in expensive jeans, he exuded an aura of confidence. I shrank a bit inside, dying again at what I must have looked like in my shabby work clothes. What could Matt Sterling possibly see in Teresa Ramos of Krystal Kleaners?

But before I could give it more thought, Matt was pulling me close, into the heavenly circle of his arms, a feeling of safety permeating my

bones even as he towered over me, his masculine form dominant and possessive.

"Let's do a dry run, shall we?" he drawled before lowering his head.

And I was drawn in for a kiss. Not a kiss like you see in a romantic comedy, but a true telenovela, crazy swoon-in-love type kiss, where the hero pulls the beautiful heroine close and ravishes her. Matt was no exception. His lips descending over mine were gentle at first, probing my mouth, his mobile mouth expressive and soft as they moved softly over mine.

But the flames were immediate, my breasts growing hot as they pressed against his chest, the nipples hardening like bullets. Matt savagely took more, parting my lips insistently, running his tongue into my wet cavern, tasting me, sampling me, making me shiver with desire. I'm ashamed to say but my cunny started to run almost immediately, the moistness in my panties practically a gush as I mewled into his mouth, disturbed that this man, my employer, was able to elicit such a response in seconds.

And Matt seemed to sense my weakness, pulling me closer, grabbing me by the back of the head, thrusting his hands deep in my hair, overwhelming in his masculinity. "That's it chica," he growled roughly against my neck as one thick thigh angled mine apart. "I knew we'd be perfect," he said, his mouth tracing closer and closer to the vee at my sweater.

But it was the rock-hard pole pressed against my thigh that caused the shutdown. Suddenly, my vision blackened and I could hear *his* voice again. That wheezing, guttural laugh, the dry rasping cough, the parched, dessicated skin that scraped like sandpaper. I screamed into Matt's mouth, my pupils dilated and began to fight like a woman possessed, flailing against him with my fists, kicking his shins with my sneakered feet.

"Aii! Aii!" I screamed, the terror overwhelming, losing any grasp of reality and instead returning to the terrors of my childhood. "*Alejarse de mí! Alejarse de mí!*" I cried, sobbing, a mass of writhing limbs as I tried to fight him off.

Matt was stunned and at first tried to pull me in close. “Shhh, shhh,” he hushed, smoothing my hair, stroking my body to and even touching my breasts, skimming a finger over a hard nipple. But my flailing limbs and desperate struggling were uncontrollable, even violent, and he finally pulled away with a confused, “What the fuck?”

It was then I knew that this would never work. I couldn’t take a job as Matt’s girlfriend. Not because I didn’t want to, but because I was broken and damaged.

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CHAPTER SIX

Matt

It was the damndest thing. One second, Teresa was pliant and willing in my arms, her enormous boobs pressed sweetly against my chest, her mouth soft and willing even as her thighs parted under my insistent thrusts. But the next it was like she was a deranged woman. Total hellcat, crying, sobbing, hair flying as she flailed, screaming in another language.

My rudimentary high school Spanish made her words to be along the lines of "Get away from me Daddy?" Something like that? What, did she have a Daddy fetish or something? It would have been sick and twisted if she did, but sure, I'd be her daddy – I'd done that and more in bed.

But it was her genuine horror that surprised. I mean, I've fucked some women who are wildcats in bed, but it's just a ruse. All women ultimately want to be ravished, to lay back while the guy does all the work, licking their cunny, fucking it, making her come again and again with pleasure. But Teresa's wild-eyed terror, the uncontrolled shaking, that couldn't be faked. What the hell was going on?

Teresa had grabbed her bag and run out the front door as soon as I let go, leaving me with a fucking erection that almost crippled me, my dong literally punched up against my fly so hard that it hurt. What the fuck had possessed her? I decided to let her go for the moment, unable to chase her down given that my dick needed a beating of the very best sort. But I figured I'd get to the bottom of this sooner or later. After all … she was my employee still.

I limped up to my bedroom and made a few calls. "Platt? Yeah, check out the visa status of a Teresa Ramos of Krystal Kleaners in SF," I growled. "Student at City College. Plus, see what you can find out about her past in the Honduras. She moved here maybe ten years ago, says she came with her mother."

That's the benefit of being a billionaire. I keep people on retainer for any shit that might come up, crazy as it may seem. Shit, Platt has seen

worse. He's a fucking retired cop turned PI, I'm sure that dude has been asked to investigate a lot more than the immigrant status of a house cleaner.

But I wasn't done yet. The next person I called was Rosa at Krystal Kleaners.

"This is Matt Sterling at 223 Seacrest Avenue," I growled into the phone. "Teresa Ramos was here today but hasn't finished the job yet. I'd like to book her again. Tomorrow. Yes, the house hasn't been touched. Yes, tell her to come at 8 a.m. Thanks."

And it was done. Billionaires always get their way, and I wasn't done with this girl just yet.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Teresa

I'd been humiliated. First, during the scene with Orlando, which my employer had unfortunately witnessed. I never should have gotten a ride, I should have just taken the bus or walked, lateness be damned. What the fuck was wrong with me? I sobbed. It was like I'd forgotten everything Mami had ever taught me, including not getting into cars with strange men.

Then there was the meltdown I'd had at Matt's house. I admit, I'd been seriously considering taking him up on his offer. It sounded almost too good to be true, a dream opportunity. Sashay around town on the arm of the most eligible man in SF, attend a couple dinners, a couple functions, shake some hands and then after the election, I'd be free. It was only a commitment of a few months, and I'd probably have a pretty penny to add to my savings account, which was frankly, desperately needed.

But it'd all come crashing down. The moment he kissed me, the moment we got even the slightest bit physical, I panicked, my past overtaking the present. Because, you see, I was molested during that time I stayed with Aunt Blanca in the countryside. Uncle Gordo turned out to be much more than a mere "uncle." He was a goddamn perv, and my life from ages ten to thirteen had been confusing as hell.

It had started innocently at first. Uncle Gordo would ask me to sit in his lap as we watched TV after a dinner of rice and plantains. I didn't want to, but I didn't feel like I could say no either. I knew my mom would be angry if I was sent back to the City, so I did as Gordo asked and perched my bony ass on his knee, uncomfortable and trying to lose myself in the latest show.

But inevitably, Uncle Gordo would pull me back against his fleshy chest, literally push my head back against his shoulder so that my entire backside was plastered against his front. It was disgusting but at least he was fat and jiggly, kind of like an extra pillow.

This went on for a while. Aunt Blanca would be in the same room, watching TV, and never commented, merely continuing to shell peas or

whatever fruit or vegetable was in season. And so every night at 7 p.m., the three of us settled into our routine, me on my uncle's lap, too close for comfort as we watched Spanish news or the latest telenovela.

Until one day I'd felt something growing under my ass. I'd thought it was my imagination at first. Something hard and stiff was poking my butt cheek and I'd squirmed uncomfortably, trying to worm away.

"Sit back!" came the harsh command from my uncle, my aunt looking up momentarily before turning back to the TV. She was like an automaton, her gaze blank, her body stiff as she shelled in silence, not even a hitch to her movements. This went on for a couple weeks, a hard, rigid member pressed against my butt for an hour each night, and I was always so happy to dash off to my room afterwards, to cloak myself in darkness and privacy. I'm not even sure I knew what was happening then, it was just so confusing and I was too young.

But one night, Uncle Gordo appeared in my doorway right after I'd gotten into bed.

"Teresita," he said quietly. "I know you can hear me."

I was perfectly still under the blankets, willing him to go away as I feigned sleep.

"Teresita," he said again. "I know you're awake."

I practically wasn't breathing, I wanted him to go away so badly. But after a few moments, I knew it was futile and so I sat up in the darkness.

"What is it Uncle Gordo?" I asked innocently. We'd had the usual dick pressed against my butt session earlier, what did he want now?

Gordo came into my room, his body heavy and pendulous. He sat down on the edge of my bed and I swear, the whole thing kind of tilted to the side, my mattress cheap and my uncle heavy.

"I can't sleep Teresita, can I stay here with you?" he queried, covering my hand with his.

I wanted to say no, I knew I should have said no, but I was just so confused. I murmured something, I'm not even sure what, but he took that

as consent.

"Okay, I'll just sit here as you sleep," he said, settling into a rickety desk chair in my room.

I breathed a sigh of relief. Not that it would be pleasant having him there, his breathing was congested and he wheezed quite a bit, but fine. I was willing to compromise some privacy. I went back to sleep, pulling the covers over my head and tried to get as comfortable as I could.

It was only in the middle of the night that I was startled awake. I felt something … something wet on my pussy and I wasn't sure what it was. Was it the moon phase? My mom had told me that this was the natural cycle of women, that I would bleed between my legs come time, but it hadn't happened yet. Was it blood down there?

I bent my head to look, pulling the covers up, and that's when I realized Uncle Gordo was in bed with me. He'd pressed his mouth to my vagina and was sucking it, playing with the little nub that I sometimes stroked for fun, running his fingers along my vaginal lips, stroking their baldness with a sigh of satisfaction.

I screamed and bolted upright. "Aiieee!" was the only word I could manage in my shock and horror.

Uncle Gordo lifted his head, his eyes drowsy with pleasure, his lips still wet from my vagina. "Shh," he hushed. "You'll wake your aunt," he cautioned, even as he bent his head for another taste.

"Aieee!" I screamed again, twisting my lower body away. This time Gordo slapped me, one fleshy hand slamming my face, a red welt immediately rising against my cheek.

"You want to go to school with my fingerprints on your skin tomorrow?" he hissed. "Then fucking shut up and keep your legs spread."

I began crying, but Gordo's threats kept ringing in my mind. I didn't want to miss school otherwise I'd be at home all day with my aunt and uncle, and yet … I couldn't go home to my parents either. Mami had made it clear that the City was dangerous, that she'd brought me here specifically so that I could be safe. So I made myself stop crying, to lie stiffly in my bed as Gordo continued to assault me with his mouth.

It was over soon and Gordo got up, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, his penis punching out against his soft cotton shorts.

"You taste good, Teresita," he said. "Remember, your Uncle Gordo loves you," he hissed, before leaving my room. I felt so dirty, so disgusting that I immediately changed my underwear, wiping myself between my legs as best I could, crying softly as I got back in bed. But what could I do? I was only ten years old.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Matt

I waited grimly in my office, expecting to hear the door open at any moment. Teresa had a key to the house, she'd let herself in and then I'd approach her. Question her as to what was going on, between the mini freak-out she'd had with that dipshit Orlando and the massive freak-out she'd had with me. It was fucking unreal.

I'd tossed and turned all last night, unable to get to sleep, wondering what the fuck was wrong. I've been with a lot of women, and yeah, it's inflated my ego but at the same time, I know I'm a handsome motherfucker and skilled in bed. My touch had never made a woman cry before and Teresa should have been no exception.

I heard the creak of the front door and was down the stairs in a flash. There she was … beautiful, unassuming in her jeans and a work shirt, her raven hair scraped back from her face. I hated that severe hairstyle, I wanted to see those locks streaming over my chest, wrapped around my fingers, and preferably around my dick too.

She glanced up at me quickly and then looked away, her deep, dark brown eyes unfathomable, a quick nod of acknowledgment before padding to the hall closet, pulling out cleaning supplies while avoiding my gaze.

But I wasn't about to be deterred.

"Teresa," I ground out, grabbing her by the shoulders. "I guess you know why you're here again?"

She stilled, not answering at first. But slowly, she tipped her head and looked me straight in the eye.

"You want to know if I'll take you up on your offer," she said quietly. "But we haven't ironed out the exact terms of what exactly you're offering, and what I need to provide."

Well, this was better than expected. I thought she was going to make some bullshit excuse, try to dodge the question by saying she was here to finish cleaning my house but instead, we were already off to a

running start. There was no way this could be about housecleaning, after all. I'd commanded her aunt to direct Teresa, and Teresa only, to my home this morning, and had threatened to call immigration if I had to. Fuck my ass, I was desperate.

And so this beautiful woman was here, braving my presence again even though I probably came off as a demanding, mean-spirited bully.

"What the fuck was that about yesterday?" I rumbled with no intro.

She colored, the heat rising beautifully onto her cheeks. God, I wanted to grab her and throw her in my bed right this moment.

Her chin lifted a little as she answered. "It was nothing," she said quietly. "Now if you'd like to lay out your offer … otherwise, I've got work to do," she said pointedly.

Okay, so that was how it was going to be.

"Fifty-thousand dollars for your services," I ground out. "Twenty-five now, twenty-five after the ballots are counted. You live here, you attend social functions and political events four to five times a week, stay on my arm and look pretty. Don't talk unless my campaign manager has briefed you on exactly what you're supposed to say. Plus," I added, "you sleep in my bed."

Her cheeks flushed, but she nodded again. "What if you win the election?" she asked stiffly. "Do I get a bonus?"

Ah, the girl knew how to negotiate.

"Another twenty-five if I'm elected mayor," I ground out. "That makes your total compensation seventy-five thousand for three months of work, starting today. It's a generous offer and you know it."

She blushed again, but her back remained rigid.

"And what about clothes and food and all that?" she asked. "You know I need a wardrobe, a car, that kind of thing."

"All expenses paid," I said flatly. "You can send the bill to my accountant, buy whatever you need to look good at my side."

Teresa gave a stiff nod.

“I’ll do it then,” she said, her voice slightly clipped.

I could hardly believe what I was hearing. The woman who’d broken down twice yesterday at my home, who had driven me crazy and was driving me crazy still, had just agreed to be my girlfriend cum mistress? I was confused but hey, don’t look a gift horse in the mouth. I was ready to run with it.

“Then let’s head upstairs,” I ground out. “I’m ready to pay for the goods.”

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CHAPTER NINE

Matt

She followed me slowly up the staircase, I could hear the soft scuff of her sneakers on the rug. We were going to have to replace those with stilettos soon, there were just too many formal functions for Teresa to be schlepping around in trainers. But I liked her casual style, I liked that she worked for a living.

Simultaneously, I was curious as to how this was going to play out. I'd basically paid for the girl, and was surprised that I hadn't had to sweeten the pot with a diamond necklace or some ridiculous clothing allowance. Instead, she'd accepted my offer of seventy-five and we were in business.

At the top of the stairs, I detoured into my office for a moment, Teresa lingering in the doorway as I reached into my desk drawer. With a flourish I dashed out a check to for twenty-five thousand dollars, handing it to her which she received with trembling, shaking hands, her eyes growing big at the amount.

"Thank you," she said, quietly. "But could you make it out to cash please?"

I almost laughed. I'd written the check out to her personally.

"What, you're going to carry around twenty-five grand in bills?" I joked.

She colored immediately.

"No, I just don't have a bank account. Many working class people don't, you know," she said stiffly. "We're called the 'unbanked.'"

I could have kicked myself for my ignorance. Of course I'd heard about folks who didn't have bank accounts. Allegedly, they used check cashing services which provided hard money on the spot for an exorbitant fee. And I guess if you needed the money asap, that was your only option.

Shaking my head, I realized I'd already been shown up by this beautiful girl. As a billionaire, I was fucking clueless about the everyday lives of the working folk, and as a mayoral candidate, it was a lethal

liability. But already, I knew I'd made the right choice in hiring Teresa as my girlfriend. Not only was she going to mitigate my rich-boy image, but she was going to point out potential traps during our time together. Mentally, I congratulated myself again. Seventy-five thousand was an absolute steal given the service I was getting.

And now on to the good stuff. Teresa in my bed, my dick in her cunny, her cries of pleasure ringing in my ears. I wanted to fuck her … and it was finally time.

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CHAPTER TEN

Matt

I followed her into the master suite, noting her gasp at its opulence. I've spared no expense on this townhouse, and the décor is masculine but elegant. Dark wood furniture, a massive bed with expensive sheets, damask walls. And the en suite … yeah, we'd be using the soaking tub a lot once we got naked, I'd make it my mission to fill that tub with cum.

In the meantime though, I had a willing, nubile girl at my bidding. Okay, maybe willing was a bit of an overstatement. I'd bought and paid for her services after all, but I intended on having her gasping in my arms, hot and excited, her cunny fresh and steaming, begging for cock.

Slowly, I turned Teresa around to face me, my hands on those slim shoulders. Her brown eyes were cast down, lashes long on her cheeks. She trembled slightly but was otherwise still. Slowly, I pulled out the tie in her hair and raven locks came tumbling down. God, it was gorgeous. Like a waterfall of rippling black, streaming and glossy in the light. I ran my hands through the waves, enjoying their silky, sensual feel.

She still didn't look at me as I began unbuttoning her work shirt. Her curves were dangerous and the golden sheen to her skin totally delectable. I whistled appreciatively. Beneath that denim shirt was the laciest bit of white lingerie, barely cupping her breasts, the round mounds spilling out, the Double Ds luscious. The lace was transparent enough that I could see deep mocha nipples poking through.

And what did you know? Her nips were hard already, jutting out like tiny pebbles begging to be sucked. Okay, so the little girl wanted me and I felt my cock jerk in response, my ego stroked.

In a flash, I was on my knees in front of her and gently lapped at the curve of her breast before latching on her nip. She gasped at the feeling of my mouth, the warm wetness insistent as I rolled my tongue around her areola, then settled in for a deep suck. Her breast flesh was succulent, delicious and tasty in my mouth and I had to get more.

With desperate hands, I undid the zip of her jeans, unsnapping the tight denim to reveal a tiny white g-string. God, this girl was so gorgeous, her ass juicy and perfect, her cunny faintly outlined under the soft silk. With my mouth still occupied, I scrunched the g-string so that it formed a line between her pussy lips, making them bulge and plump. I ran a hand up and down between her legs, sampling that wet flesh, and placed a hungry kiss on her clit, the little rock sticking out from between her lips, she was so fucking aroused.

But that's when things got freaky. Teresa had another meltdown, totally unexpected given how wet her cunny was.

"Don't kiss me down there!" she gasped, trying to push me away. Her efforts were useless, her small fists beating against my shoulders. I weigh almost twice as much as she did, and you can't keep me away from a pussy that tastes good.

"Why?" I said, ignoring her as I lapped at that sweet flesh, sucking a bit on her clit, her g-string pushed to the side. "Tastes like heaven," I growled, my chin wet with her juices.

I could feel her clit throbbing, her hot box emitting steam and her panties soaked through, but Teresa was adamant, verging on hysteria.

"No, don't touch me there with your mouth!" she shrieked again, this time twisting in my grasp so that my lips ended up on her left hip. She struggled and writhed, desperately trying to prevent me from licking her pussy and I was totally baffled. Don't women want oral sex? Fuck, it was my specialty and no woman had ever said no. In fact, one of my favorite things was to get a woman completely wound up, coming in my mouth before I fucked her. I found their pussies to be extra juicy afterwards, used even, still contracting as I drove my dick into the wetness.

But Teresa wasn't having it. I could see a shimmer in her eyes as she desperately tried to maneuver her lower body away from me.

"Hey, take it easy," I rumbled. If she didn't want oral, then there were plenty of other ways to get off, I was open to exploring. "Calm down," I said soothingly. "How about a dick ride then?"

Surprisingly, she nodded yes. In a flash, I was undressed and I pulled her close to me again, this time focusing on her breasts, twisting and pulling her nips as I kissed her. The girl sighed and relaxed a bit as I walked her backwards to the big bed and we fell in a tumble, her on top of me, into the luxurious sheets.

Slowly I pulled her into position so that she straddled me, my dick nestled between her thighs. Like a vixen, she began grinding, her tender pussy on my cock, lubing it up with her dripping cream, dragging that hot flesh against my stiff pole. I swear, the blood in my cock was pounding so hard, so fast that I thought I might explode right then and there from the slick camel-toe ride.

But she took control then. Teresa reached one hand down, leaning over me as she did so, dangling a boob in my face, and grabbed my fuckpole in one hand, letting it rub up and down against her cunt. Oh fuck, that felt good, the wet flesh caressing me, my cock twitching and straining in her tiny fist, trying to get into that hole.

She was devious though, teasing me by stroking my dick up and down her slit, her pussy so aromatic, so fucking wet that my cock had begun to stream like a leaky faucet. The pre-cum smeared on her thighs, on her pussy lips, lubing everything up, the viscous fluid mixing with her cream.

With a sigh, she thrust my pole into her box, sinking onto the rod, throwing her head back with a delirious sigh of enjoyment. The look on her face was pure ecstasy. Pure, fucking enjoyment as a woman rode my dick, savoring that hot rod in her twat. I live for moments like this, the sight of a beautiful girl bouncing up and down, legs spread, boobs flying everywhere as her cunny was pounded.

Because I'd taken her hips in my hand and was starting a deep thrust into her cunt. Her box was so wet, so tight that it was difficult to resist. I'd wanted to start slow, let her ride a wave, but instead I was drilling her, holding her in place as I rammed my dick again and again into that tight, sweet hole. "Unnf," I grunted, my pecs straining, my abs solid as the little girl rode me like a cowgirl.

And reader, she was fucking loving it. Teresa was now moaning in ecstasy, her head thrown back like a wild woman as she was fucked from below. Her hands reached up to roll her nipples, pulling and tugging at that sensitive flesh as my dick violated her, the obscene sight of my massive pole disappearing again and again into that tiny cunny driving me over the edge.

With a roar, I came, spurting white hot goodness into her vag, coating those walls with my virility, each shot of sperm stronger than the last. I felt my balls tighten with intensity as her pussy pulsed in reaction, her orgasm complimenting mine, pulling that cum deeper into her sweet, hot flesh. Fuck, I sprayed so much that sperm began leaking between our bodies, juices rubbing everywhere as I fucked and fucked and fucked.

Finally, she collapsed on my chest with a sigh, her cunny still pumping me, occasional tremors squeezing me tight. My dick felt limp, completely spent but I knew I'd be getting it up again … hopefully for fucks three, four and five.

And it was nice honestly, to feel Teresa pressed against me, her big boobs mashed against my chest, both of us trying to draw air into our lungs after that mind-blowing fuck. I figured I might as well ask before we headed into round two.

"Are you on contraception?" I asked wryly. "Obviously it's a little late if you're not, but there's always the morning after pill."

She buried her face in my chest, flushing a bit, before answering.

"Yeah, I'm on the pill, I use it to regulate my periods, they're so painful if I don't."

I breathed a sigh of relief. Thank god. This wasn't the right time to knock anyone up, especially not someone I was paying for sex. But I still had questions. "What was up with the oral?" I asked gently. "You not into it?"

This time she didn't look me in the eye, instead growing completely motionless.

"Yeah, it's just not my thing," she said in a muffled voice. "It makes me cheevy and there are so many juices, it's disgusting."

“Baby, your puss in my mouth is not disgusting,” I assured her. “The taste is fantastic, and fuck, I love a woman who comes in my mouth, squirting her juices,” I added. Okay, that was a lot of information but yeah, squirting turns me on. I drink it, I like feeling it spurt on my tongue, feeling pussy contract and let go into the depths of my throat.

But it just made Teresa more wary.

“I just don’t like it, okay?” she said, her voice still muffled against my pecs. “Can’t we do other things?”

“Baby there are a hundred other thing we haven’t done,” I said dryly. “Including oral on me. Let’s get started, shall we?” And with that, I flipped her on her back and moved up her body, nudging that beautiful mouth with my cock.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

Teresa

Oh god, what had I done? Had I given away my secret? Ever since Uncle Gordo molested me, I haven't let anyone taste me down there because it makes chills run up my spine, digging up memories that I'd rather forget. And usually guys don't care at all, they're more than happy to skip the stinky, messy obligation.

"Oh yeah baby, if you don't want it, no problem," said one guy. "Besides most girls smell like cheese below, it's fucking disgusting."

Another dude said, "Reminds me of rotting fish. Or garbage."

As you can see, most men were only too happy to receive without having to reciprocate. I was probably the easiest fuck they'd ever had.

But Matt was different. Not only had he emphasized how much he loved giving oral, but also loved making a woman come that way, drinking her juices, lapping at her cunny until she was exhausted and limp, overtaken with orgasm.

So I was in a bind. Oral was Matt's thing and I'd dodged the bullet this time, but was I going to be able to keep avoiding it in the months to come? How long could I keep my past a secret?

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Matt

I wasn't worried. There were a million things I wanted to do to Teresa in bed, and I looked forward to making her my prized pupil. I wanted to insert my fingers in her pussy, watch her suck my dick, rim that beautiful ass, and maybe get some anal on off days. Yeah, I wanted to stretch that back door, push my dick in and feel her dry heat. I had a feeling Teresa would be a champ taking cock up her backside.

The oral thing was weird, but I was sure I'd overcome her defenses. Hey, women love getting that shit and I'm the master. I looked forward to the day when her pussy shook and spasmed on my tongue, her juices dripping down my chin.

But first things first. Teresa was shy getting out of bed, trying to shield her boobs and cunny with her hands as if I hadn't just pillaged her, tasted that flesh in the most intimate ways. It was even kind of cute. She was pulling her hair over her boobs like Venus on the half shell, and tripped lightly over to the bathroom. I could hear water running, splashing a bit as she cleaned up.

"Feel free to jump in the shower," I rumbled. She replied but I couldn't hear what. "And by the way, we have an event tonight – at Mandy Hurst's place. Not a fundraiser per se, but a private cocktail party where I'll be meeting with a handful of donors."

That got her attention. Teresa popped her head out of the bathroom and asked in a stunned voice, "Did you say tonight? Um … I hadn't planned on starting so soon."

I chuckled deeply. "Baby, you belonged to me the moment you took that twenty-five thou." Her face fell and immediately, I was contrite. What the fuck was wrong with me? I should have felt nothing, she was bought and paid for after all, but instead I felt like a fucking asshole for emphasizing the nature of our relationship.

But the girl had more backbone that I gave her credit for.

“Sure, I just need to know what to wear,” she said bravely, tilting her chin up. “What’s the dress code?”

“Cocktail attire,” I said. “I’m going to wear a suit. You got something appropriate?” The fact was I had some women’s clothes in a closet somewhere, leftover from past flings, but it didn’t seem right to mention it. For one, I’d have to explain how I got them, always a distasteful task. Plus, it was just fucking disrespectful and I wasn’t going to subject Teresa to that.

So when she nodded, I was relieved. I wouldn’t have to accompany her on some last-minute shopping spree.

“Yeah, I have a few things at home,” she murmured. “Let me drop by to get them.”

“Okay great. I’ll send my car to pick you up at eight tonight then,” I growled. And in the meantime,” I added, getting up from the bed and stalking towards the bathroom. “Let’s see about a shower … à deux.”

Her brown eyes grew wide and I grinned like a maniac. Why not start raunchy and hard? I liked it that way … and Teresa would learn to love it.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Teresa

The clucking from my aunt was annoying but harmless.

“Bambino!” exclaimed my Aunt Rosita. “You took a car home? You know we can’t afford cabs,” she said.

I cringed a bit. Matt had insisted in sending me home in his private vehicle and I knew the shiny black sedan had been noticed in our working class neighborhood. Most of our friends drove beat-up Datsuns and the like, so seeing anything with less than fifty thousand miles was a novelty.

“I know, but don’t tell Mami okay? The bus wouldn’t come and it’s been such a long day.” That wasn’t a lie. I was tired, but not from cleaning Matt’s house. Instead, my employer had fucked me repeatedly and I was sore in all the right places, my body sated and deliciously used. I swear, I felt a limp coming on, he’d pounded my pussy so hard.

But it’d felt wonderful. Nasty, deep, dirty … and oh so satisfying. Matt was an amazing male animal, built in all the right ways, broad shoulders, a deep chest, and thick, heavy thighs. His cock had been so enormous that I’d been nervous at first. My eyes had grown wide at the sight of the pole punching out from his hips, the deep purple member veiny and pulsing with vitality, the crown massive with a flaring head.

I’d tried to hide my apprehension, reminding myself that I’d agreed to this, that the potential payoff was worth it. Seventy-five thousand if Matt won the election … I could manage right? Three months of work for two years of salary. I could focus on my studies, get good grades, and hopefully find a good job as an accountant after graduation.

But in the meantime, there was still the man himself. Matt was predatory, his expectations immediate. I knew I needed to find that velvet dress from the back of my closet asap because he expected me to hit the ground running, moving into his townhouse and taking on the role of girlfriend.

So I started digging around in my closet, throwing things I wanted to pack on the bed. Aunt Rosita followed me to my room, clucking at mess I was making.

"Teresita!" she exclaimed. "What's going on? What's that suitcase for?"

I sighed over the battered brown trunk. The fact was that I didn't have much, so I'd be done in minutes, but I was going to have to think up some excuse to explain my three-month absence. I toyed with the thought of telling the truth. Seventy-five thousand dollars was a windfall to my family, and they would understand. Wouldn't they? But I decided the truth was just too difficult, it was … too real, you know? Cold hard cash in exchange for services rendered.

So I fibbed.

"Auntie Rosita, it's been so tough lately," I said limply. "Between work and school, I've been exhausted. I've found a new job at a coffee shop close to campus and my friend Carmen has offered me a place to live for a few months. Not forever, but just so I can get really focus on studying for my CPA license."

Some of that was true. I did plan on taking the CPA exam at some point, just not within the next six months. And Carmen was well-off, she lived in a two-bedroom and could conceivably take me in. I figured my friend would cover for me if my family investigated.

Aunt Rosita shook her head again, clucking. "But why you want to be an accountant? You're not happy with Krystal Kleaning?"

I sighed. I didn't mean to denigrate my aunt, but wasn't it obvious that being a maid wasn't my goal in life? I mean, fifty dollars a pop isn't a lot, and it was back-breaking work, job after job. Didn't she see the calluses on her hands, feel the way the chemicals made her eyes sting? But I understood where Rosita was coming from. Compared to the Honduras, Krystal Kleaning was a dream come true, something she hoped the next generation would preserve. I just wasn't that right person to do it.

"It's not that I don't like being a part of your business, Auntie Rosita," I said carefully. "It's just not for me, you know? I'm good with

numbers, I'm good with planning, I can find a regular job."

"You can be our business manager," she retorted in Spanish. "We need someone to manage Krystal's books."

I sighed again. "No, I'm sorry, I'm looking for something different, Tia Rosita. I love you and Mami, but I can't work with you guys forever. I'm looking … I dunno, Tia Rosita, for something maybe … I don't know," I concluded lamely.

"Teresita," she said, sitting on the bed and taking my hand in hers. "We know the adjustment's been hard for you. We know your mom rushed you out of the Honduras because of what was happening. And baby, if we'd known sooner," she paused to wipe a tear away, "your Mami never would have left you in the countryside."

"But you have a chance for a new life now, so be careful, okay? You're still an illegal. Things are different for you, you don't have the freedoms that the gringos have, not even someone with a green card. Don't attract attention to yourself because you'll never be like them. If the police find out … " her voice trailed off.

I nodded my head slowly. I'd heard this speech a thousand times, and I knew she was right, even if it made me sad. I wasn't supposed to be in this country. I was supposed to be in the Honduras, married off at eighteen, my virginity given to some man who would be responsible for my safety then.

But Mami had come unexpectedly to the countryside one night. She'd appeared in a cloud of dust on the back of some local boy's motorbike who'd agreed to give a ride to a poor housewife who hadn't seen her daughter in a year.

"Mami," I'd cried from the dining room table. Aunt Blanca had hurried outdoors immediately, exclaiming, "Lena, what are you doing here? Why have you come?"

By now, the abuse had been going on for three years. I was thirteen and oddly used to it. I no longer sat on my uncle's lap after dinner, instead he'd come to me in the dark of the night, sucking on my pussy, lapping up my juices as I writhed in bed.

Because that was the horrible part of what had happened. I was a slut and had learned to love the oral, coming over and over again as my pussy was tantalized. It never hurt, my uncle never asked me to reciprocate, and I was actually a virgin still. It's just that … I don't know, there must be something deep, dark and twisted in me, something that made a thirteen year-old girl lap up the attention, my juices starting to run the minute my uncle set foot in my darkened bedroom. We never spoke about it, and I was ashamed … ashamed at my sexuality, ashamed that I was in this position, ashamed at being me.

So when my mom appeared, I was careful. Sure, this would have been a perfect time to blurt out the abuse, but instead, I said nothing. I ran outside after my aunt, happily smiling and throwing my arms around Mami.

"Teresita, have you been good?" she asked fondly, stroking my hair. "My, how beautiful you've become! Taller, and so …" she paused, looking at my newly-developed curves. "Like a woman," she concluded.

It was true. Those three years had seen me blossom and now as a thirteen year-old, I was considered ripe, my boobs and hips luscious, my waist tiny, with a seductive smile that girls learn only too early where I come from.

"Come on," said my mom fondly. "Let's go in and get some dinner my precious girl, it's been too long."

And it was wonderful to see my mother again, this woman who'd done the best she could even if it meant sending me away. After a prosaic evening of light conversation with my aunt and uncle, Mami and I got ready for bed. It was obvious that Uncle Gordo wasn't going to make his usual midnight run because my aunt's house is small and Mami and I would be sharing my narrow mattress, there was nowhere else for her to sleep.

So I waited until my mom's breathing deepened and slowed next to me, her arm carelessly thrown around my waist. When I heard the clock strike midnight, I carefully repositioned her arm and crawled out of bed, making sure that the blankets were tight around her form, warding off any cold air.

On tiptoes, I crept out the front door, hesitating only when the latch squeaked a bit. Outside, the warm summer air caressed my skin, blowing gently through the soft cotton of my nightgown. I made my way to the clearing at the edge of the farm, where a small grove of eucalyptus trees stood.

And there was my Uncle Gordo, waiting. He was still gross, don't get me wrong. Shaped like a walrus, his big belly protruding under a wife beater, still greasy and disgusting, smelling of cigarette smoke. But when you've been molested as a child you don't know what's right and wrong, you can even develop a certain affection and affiliation with your captors … Stockholm syndrome, I've since learned it's called.

Gordo said nothing when he caught a glimpse of me, gesturing for me to follow him even further into the grove. And reader, I did as I was told. I was so far gone by now that my pussy had already started running in anticipation of the pleasure to come. When he stopped, I stopped, and I pulled up my nightgown wordlessly, baring my teenage pussy for his nightly suckling. And Gordo didn't hesitate. He dropped to his knees, this lecherous uncle of mine, and began lapping at my slit, that pink half shell quivering and dripping with desire.

I loved it. I loved every second of it, and must have started whimpering with pleasure, my knees weak, a man's tongue deep inside my snatch. I was trembling, trying to maintain my balance even as Gordo continued his assault on my little twat, tasting the sweet cream, rubbing one out as he drank my girl juice.

It was only when we heard a scream that we realized we'd been discovered. Mami stood there in the moonlight, watching us, her dumpy figure swathed in a shapeless housedress. She screamed again, a bloodcurling howl, before launching herself at us, knocking Gordo aside and me to the ground.

"How can this be happening?" she jabbered in Spanish. "What's going on? What are you doing?" she shrieked in a mixture of fury and fear.

By now, we were rolling on the ground, my mom and I a struggling mass, me trying to explain something, anything, while my mom pulled my hair, her hand scrabbling at my night gown, crying and howling all at once.

And the truth is, there was no explanation.

“Mami, stop!” I gasped. “Stop, stop!”

“Aieeee! Teresa, what has become of you? What has happened? Aieeee!” came her primal howls, the wails mixed with tears as she assaulted me, our bodies twisted together as we rolled around on the forest floor.

It was finally Gordo who pulled her off of me, her plump form like a cannonball as she was heaved to the side. She landed with a thunk and grew still, harsh sobs the only sound, tears streaming down her cheeks.

My heart cracked, the sight of my mother broken and sobbing in the Honduran countryside, the worst turn of events possible. Because she had believed that there was safety here, hoping to protect me from growing up too fast in a dangerous world. And instead, her plan had completely backfired. I’d become a slut in my three years away, having sex with my uncle at a too-young age, even enjoying it, losing myself in the experience, sneaking out at night so that I could indulge.

“Mami,” I panted breathlessly. “Please! Please,” I gasped, not knowing what to say.

Because again, there was nothing to be said. I knelt on the ground next to her, crying myself, trying to stroke her hair, stroke her hand, somehow express my sorrow and regret, confusion outlined in the girl-woman body which had betrayed me.

“Mami,” I cried, my heart breaking under the Honduran moonlight.

But my mom’s a tough cookie, she’s lived a long life and I hadn’t given her credit for her backbone and resolve. She got up and grabbed a handful of my hair, forcing me to stand as well. She frog-marched me back to the house, my Uncle Gordo trailing behind wordlessly, and threw me into my bedroom, the force of her actions bringing me to my knees.

“Pack!” she barked, her voice tight and angry, tears still evident in her eyes. Then, as now, I didn’t have much and the packing was done in a few minutes flat. She threw me my coat and we left the house, walking on a country back road.

“Mami, where are we going?” I asked plaintively, almost afraid to hear the answer. “There’s no one around here, no cabs, no people, this is the hinterlands, remember? It’s one in the morning, where are we going?”

Mami didn’t answer, her gaze resolute, refusing to meet my eyes. She marched ahead, her shoulders ramrod straight, proud even in her shabby nightclothes. I gave up and we walked and walked and walked, for hours at least, until the sun came up the next morning.

A mini-bus drove up the dirt road and my mom flagged it down.

“Where are you going?” the driver leered. Honduran men leer at every woman, even weary housewives like my mom.

“North,” she replied curtly. “I have money, I’ll pay you to get us to Tecohitas,” she said, naming the closest city. “For me and my daughter,” she clarified, nodding at me.

And so we were off. I didn’t realize how apt the word “North” was for things to come. Because, reader, as you’ve probably deduced, my mother had decided that fateful night to smuggle us into the United States, come hell or high water. There was no way we could stay in the Honduras. Her attempts to protect me had utterly failed, and the City wasn’t safe.

All that mattered was going north … to safety.

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Matt

Cocktails were boring but I was charming the crowd. I pressed the flesh of not a few high net worth individuals, laughing at their jokes, expounding on my views of the ongoing war in Syria, how to resolve our lovely city's ongoing homelessness problem, yada yada yada. It was only when a hush came over the crowd that I broke off my glad-handing, turning to see what had happened.

Or more accurately, *who* had happened. Teresa stood at the front door, unsure of herself, looking around warily. She was gorgeous, hands down. A black velvet cocktail dress hugged her curves, a hint of cleavage apparent but not obscene. Her legs were sheathed in gossamer silk topped off with black stilettos, a perfect outfit for a curvy girl.

Our hostess though, was more than a little frosty. Usually the chicks at these events are model-types, tall, dressed to the nines, so painfully thin that you can almost see through them. Teresa was the opposite – curvy, ripe, with a body so bodacious that every guy here was salivating, wondering what it'd be like between those thighs.

"Can I help you?" asked Mandy Hurst in a clipped tone. She was our hostess for the night.

"Um," murmured Teresa, "Is Matt Sterling here? I was hoping to catch him."

Mandy was about to snipe some retort when I made my way over, smoothly leaning down to give Teresa a kiss on the cheek. She threw me a grateful glance, thankful for saving her from this social piranha.

"Mandy," I rumbled, "I see you've gotten a chance to meet my girlfriend, Teresa," I continued. "Mandy, Teresa, Teresa, Mandy. I think you ladies have a lot in common," I winked.

"Oh?" asked Mandy with an eyebrow arched. "I don't think I've seen you around. Are you a part of MOMA's Young Patrons club? Or maybe the Firehouse Brigade out at the Aquarium?"

Teresa flushed but handled the questions evenly. “Yes, I’m in Young Patrons,” she said in a calm voice. “I haven’t been to many events recently, but I plan on stepping it up.”

That’s my girl. I was proud of Teresa for fending off these veiled attacks, and of course I’d be buying a membership to the Young Patrons club as soon as I could get my accountant on the line.

“And where are you from?” asked Mandy pointedly. “I don’t think I’ve seen you around San Francisco,” she said.

Most folks in our crowd hail from some tony suburb, maybe Hillsborough or St. Francis Wood, going to country clubs on the weekends or hitting up their chalets in Tahoe for some skiing. Teresa, however, didn’t miss a beat.

“I live in the Mission,” she said. “It was pretty rough when we settled in but there’s been a lot of gentrification,” she continued. “I was hoping to help Matt on the campaign trail by emphasizing his commitment to the working class,” she added, looking up at me with adoring eyes. “My Mission roots and City cred are strong, and we know Matt has such a commitment to helping the working man.”

I had to applaud Teresa for that one as well. Of course, it was exactly what I’d hired her to do, but I hadn’t realized she’d slip into the role so quickly and so well. Her speech was elegant, refined and articulate, the perfect example of a woman who’d risen past her humble origins to be here today.

“Isn’t my girl savvy?” I said to our hostess as I slipped an arm around my girl’s waist. It felt so good there, so right, and I was more than happy to trumpet our relationship to the world. “Sweet and smart, my favorite,” I said, nuzzling her neck.

“Okay love birds, what’s going on?” came a deep masculine voice. It was my younger brother Caleb, here to support me at the fundraiser. Although not a political guy himself, Caleb had seen fit to tear himself away from his computers for one night, to do his part in promoting my candidacy.

“Caleb, you haven’t met my girlfriend yet,” I said smoothly. “Little bro, this is Teresa, Teresa, Caleb, the CTO of Sterling Phara,” I said by way of introduction.

Caleb threw a swift glance my way. Given that he’d never met Teresa, it was surprising that suddenly I had a girlfriend but he knew better than to embarrass me at a public function.

“Charmed,” he rumbled, giving Teresa a peck on the cheek. “Don’t believe a word my brother says, he’s a politician, it’s all lies,” he said with a smile.

And the rest of the night went along swimmingly. I squired Teresa about, introducing her to folks, making sure that people knew she was my significant other. And the girl was wonderful, making real conversation, with a nice smile and even nicer ass. I could tell some of these old dudes, they were into it.

“Where’d you find her, my boy?” asked George Terkel. Terkel was an early investor in our company, someone who’d believed in Sterling when we were just four brothers trying to get an idea off the ground.

“Right under my nose,” I replied with a sly wink. “The Mission is filled with undiscovered treasure.” And I was being truthful in a way because Teresa was from the Mission, but instead George inferred something totally different given the neighborhood’s sleazy vibe.

“The Mission District?” he asked dumbfounded. And then leaning in, “And does she still dance? She got an older sister for me?”

I snorted. Just because a girl has a bodacious bod doesn’t mean she’s taking it off for dollars, pulling her g-string aside for men to ogle and touch. In fact, the thought was fucking infuriating. No way my Teresa was showing her puss to any man but me.

“Nah, never danced,” I said with as much country charm as I could summon, the rage simmering underneath. “But I’ll find a dancer for you if that’s what you want. Just a sec, I gotta unload the fire hose,” I said, making my way off into the crowd.

I went upstairs in search of a restroom when I was suddenly halted by a silky voice, a manicured hand on my arm.

“Well well well,” purred a familiar voice. “What have we here?”

I turned to find a ravishing brunette sheathed in a clinging red dress, dripping with jewels. The predatory glint in her eyes was going strong, her voice high-pitched and insistent. Oh fuck, I knew this girl from somewhere.

“I’m Vanessa,” she reminded me seductively. “We met at Delinda’s party a couple weeks back? You promised we’d hit up L’Osseria’s wine-tasting event later this month,” she pouted. “I haven’t heard from you.”

“Um yeah,” I replied vaguely, “about that.” I’d completely forgotten about the so-called date, but it’d just been a brush-off. Women today were so pushy and aggressive it was insane.

“I work as a sommelier, I’d love to teach you about *mouth feel*,” the brunette continued seductively. “In fact, we can start right now.” And damned if she didn’t hike up her skirt to reveal a peachy pink pussy. It was pretty, I have to admit, ripe and juicy for someone so thin. Seductively, she ran a hand through her wet folds, coating her fingers in cream and pushed them into my mouth, forcing me to suck.

“Tastes good, right?” she asked huskily, eyeing me from under her lashes.

And reader, I made the biggest mistake of my life. I closed my mouth over her fingers and tasted. It was instinctive, pure reflex, all base reaction, and fuck, I’m into pussy no less. If it’s in my mouth already, I’m going to sample the cream.

But Vanessa’s particular brand of juice wasn’t my type. It was bland and mealy, probably because she was underfed. I wanted to spit her fingers out of my mouth, but it was too late. A gasp on the stairs let us know we’d been caught.

Who would it be but Teresa, ascending to the second floor, watching as I sucked another woman’s cunt juices. Her red lips were pursed in a silent “O,” her eyes wide with shock. And I have to admit, I was in a compromising position. Vanessa’s fingers dripping with juice were in my mouth, her dress was pulled up to her waist, and her snatch was obviously bare, gyrating against my crotch.

With a quick gasp, Teresa turned on her heel and fled downstairs immediately, my heart sinking as she left. Oh shit, oh shit.

"Who was that?" asked Vanessa silkily. "Oh well, doesn't matter, probably just another ho who wants the hottest up-and-coming politician in San Francisco," she purred, humping my crotch even harder with her bare twat.

But I'd had enough. I pushed the bitch away and snarled something, I have no idea what, my thoughts completely focused on hunting down Teresa and explaining what had just happened. But the crowd below was still mingling, still clinking their champagne glasses, and fuck, I couldn't make a scene with so many potential donors. So I ambled downstairs and forced myself to mix with guests, to smile jovially and shake more hands until the event ended. Never had I been at a party so fucking tedious, so fucking unbelievably long, when all I wanted to do was to talk to my girl.

And I found her at the end of the night, when I got into the car's backseat. She was waiting for me, her eyes dry but oddly bright, as if she'd been crying.

"Teresa," I began. "Let me explain. Seriously, it's not what it looked like."

"No Matt," she said slowly. "Don't start. I'm just a hired gun and what you do on the side is your business. We never talked about getting nookie elsewhere, it's an undefined part of the contract," she said frozenly. "I just need twenty five thousand more," she concluded swiftly.

"Teresa, seriously, please," I pleaded. "It's not like that. I only met that bitch once before in my life, she came onto me, I had nothing to do with it, I swear!" Even to me, it sounded like the lamest bullshit.

"Twenty five thousand," she said again woodenly, looking out the window, not meeting my eyes. And what else could I do but agree?

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Teresa

I'd been so clueless, it was pathetic. What had I been thinking? I berated myself again and again as the black car sped to the townhouse. Matt was SF's most eligible bachelor, the toast of the town as a newly-minted billionaire, celebrated for his success and charisma. I, on the other hand, was a lowly cleaning lady, an illegal immigrant trying to scrape by in this beautiful city. I'd been stupid to think I could be someone special to someone like him.

Then why did it hurt so bad? I shouldn't have been so emotional, so distraught at catching him with that woman. He'd never promised to be monogamous, he'd never promised that he wouldn't flirt with other women. Heck, Matt probably had to sleep with old crones just to get them to open their checkbooks, isn't that how politics worked?

I shook my head, mentally steeling myself, preparing for the job ahead. Because this just was a job, I reminded myself viciously, nothing more than payment for services rendered. I wouldn't get attached, no matter what happened, no matter how emotional and uncomfortable I felt. Eyes on the prize, I screamed at myself -- a payout of one hundred thousand dollars for three months of work. Tax-free, no less.

So when the car pulled up to the curb, I exited gracefully, the chauffeur following with my suitcase.

"In the guest room please," I chimed.

But Matt had other ideas. "Jones, master suite," he pointed before handing the chauffeur a tip.

"Of course, sir," Jones bowed, making his way upstairs.

As soon as the driver was out of earshot, I spun on my heels and hissed at the big man.

"You can't possibly think that we're sleeping together after what I just saw tonight," I snarled like a cat in pain.

Matt was prepared, his blue eyes glinting. “Honey, nothing happened,” he drawled. “Women in this city are predators, especially if there’s money flying around,” he said. “Besides, you were the most beautiful girl at the fundraiser hands down.”

I was about to utter a sharp retort but caught myself. What had happened to not being emotional? I needed to check myself.

“Yes of course,” I purred. “I’m sorry I overreacted, I see what you mean. If I could just get that twenty-five thousand now?” I asked sweetly.

With a quirk of his eyebrow, Matt led me upstairs and dashed off another check for twenty five, this time made payable to cash.

“Thank you so much,” I said silkily. “After you,” I gestured towards the bedroom.

If it was odd that I’d morphed so quickly into willing fuckdoll, he made no comment, instead putting his big hands on my waist and guiding me into the cavernous space. Before I could flick on the light, he nuzzled my neck from behind, lightly tracing the rim of my ear with the tip of his tongue, inhaling the scent of my hair.

“You were the most beautiful girl there tonight, you know,” he murmured in a low voice. “I wasn’t making that up.”

And my heart started to beat faster, my insides heating. It was just so hard to be an ice princess around this man, but again, I steeled myself, reminding myself that this was just a job.

“Thank you baby,” I purred, sinuously writhing against him, making sure to brush that burgeoning hardness with my ass. “And you were the star of the show, a real politician in the making,” I cooed.

Matt’s hands paused for a moment as they roamed my body. Maybe I’d gone overboard because my normal self was sweeter, more genuine, less saccharine. But he made no comment and after a moment, the big hands continued questing over my body, cupping my breasts, exploring the swell of my hips, before pulling up the hem of my skirt.

“I want you,” he growled low in my ear, hitching up my dress so that it was bunched around my waist. I circled my ass against his groin

again, this time grinding harder, making sure that hot rod nestled between my ass cheeks.

"Oh fuck," he groaned, his hips reflexively pushing into mine. "You're so fucking wet," he moaned as his hands slipped over my g-string, dipping between my legs to stroke my engorged cunt.

"Mmm," I sighed, leaning my head back against his shoulder. "Let me make it exciting for you."

And with that, I pushed him onto the bed and began dancing in the cavernous space. There was a giant bulge at his crotch and I stared at it hungrily, almost starving, before calling up the slut within.

Because that's what happened as a result of my molestation by Uncle Gordo. I unleashed my inner hooker at an early age, and the fact is that I love that side of myself, that sensuous, disgusting, nasty girl that wallows in hot sex, showing men her dripping pussy, letting men touch, smell, feel and fuck. And Matt was going to be no exception.

Slowly, I gyrated, pulling the zip of my dress down inch by inch. I stood with my back to him, moving my hips in slow suggestive circles as I slid the velvet sleeves off my shoulders, baring gleaming skin, my boobs held in check by the tiniest, tiniest bralet. Or maybe I should say that my boobs weren't held in check at all, they bounced out almost immediately, the bra woefully small for my Double D jugs.

Stepping out my dress, I was clad only in heels, stockings, and a wisp of lingerie. Putting a finger in my mouth, I sucked lasciviously, never breaking eye contact, and circled a nipple through my bra, the coffee tip hard and aroused, jutting like a missile in the warm air. I pulled the cups down all the way, exposing my juicy flesh and slowly, oh so slowly, lifted a boob to my mouth to lick at my own nipple, savoring it like a lollipop.

Matt moaned again, mesmerized, never taking his eyes off my gyrating body. By now he'd unzipped and that ruthless, commanding cock was in his hand, the squeeze slow and rhythmic as he pleasured himself. As I watched, a bead of white formed at the tip, growing larger until it slid down his pole, the pre-cum lubing his shaft as he worked it up and down. Oh god, it looked delicious.

And fuck, the sound of him palming himself was so arousing, it made my cunny juice run even harder. By now, there was a visible wet spot on my panties and I took the opportunity to run my finger in my mouth again before tracing the line of my g-string, lifting it up and away from my puss before pulling the material to the side entirely, letting him see my beautiful snatch.

It was fucking wet, shiny and pink, and I could smell myself as I danced. I was flushed deep red inside, moist and glistening with my arousal, a bead of white glowing at the opening of my hole. Matt was practically salivating now, his hand job growing more urgent, that big purple head mottling, semen dripping to the ground, there was so much pre-cum.

But I wasn't done yet. Slowly, I undid the strings at my hips, pulling the triangles of lace off my little pussy. I rubbed the material through my snatch, wetting it, before bending over so that he could see my cunny from the back. Slowly, oh so slowly, I worked that material into my vag, pushing it in bit by bit, until all that remained were the long, lace strings dangling from my hole.

Matt had gone crazy by now, his hand a blur on his prick, his face a mask of agony, his breathing coming out in harsh gasps and pants. But I didn't want him to come yet. I wanted him to suffer, to prolong the agony of this moment as punishment for hurting me tonight.

I backed into him, dancing between his legs, my ass gyrating just inches from his face. Then I bent over again and looking over my shoulder, asked in the sweetest voice, "Pull it out of me, mister?"

He was only too kind to oblige. With a free hand, he reached for a silky string and started tugging, watching with rapt eyes as the material exited oh so slowly from my twat. Inch by inch, the gleaming champagne silk emerged, this time totally transparent with my juices, me twisting and moaning beneath him as I felt the luscious silk slip from my cunny.

I stood up to start dancing again but evidently Matt wasn't done with me yet. He wrapped the sopping material around his dick, winding it tight around that massive pole, and beckoned me to come closer.

“On your knees,” he ground out, parting his legs.

Obediently, I fell before him, my mouth already open. Of course he’d want to fuck my mouth, maybe make my eyes water by shoving hard into my throat. But instead he said, “Take it off me with your teeth.”

Hmm, this was different. Looking up at him through my lashes, carefully I unwound the silk from his cock, daintily nipping with my lips, circling my head again and again until the drenched material hung down my chin, leaning back in supplication as I met his gaze.

“Now eat it,” he growled.

What? What was he talking about? But the big man did it for me. With clever fingers, he pulled my chin down and began forcing the silk into my mouth, stuffing my panties into my mouth. My eyes were wide with shock as the pungent scent of my own twat filled my nostrils. What kind of depraved man was this? Where had he gotten this idea? But obediently, I let him cram the material in until I could no longer speak, jamming even the dangling strings between my pearly whites.

“That’s my girl,” he murmured, “I don’t like my women to talk when we’re fucking. Just grunt if you need something,” he added slickly.

Oh fuck. I was done for. He was so fucking sexy, so depraved that I knew I’d met my match. I was running like a fire hose between my legs now, kneeling before him in supplication, totally nude with my eyes begging for more.

And he knew it. With a chuckle, Matt stood, pulling me up with him, this time shedding his clothes so that we were both naked before shoving me onto the bed face first.

“Oomph!” I grunted, the air forced out of my lungs. He roughly split my legs so that I was open before him, eyeing my pussy from the back. “Mmm, lovely,” he murmured before running a finger up and down my pink halfshell. “Just the way I like it.”

And reader, before I could react, he’d knelt between my legs and licked me, from clit to anus.

“Aiee!” I shrieked as best I could, my scream muffled by the panties in my mouth. What would Uncle Gordo think? What had happened to my psychological barriers? Ignoring my wail, he pinned a heavy arm across my lower back, his other holding down my thighs so that my pussy was exposed to the air, his mouth, his dick, whatever he wanted to do.

“I know you hate oral,” he grunted, “but shut the fuck up.”

My eyes closed for a moment, memories of my uncle looming in the forefront of my mind. How I’d gyrated on his lips, letting him lap me, letting him nip at my clit, dancing like a stripper on his tongue.

But Matt was different. Now I was an adult, with full understanding of what was happening to me. I was sexy, I was powerful, I understood my body. No longer the simpering girl-child, I embraced the slut within and squealed again as Matt lapped me from behind, dragging that tongue all the way from clit to anus before circling my hole and poking at it, jabbing mercilessly into my vag.

“Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck,” I panted. It was so fucking good and all I could do was twist futilely as his mouth subjected me to the first full-fledged oral I’d had in ten years. And reader, it was absolute heaven, a million times better than what I remembered. I gyrated my hips as he held my pussy open, exposing that ruby red inside, bucked wildly as he kissed and bit my clit and finally, let go with a gush when he shoved his entire face against my puss, tasting me in my entirety.

“Aieee!” I screamed, my spine almost bent over backwards, my legs jerking compulsively as my pussy spasmed again and again and again.

“That’s it,” he breathed. “Keep coming, I want to feel you spill in my mouth.”

I could no longer hear him, in the throes of an intense roller coaster. My pussy clenched and twitched, finding its release as he worked my nub, and before I knew it, I’d let out a spray of fluid, drenching the bedspread, coating Matt’s lower face with my tangy twat cum.

To his credit, he didn’t move an inch, his face planted hard into my puss, his tongue still moving against my hole as I squirted every which way. Only when the twitches started to subside, when I was a limp,

trembling mass, did he pull away, stroking my thighs, giving my clit one last pinch before running a forearm across his mouth.

"Girl juice never tasted so nasty," he said, licking his lips. "I gotta fuck it," he said, positioning himself, looming over my back, and with one hard, merciless thrust, shoved that cockpole into my trembling puss.

"Aieee!" I squealed again. Although I was loose and ready, the feel of that massive member stretching me was still a tight fit. I squirmed beneath him, panting, trying to adjust, trying to find room for that member between my vag walls. And sure enough, my channel expanded, the lube so copious, that the cock finally settled, Matt reaching a hand below to stroke my clit before starting up a rhythm.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," he panted as he fucked me, letting his dick slide in and out, almost pulling out sometimes just to fuck back in full force. "Fuck you feel good little girl," he groaned, his big shoulders and arms straining as he held himself up above me.

The slap of our flesh was obscene, loud, wet, and utterly disgusting, and I loved every second of it. Without realizing it, I was bucking against him, meeting every thrust with a backwards push of my rear end, making sure he got in deeper, the better with which to capture his man juice.

And I wasn't disappointed. His thrusts grew more urgent, his growls louder and with a sudden roar, he came inside me, his dick pulsing with energy, the vitality coating my walls with slick streams of white.

And reader, there's nothing I love more than a man coming in my pussy. Some girls like it in their mouths, some like it on their breasts, but I love it when a man drenches my ovaries with sperm, those hot trails like lava inside.

I followed him over the edge, my vag doing its second dance of the night, clenching and spasming around that hot rod, milking him dry for all he was worth. And when it was over, Matt collapsed on me, his heavy weight pushing me deep into the bedspread, crushing me so that I could barely breathe.

"Mmmf!" I squealed, my balled-up panties still in my mouth.

“Hmm, I kinda like seeing you like this,” he said silkily, tracing his fingers around my lips, massaging them. “All stuffed up with no place to go. Why don’t we shower, and then maybe, only maybe, I’ll fish that g-string out,” he rumbled against my cheek, lightly tracing a shoulder blade with a finger before lifting me up in his arms.

And reader, those panties didn’t come out of my mouth … for hours.

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Matt

Teresa and I have been living the dream. I fuck her two or three times a day, losing myself in that delicious body, savoring her generous curves, coming in her puss, her mouth, her ass again and again. And she loves it too. I can tell by the way she bucks against my hand, begging for my cock, letting me touch her and use her any which way I please.

And she seems to have lost that sensitivity towards oral sex. Like I said, I'm a pussy guy and there ain't nothing that can keep me from my target. So I'm proud to say that the girl has lost all hesitation in that department, squirting in my mouth daily, letting me drink her fluids, savoring that tangy she-flavor. I even videotaped it once, that beautiful spray from her twat literally spurting ten inches into the air as I tried to drink from it like a geyser.

But to be honest, she still holds back sometimes. When I'm fucking her, all is well, she loses it, her eyes half-closed in ecstasy, her body open to me, allowing me to plunder, to take, to punish. And I've never felt so connected to anyone, such a deep, forceful bond, the intensity making me heady, dizzy sometimes, like I'm going to spiral into some unknown dimension. But inevitably, Teresa's eyes cloud afterwards, her private thoughts a Pandora's box.

Shaking myself, I chalked it up to the sex. Yeah, that was it. I'd never had such satisfaction before, the physicality overwhelming. It was so mind-blowing that even I needed some time to regroup, to re-assess where we were going in this charade.

But truth be told, it goes beyond that. Because she's been amazing as my girlfriend, my public partner on the campaign trail.

"Mr. Sterling, do you foresee anything holding you back as you campaign for mayor?" a reporter had asked.

"No, nothing," I said with utter confidence. "I have deep knowledge and understanding of the issues that trouble our city and you

have my absolute assurance that Teresa and I will do whatever it takes to address them."

I caught myself. Teresa and I? I'd only hired her for three months, which time was almost up. But no worries, I'd pay her more, or even better, extend the contract by re-negotiating a better deal … for me and for her.

So I was relatively upbeat as we got ready to go to campaign headquarters. Voting had taken place today and the early results showed me in the lead. I already had an acceptance speech in my breast pocket, one that I'd make upon being crowned king. Mayor Sterling. Sounds fucking awesome, doesn't it?

But I was momentarily distracted by the sight of Teresa changing in our bedroom. She was so sexy even going about the most ordinary activities, although I guess fancy lingerie is never mundane on her bod. I watched in awe as she slipped off her day outfit to reveal a pink thong, her haunches gleaming and smooth, the tip of her breast just visible in silhouette.

Almost as if reading my mind, she spun and smiled at me wickedly. Ah, the girl I adore. The one with the mind as dirty as mine, rutting in the gutter, the slut who I rode to heaven multiple times daily, whose juices were constantly on my dick now, coating me, covering me in her smells, her taste, her touch.

And I fucking loved it. I love when a girl is a porn star, baring her twat, letting me pound her, pounding me back for all she was worth. Like I said … I'm going to re-negotiate this deal asap, this wasn't the last she'd seen of me.

So I watched with silent reverence as she turned to slip on a blue sheath dress, something totally appropriate for my acceptance speech. She'd been perfect on the campaign trail and I knew tonight would be no exception. She'd project the perfect persona as the hot, and yet smart and down-to-earth girlfriend, the voice of reason to my billionaire image. I knew voters liked me … but they *loved* Teresa.

With a jubilant step I made my way to the car, my arm around her waist.

“Mr. Sterling, Mr. Sterling,” a photographer called. “Just one photo!”

And to oblige, I pulled Teresa into my embrace, the perfect couple as the cameraman took a couple snapshots. I nuzzled her hair fondly.

“You look beautiful darlin’,” I complimented, inhaling that faintly spicy scent that was one hundred percent her.

And damn if she didn’t melt a little, shooting me that special smile, her ruby red lips parting to reveal those tiny, perfect teeth. How I loved to see those teeth scraping against my cock, making each vein bulge with arousal, pulsing, eager to spill in her mouth.

But we were headed to headquarters with people waiting, not a second to lose. I gallantly showed her into the backseat and then settled in beside her.

“Darlin’,” I rumbled, putting a hand on her knee. “I hope you’re having a good time.”

Her eyes met mine, and they were troubled for an instant before the clouds cleared.

“Of course,” she murmured. “The best.”

And I congratulated myself again … because there was a ring in my pocket at that very moment with Teresa’s name on it.

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CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Teresa

The time had come. The hands of the clock were almost at midnight and I could tell my time as Cinderella was up. We were headed to campaign headquarters and although I was happy and bright on the surface, that image was brittle. Inside, I was a mess, a teary-eyed, poor immigrant girl, knowing that the pumpkin chariot was just that … a pumpkin.

But Matt didn't have to know. I'd secretly packed my bags earlier that day, taking only the things that I'd brought. The dresses, the heels, the things that he'd bought for me, I'd stashed in a closet downstairs. And almost broken down when I saw what else was in the closet … multitudes of evening gowns, furs, even jewelry, in all sizes, leftovers from his previous relationships.

Because that was what I was, right? Just a figment of the past. I was someone he'd hired, someone he'd paid to soften his image as he campaigned, and it had worked, I could feel it in the energy of his staff, the buzz at headquarters, even the elation that permeated the City today. But that didn't mean I could stay. The clock was striking midnight, and I'd let myself cry that morning, indulging this one time before straightening my shoulders, focusing on the job ahead.

Because Matt was going to be Mayor, and my part of the contract wasn't done until he sealed the deal. He'd achieved another stunning victory, another jewel to add to his already glowing resume as billionaire, philanthropist, entrepreneur, and executive. And I would be there to make sure it happened, melting into the background when the time was right.

Matt was on a high though. His big hand was possessive on my knee even as he chatted jovially with Jones, our driver.

"It's a good day, Jones, a great day," he rumbled, giving my thigh a squeeze. I felt myself grow wet, his proximity always my downfall, and he seemed to know it, skimming his fingers up my thigh to caress my puss lightly, grinning wickedly when he heard my sharp intake of breath.

But this wasn't the place or time. We'd arrived at headquarters and the car door was opened from the outside, bright lights flashing as they caught Matt stepping out of the limo.

"Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor," voices called. "Is it okay to call you that? Or is it too early?"

"It always sounds good to me," Matt joked, exuding that down home country charm. And I watched adoringly as he was swept away by the pack, in his element, the scrum surging around this man I loved.

Because yes, I've fallen in love. It wasn't in the contract, wasn't what I planned to happen, in fact it was the opposite of what I wanted to happen, but sometimes you just can't help it. I knew this man inside out, had spent 24/7 with him going to countless events, and knew his foibles, his twists, his idiosyncrasies, and what a good man he was, kind, caring, open to diverse viewpoints.

There'd been a few times when I'd almost told him about my own sordid past, I felt so comfortable with him now. We'd been lying in bed post-sex, sated, glowing with pleasure, and I'd lazily moved my leg to cover his, lightly brushing his still-hard member with my thigh.

"Mmm," he groaned, rubbing my puss in retaliation. "You want to start up again?"

And I'd giggled because we'd been going at it for hours now, orgasming over and over. If we didn't get some sleep, he was going to be a mess at his five a.m. morning call.

But instead, I'd rolled onto my stomach and shaken my hair back, the dark strands covering his chest.

"Matt," I said, my tone light. "Aren't we going to the women's shelter today? You know the one that houses women and girls who were victims of sex abuse?"

"Mmm," was his grunting reply, eyes closed.

But I was insistent. "Matt," I continued. "Sex abuse is rampant where I come from, in fact girls as young as thirteen often flee on their own,

with no money, no connections, no nothing except the idea that the United States represents safety. You know that right?"

"Mmm," was the sleepy grunt I got in return. "Honduras is bad, huh?" he said, his eyes still closed.

I was so tempted to spill the beans, to tell him about Uncle Gordo and how I'd been molested for years, the nightly tongue-lashings. But the moment had been so perfect, our skin glowing in the dim light, his breathing even, soft and sated, that I couldn't bear to mar the reverie with something so horrific.

So instead I let the moment pass. But I was gratified the next day when Matt demonstrated caring and empathy at the women's shelter, taking the hand of one particularly downtrodden twelve year-old and listening to her story for an hour when we should have moved on to the next stop.

"That was utter shit, what happened to that girl," he commented to me once we were in the car again.

And yes, it had been bad. I'd acted as translator, my voice breaking sometimes as I conveyed the story of her gang-rape by neighborhood thugs in Guatemala. But I'd maintained my composure and Matt had sworn afterwards to do something about it, even if he didn't become mayor. With his resources, the options were limitless and I knew he'd stand by his word.

So I watched with mixed pride and sadness as my man disappeared into the crowd. The clock was ticking … and it was almost time for me to disappear.

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CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Teresa

He was amazing during his acceptance speech. Charismatic, persuasive, filled with promise for the people of San Francisco. I couldn't tear my eyes away from the gorgeous man on stage and I smiled happily, proudly, as Matt expounded on themes of inequality, fair housing, and access to justice for all.

The lights were bright so I couldn't see the crowd very well, but who would be in the front row but that bitch Vanessa from the party. The one with the slut attitude, who'd stuck her fingers into Matt's mouth, rubbing her bare snatch against him. He'd assured me it was nothing and I believed him. After all, he'd picked me at his running mate and not her.

So I watched disinterestedly as the brunette whipped her cell phone out and began typing away. How rude! How disrespectful not to listen to my man in his moment of triumph, especially sitting in the first row. But it was only a few seconds before she hit send, and then the phone disappeared back into her bag with a smug smile.

Unmistakably, I saw something vibrate in Matt's breast pocket. The movement was subtle, no one would have noticed except I was standing only a few feet from him, playing the role of loyal and supportive girlfriend. Was it a coincidence? Or was Matt getting a text from Vanessa during his shining hour?

Couldn't be, I shook my head. There's no way that she just texted him while he was on stage giving a speech to hundreds of people. Even Vanessa wasn't that shameless.

And afterwards, the party was a whirlwind. The mood was celebratory, more than a little drunk, and I was congratulated as if I'd been the candidate.

"Teresa, awesome job, we're looking forward to seeing you at City Hall more."

“Ms. Ramos, you know the diocese needs more backing, make sure to keep in touch alright?”

I wish I could have told these supporters the truth. That I was never going to see them again, that there was nothing I could do for them going forward because my contract was up. But I nodded and smiled graciously, unwilling to spoil the night.

Amidst the revelry, Matt’s personal assistant ran up. Jeremiah was a brilliant nerd, a bright young fellow with horn-rimmed glasses, gangly and skinny, the perfect staffer.

“Hey Teresa,” he said breathlessly. “Great party huh?”

“Yeah Jeremiah,” I said kindly. “It’s been an amazing run and we got what we wanted. Where are you headed next?”

“Don’t tell Matt,” he said in a hushed voice. “But I want to get out of politics, maybe land a real job. You think he could put in a good word for me at Sterling Pharmaceutical?”

I almost laughed. Although Matt had taken leave from his job to campaign, he could certainly do more than put in a good word … he could get Jeremiah a VP position in a snap.

“Sure, I’m sure our mayor would be happy to help out,” I smiled again. “I’ll tell him so myself.”

“Oh thanks Teresa, I really appreciate it. Listen, can you hold onto this stuff for a sec?” he asked breathlessly. “I see the Senator over there and I don’t want to look like a clown juggling a million things as I speak with him about the latest land-use ordinance.”

Laughingly, I took the items from his arms. Clearly, Matt’s PA hadn’t lost his interest in politics given the way he was hotfooting it to the Senator’s side. And dang, but Jeremiah had a heavy load -- a headset, walkie talkie, two notebooks, a PDA handheld, plus a couple pens and highlighters. Being a personal assistant to a powerful man certainly came with a lot of baggage!

The handheld was interesting. If I wasn’t mistaken, the chrome blue steel was the same as Matt’s. Why did Jeremiah have it? I turned it over in

my hands. And at that very moment, it buzzed with a push notification, the screen flickering to life. I didn't recognize the number but the message was explicit:

Hey hot stuff, you got what you wanted.

Time to ditch the maid. Poor people behind you one hundred percent. Spanish voter turn-out high.

When are you home tonight? Meet me there at one?

Kisses, xoxo

And then there was the photo. There was no face, no identifying characteristics to the pussy shot, the woman with her legs spread holding herself open, baring her pink insides to the camera. She was shameless, one finger partially embedded, her cunt wide and engorged, moist and damp as she fingered herself.

My cheeks flamed and I hurriedly slapped the screen against my chest. Oh my god, oh my god. Who was the sender? I felt physically ill, my skin flushing, the bile rising in my throat. Oh god. I bent over, breathing deep, trying to get some oxygen.

As I struggled for air, my mind raced at a million miles an hour. So someone knew, someone knew that I'd been Matt's cleaning lady, that he'd just hired me for a three month period as a fake girlfriend, there to mobilize the working class vote.

And I forced myself to look at the handheld again. Yep, there was the word "maid" and the photo seemed even more repugnant than before, the woman's lacy panties down around her ankles, her red stilettos visible, matching that fire engine lace.

Wait a minute. Hadn't Vanessa been wearing red stilettos today? I couldn't recall but remembered she'd been wearing a scarlet dress. My eyes began scanning the crowd, my mind running in circles like a lunatic. Maybe Vanessa was in the bathroom at this very second fingering herself while sending dirty texts to Matt. In fact, maybe he was with her in the restroom, enjoying a celebratory fuck.

With a choked sob, I realized that Matt had outed me, that his warmth, his caring attitude, had all been a front for my benefit. He'd probably been fucking Vanessa the whole time, ready to toss me out on the street the minute votes were counted.

I heaved a few more breaths, then made myself straighten, my eyes bright. Thankfully, this had all happened in a matter of seconds and no one had noticed, the partygoers too wrapped up in their revelry. I quietly set down Jeremiah's things and turned to go. The night breeze bit through my thin dress, making me shiver, but I forced myself to walk to the nearest bus stop. There were no golden gooses, no happy endings, for girls like me. I was just a poor immigrant girl.

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CHAPTER NINETEEN

Matt

Vanessa was a fucking leech and I was getting more and more annoyed at her come-ons. What the fuck was wrong with this bitch? It takes a lot of gumption to come on to a man in a relationship, especially in public at my own victory party.

"Listen," I growled impatiently. "Thanks so much for your support, but I've gotta find Teresa," I said.

"Honeeeey," she purred, pulling out that last syllable, running a fingernail suggestively down my neck. "Let go of that trash. We all know it's just a front."

I froze for a moment before pulling away. What the fuck was she talking about? But Vanessa continued.

"Honey Teresa Ramos is a piece of trash! She's an illegal, she's been using a fake social security number, the tax man is going to be after her," Vanessa crowed. "It's time to let it all go … now that the campaign it's over, it's time to rejoin your own social class, wouldn't you say?"

My mind whirred furiously. Sure, Teresa was illegal, I'd discovered that when I asked the PI to investigate long ago. But how had Vanessa found out?

"Please baby," she said dismissively. "Everyone knows she was just a front. How many billionaires really date destitute immigrants? How many people really pick up their cleaning ladies? I mean, life is not a fairytale, not by a long shot."

"Vanessa," I growled, grabbing her by the shoulders. "How the fuck did you find out?" My only thought was that it must have been the PI, Platt. I was going to have that guy's license, if not get him thrown in jail.

But Vanessa waved a hand dismissively. "Everyone knows," she reiterated. "It's not exactly a secret."

Clearly this bitch was not going to be any help, but I was determined to get to the bottom of it, determined to whisk Teresa out of

here before she became a laughingstock, the crowd jabbering about our contract. Oh god.

Where the fuck was she? I turned to find Jeremiah behind me, his gangly form balancing a ton of stuff.

"My phone," I growled.

But Jeremiah turned beet red. "Mr. Sterling," he said, practically crying. "I'm so sorry, I turned to speak to the Senator and misplaced your handheld. I swear, it was only a minute and suddenly your cell was gone."

Really? Gone? This was some motherfucking messed up day. Even though I'd just won an election it was like the sky had gone dark, my horizons closing in, my chest tightening with pains. What the fuck?!?!

I was angry but forced myself to do one more round of toasts, one more round of thanking loyal staffers, supporters, and interest parties alike. It would do no good to alienate anyone on what was supposed to be my night of triumph. It was only when I got into the black car that the full force of my fury took over.

"To the Mission District," I said in a gravelly voice. I knew with a sneaking suspicion that Teresa had already moved out, that she was no longer resident in my Pac Heights townhouse.

We drove through some dilapidated areas, but frankly, the Mission was better than I thought. Once the home to a Latino base, it's been gentrifying quickly with a slew of hipster bars, artisanal coffee shops and the like. Hmm, I hadn't been here in a long time and it'd be good to start building coalitions in this up and coming neighborhood.

But as I directed the driver to Teresa's home, I saw a shadowy figure walking in the dim light. Gentrifying neighborhood be damned! What the fuck! It was my girl, walking alone in the dark, trying to find her way home after some godawful ride on public transit in the middle of the night. The sedan pulled over and I banged open the door, almost jumping on her.

"Teresa, what the fuck? What are you doing walking alone at night?" I growled, hauling her close to me. Fuck, this was unbelievable. The night was dark but I could still see her face in the low light of a street

lamp, covered in tears, her belated efforts to wipe away the moisture too late.

"Matt," she said slowly, pulling away and holding her head up high. "It was the end of our contract. I earned my hundred thousand and that's all there is," she said simply.

"Hundred thousand be damned!" I roared. Thank god we were on a relatively deserted sidewalk. "What, you weren't going to say goodbye?"

She turned her head away, but I pulled her chin back to me. "Tell me," I ground out roughly. "Were you really not going to say goodbye?" My heart pounded in my chest, my breathing quick, my eyes unable to leave her curvaceous form. Was I alone in my infatuation, did this girl feel nothing for me, ready to leave on a moment's notice?

But slowly, she reached into her purse. "You don't have to pretend," she said woodenly, pulling a familiar cell from her pocket. "I saw what Vanessa texted you."

I was filled with rage but grabbed the handheld and flicked it open. It went straight to a series of damning texts. There was the pussy shot, unmistakably Vanessa with the red stilettos, and then some banter back and forth between Vanessa … and me.

"What the fuck?" I asked. "I didn't write these texts. How did you get my cell?"

Teresa looked at the ground, closing in on herself. "Jeremiah left me with your phone while he partied," she said. "It wasn't his fault, he's young and wanted to talk to the Senator, so I offered to hold some stuff for him. Matt," she added. "I don't blame you, I don't hate you, I don't anything. We had an arrangement and that's all it was," she concluded simply.

But I still couldn't figure out how this situation had become so twisted.

"But how the fuck did Vanessa know all those things about you?" I asked. "She mentioned the contract, your illegal status, all that stuff."

"Matt," said Teresa. "Read the texts more closely."

I had glanced at them, but really my focus had been on the pussy shot. Reviewing them again, I realized that Teresa had outed herself … to that scheming bitch. She'd revealed the contract, the fact that she was my maid, the fact that once the campaign was over, I was dumping her. And all the while pretending to be me, using my cell.

"Why Teresa? Why would you do this?" I choked. Only a girl who'd given up would engage in this kind of self-sabotage.

She shrugged. "There was no need to pretend anymore," she said quietly. "I'm not ashamed of being illegal, I'm applying for deferred immigrant status and should be able to legalize soon," she said. "And I was just tired of living a lie," she concluded. "I realized that we're going to go our separate ways now, you back to your glamorous life, me back to mine as a maid."

"Thank you for the payment by the way," she said quietly, meeting my eyes for the first time. "It'll help me get through the next few years."

I was so consumed with rage I almost shook her, the ring still burning a hole in my pocket. And I wasn't about to let this go.

"Teresa," I said roughly, grabbing her by the shoulders. "This isn't how it's supposed to end. Look," I said reaching into my pocket. "I got this for you."

I wish I'd been a bit smoother, at least gotten down on one knee, but I was a desperate man at this point. She inhaled sharply at the sight of the velvet box but turned her head away.

"You don't have to Matt," she said quietly. "You don't have to pretend."

"No," I insisted, pushing the box into her hands. "Open it."

And she did. Inside was a beautiful five carat diamond, one that I'd picked out with this girl's brilliance and sparkle in mind. I'd decided that she was the one for me … a permanent running mate if you will.

"Matt," she said, her eyes growing big and tearing. "I don't know what to say."

"There's only one answer," I replied. "And that's yes."

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CHAPTER TWENTY

Teresa

He hoisted me into the air, the tulle bunching around my waist like a ballerina's tutu.

"Matt," I squealed. "The guests are already waiting outside!"

"I don't care Mrs. Sterling," he rumbled while nuzzling my cleavage, popping out one boob from my strapless bodice and suckling. "I don't give a flying fuck," he said again, his voice muffled in my luscious flesh.

And I sighed, throwing my head back, winding my legs around his waist. It was finally happening. I was getting married to the Mayor in front of a crowd at Mission Dolores, although you'd hardly know it given how determined he was to fuck me, the processional hymn already starting outside, the murmur of voices growing quiet.

But I couldn't fight him, his hands were so clever. Bracing me against the wall, Matt ran a hand between my legs, snapping my g-string so that my pussy was bare, ruining my wedding lingerie before we even got to the honeymoon. With a groan, he slid his fingers through my folds, savoring that wetness before unzipping his fly and pushing into me with an urgent thrust, his dick rubbing my clit, angling me so that I seized almost immediately, my cunny clamping down on him, that hot box like a vise on his monster member.

But Matt wasn't done yet. Shifting me in his arms, he pushed my knees up so that my ass was exposed, that pucker pink and bare, contracting reflexively in the cold air. Without missing a beat, he pulled out from my vag and shoved into my anus hard, drilling my rectum on our wedding day.

And reader, it was so fucking disgusting, so fucking wrong that I came immediately. I cried out loudly, uncaring of the guests waiting, uncaring that we were already late for our own ceremony. All I could feel, think about, was that huge cock in my butt, the one that would be lodged in my ass for years to come.

Because I'm a slut still. I'd come clean with Matt, telling him everything about me there was to know, wanting to give him a way out, the excuse he needed to break up before beginning his new life.

"My uncle," I'd said slowly. "He raped me when I was a child. I don't know if "rape" is exactly the right word, but remember how I screamed the first time you did oral? It was because my uncle licked my pussy for three years when I was a pre-teen."

That stopped Matt, the look on his face serious. He'd been running a lazy finger through my vagina, testing my hole, touching my clit with light flicks, but paused when I uttered those words.

"Are you okay?" he asked. "When did it stop?"

I took a deep breath. "It stopped when my mom found out. And that very night, we started our trek to the United States. And it was really rough, the coyotes, the smugglers, the walk for days through desert. But we got here in one piece and I've never been ashamed of my past because things could be so much worse, you know?"

"I know baby," he rumbled, looking at me with new respect in his eyes. "But what about the molestation? Are you mentally over that?" he asked with concern.

"Yes …," I said slowly. "The fact is that after the first few weeks, it didn't bother me at all." I'd dropped my head so that he could barely hear me. "Matt, I loved it. I loved every second of getting my pussy licked, getting it touched and fondled, and I'm a slut because of it." You could barely hear my voice now, I was so quiet yet so matter-of-fact.

Matt had hauled me into his lap, circling me with his arms. "You're beautiful honey, and I'm proud of you for making it through such an experience at a young age. There isn't a woman I know who isn't more tough, more real, more amazing. And I love that you're a slut … my private slut for the taking," he said with a wicked glint in his eye.

And that's how I ended up with his cock in my ass. Because we knew we were right for one another. My shamelessness and inability to hold back complimented his aggressiveness, his willingness to get down

and dirty and explore the deep recesses of fucked-up sex. And there's a lot more, toys, ropes, all that kind of stuff that we haven't gotten to yet …

But in the meantime, the wedding bells were ringing and it was time to make an appearance.

"Umph!" I squealed one last time as he roared his ecstasy into me, that white hot semen shooting into my rectum, branding my backside. And reader, you know what? I walked down the aisle with the billionaire's cum trickling down my thigh.

And it never felt better.

THE END

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All my best,

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-- inches upon inches of pure pounding pleasure!

They had massive crowns capping massive shafts.

Holt and Hayden were doctors doing refugee charity work … or so I thought. Little did I know because they were actually Princes of Slovania, and they wanted me to be their next princess as long as I showed them ***my gleaming cunny,*** letting them ***plow it and take their pleasure!***

DOUBLE PRINCES: A Twin Royal Romance

Make that a man sandwich … the MFMM kind.

Three's company? Not if you've got three princes lusting after your curves. Kristian, Karl and Kato were gorgeous half-brothers who wanted me ***hot, wild, and panting*** … and I had nothing to lose!

TRIPLE PRINCES: An MFMM Menage Royal Romance

Oops, I double-fucked my brothers!

I went to a club and hooked up with an incredible man, domineering, tall and assertive. I didn't get his name, but when I went back again the next night, we did the nasty again, going ***no holds barred and totally unprotected.*** Little did I know I'd actually done a double … of identical twins who were my new stepbrothers!

Twin Stepbrothers Exposed

What happens when your steps are reality TV stars?

Christian and Croy had mercilessly teased me during high school, and it wasn't hard to believe that the handsome twins had found unparalleled success on TV. But revenge was mine … we fucked at our high school reunion, their ***dongs hard, hot and heavy in my cunt and ass,*** and now I'm pregnant with my brothers' baby!

Twin Stepbrother Celebrity

My steps wanted to tag-team me … and I couldn't say no.

I started off life as pale, thin Ana, nerd extraordinaire, chained to my desk at the library. Pax and Peyton were my stepbrothers, disgustingly handsome, arrogant and stars of the football team. But then a video of me in the shower got out, taking ***a dildo up my ass and another in my mouth …*** and my steps want in on the action!

DOUBLE BANG: A Twin Stepbrother Sports Romance

“Brothers, I can’t,” I gasped. “You’re too HUGE!”

Forty-six thousand for tuition? Where was I going to come up with that kind of money? So I started dancing … for dollars, that is, at the Donkey Club. And the worst part is that my stepbrothers came in and liked what they saw … ***except I didn't realize their cocks would be so HUGE!***

DOUBLE HUGE: A Twin Stepbrother Romance

They rode me like a pony … hard with no mercy.

Colt and Cain McKesson are star football players, all eyes on them, glued to uniforms that show off tight packages and ***donkey dongs that wrap around their waists.*** And my shameful secret? I’m their stepsister but I’ve seen it all … up close and personal.

DOUBLE DONKEY: A Twin Stepbrother Sports Romance

I showed them my pussy and they showed me a whole new way of life ...

I didn’t think anything of it, prancing in front of the two men at the Donkey Club. After all, I’ve done two before, I’m slutty that way. But when my mom married their dad and Logan and Lance became my stepbrothers, it all changed … or did it?

DOUBLE MASSIVE: A Twin Stepbrother Romance

You’ll also enjoy my Stepfamily Fun series:

I’ve lusted after my hunky stepdad Paul ever since Mom married him when I was fourteen. But nothing ever happened even though I tried, showing off my perky boobs and butt every chance I could. Now that I’m

back from college, I see him staring lustfully at me. I know he wants it, it's just a question of how to get him alone …

Stepfamily 1 (daddy / daughter)

Stepfamily 2 (mommy / daughter)

Stepfamily 3 (daddy / daughter)

See also: Not Pulling Out

I've just turned eighteen and am so desperate to have sex. It's raunchy and hot, from the bulging muscles, ripped bods and hard abs, to the man milk that I drink at every chance. But the guys don't always listen to what I want. Even though I ask them to pull out, sometimes they ***STAY IN, hard with no protection!***

Not Pulling Out 1

Not Pulling Out 2

Not Pulling Out 3

Stealing Mom's Man:

My mom deserves everything she gets. She's jealous, horny and oh-so-possessive of my handsome, loaded stepdad. Too bad stepdad's been eyeing me for years now … and now that I'm eighteen, I won't hold back, letting my ***pretty, wet pussy*** do the talking!

Stealing Mom's Man 1

Stealing Mom's Man 2

Stealing Mom's Man 3

Help It's Stuck:

I can't do anything about it … my pussy starts creaming whenever I think of massive cocks, those ***donkey dongs*** that stretch and fill my little cunt. I dream of them all the time, and when principal says I won't graduate, I know exactly how to change his mind!

Help It's Stuck 1

Help It’s Stuck 2

Help It’s Stuck 3

Help It’s Stuck 4 ***bestseller***

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